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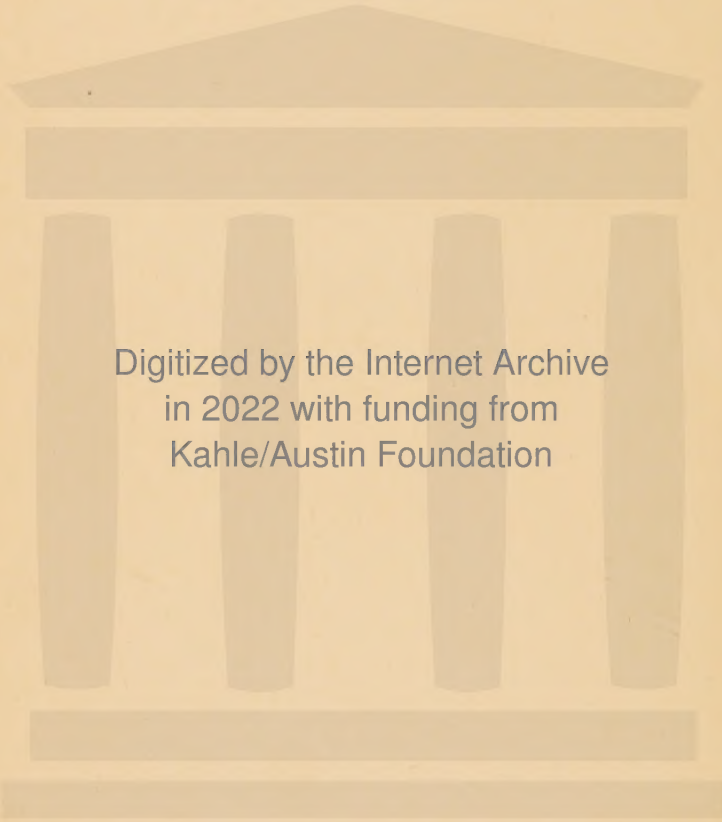
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THE GROLIER SOCIETY

PUBLISHERS OF

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

THE BOOK OF HISTORY



THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

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United States Commissioner of Education, 1911-1921

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INTRODUCTION

THE most valuable possession of civilized man is to be found in his literary heritage—most valuable, most indispensable and most difficult to replace if once lost. Material wealth of food, clothing, shelter and the means of transportation can be reproduced in a comparatively short time. Cities destroyed can be rebuilt, fields grown wild can be reclaimed to cultivation, industry and commerce broken down can be re-established, the facts and principles of science forgotten may be rediscovered, inventions again sought out and lost arts again acquired. But the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare, Goethe's *Faust*, *The Psalms* of David, *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and the lyrics of Burns, the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero, *David Copperfield*, *The Scarlet Letter*, Schiller's *Hymn to Joy*, *The Bells* of Poe, Longfellow's *Evangeline*, Emerson's *Essays*—expressions all of highly individualized human souls, could never be replaced either in form or spirit or essential coloring. The stories of creation, the hymns to the Gods, the folklores, the myths embodying the results of the common experiences, hopes and aspirations of the peoples, could come into being and grow up only under conditions that have passed away and can never return.

Only through the records of the past, however meagre, dim and broken, does man gain any knowledge of his long, difficult and uneven struggle upwards towards civilization and light. Without them, all the past would be dark and empty. Only through the possession of these records of the thoughts, feel-

ings and acts of those who have lived and wrought through the ages can men substitute for the feeling of individual weakness and isolation the feeling of racial unity and strength.

The real rulers of mankind are not, and have not been, those who sit on thrones or lead great armies in victorious battle. Rather have they been men of vision who have stood on the mountain tops, caught the glow of the ever-dawning new day, and reported its coming to the multitudes in the valleys below: those who through patient research have pushed back the walls of darkness and let in the light; those who with a sure feeling for inherent relations and right proportion have given cosmic form to some part of the primeval chaos; those who, a little more finely organized than most of us, have felt the heart throb and pulse beat of humanity and responded strongly and sympathetically,—strengtheners of hearts and healers of souls; those who have listened to the still, small voices, inaudible to those of grosser hearing, and learned and revealed some part, however small, of the eternal verities. These have been and are kings and priests to God and man. "If mankind be regarded as an army on the march athwart the ages, ever steadily bent on conquest of truth, whatever the wretchedness or infirmity of the times, it becomes necessary to place scientists and literary men in the front rank."

Of the first rank among literary men there have been not more than can be counted on the fingers of the two hands—only four, some would have it. Of second, third, and lower ranks there are more. But of those whose names are remembered and whose works are known, only a few score thousand at most—few as compared with the thousands of millions who have lived and worked, loved and hated, fought and died. But few as they are, brief as the writings of most of them have been, the little that has been preserved of all they produced is far more than any man can hope to read in the compass of the longest life, even if he should give all his time to reading and use none of it for productive labor of his own in any field.

It is for this reason that such a complete collection as is found in *THE BOOK OF LITERATURE* is a demand

and a necessity of our time, This work is a splendidly comprehensive collection of the best in literature, ancient, mediæval and modern, with valuable biographical and explanatory notes which constitute in themselves a biographical dictionary of practical use and helpfulness. Its list of twenty editors includes many men whose wide reading, ripe judgment and sure taste are sufficient guarantee that the selections have been made wisely and well. A few hours spent in turning through the thirty-two volumes (bound here under sixteen pairs of covers) will satisfy the most critical and fastidious that the guarantee holds good.

In the thirteen thousand pages of these volumes, well bound and beautifully printed on a fine quality of light paper, "light to the hand and sparkling in print" are found what is best, what is most representative, what is most delightfully readable from the writings of more than a thousand authors, well known and little known, because of their rarity, and consisting often of translations especially made for this work from early manuscripts or rare books. These selections range all the way from the briefer epigrams, satires, odes or meditations of the ancient and classical periods, to whole plays, stories and histories of 25, 50 and 100 pages and more, and include autobiography and diaries, biography, dramatic works, essays and sketches, fable, folklore and legend; geography, travel, adventure; manners and customs, government and politics; history; humor, wit and parody; hymns; letters, private and public; literary criticism, maxims, proverbs and table talk; morals, education and conduct; novels, romances, stories, character sketches, orations and addresses; philosophy and metaphysics, and poetry. This average is much longer and more complete than in any other similar collection of literature hitherto, and constitutes one of the important features of this work.

Too much cannot be said of the opportunity for the enlargement of mind in the man or woman who finds constant and systematic guided reading in such a work. Think what a background of history is his or hers whose mind is fed with a panorama of life as seen through the dramatic lens of great,

authentic and descriptive literature. There is a picture of life in ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria as shown in the translations of the earliest tablets, the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, the precepts of Ptah-Hotep, the oldest known Egyptian book, the *Story of the Two Brothers*, the world's first epic. Much illumination is shed upon these ancient civilizations by the archaeological experts, Dr. Peters, Archibald H. Sayce and Canon Rawlinson. There is almost an entire volume devoted to pre-Grecian literature.

A most valuable and unique feature, I believe, is the grouping and arrangement of this material in semi-chronological order, not wholly as to date of writing, but partly by subject matter also. The book thus becomes a story of human progress, a picture of the mind of man, an autobiography of mankind. This throwing of most of the book into large groups of related material makes easy a more consecutive and more profitable reading than is possible with most anthologies. This is finely illustrated by the selections from Greek writers and modern writers on Greek subjects brought together in three groups on eleven hundred and thirty-seven pages in the first five volumes.

Look through this list: Greek myths from Ruskin's *Queen of the Air*, and Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*; *The Labors of Hercules* by George W. Cox; *The Golden Apples*, by William Morris; *Hymn of Apollo* by Shelley; *Prometheus* by Byron; *Hyperion* by Keats; *Medea's Love and Vengeance* by William Morris; *Jason and Medea* by Euripides; *Ethics of the Heroic Age* by Gladstone; *The Greek Future Life* by Pindar; long portions from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in the translations of Pope, Aytoun, Lockhart, Worsley, Chapman, Butcher and Lang; *Principles of Homeric Translation* by Matthew Arnold; *The Women of Homer* by John Addington Symonds; Greeks and Trojans from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*; *Observations* of Hesiod, *Legend of Tantalus and the Olympic Games* by Pindar; *Socialism in Sparta* from Plutarch's *Life of Lycurgus*; *Early Greek Philosophers* by Diogenes Laërtius; *Solon* by Plutarch; copious extracts from Herodotus, Thu-

cydides, Xenophon, and other historians; *Olympic Games in Pisistratus' Time* by George Ebers; *Oligarchy and Despotism in Greece* by George Grote; *The Vengeance of Dionysus* by Euripides; *Choruses and the Mock Hercules* of Aristophanes; the *Antigone* and the *Ædipus* of Sophocles; *The Idyls of Theocritus*; Greek Wit and Philosophy; *The Cranes of Ibycus* by Schiller; *The Trial of Socrates* by Plato; *Characters of Men* by Theophrastus; *The Sword of Damocles* by Cicero; *Plato and Bacon* by Macaulay; sixty pages from the Ten Attic Orators; selections from seventy-four Greek tragic and comic poets, etc.—a rich collection of the finest things by Greek and modern authors. Take the spare time of two or three months and read them all in the order given and then observe how much richer, fuller and greater your knowledge of Greece and Greek literature has become, how much more of the Grecian spirit you have breathed in, and how different your whole mental outlook and attitude.

What is said here of the selection of Greek literature and related writings is true, in larger or smaller degree, in regard to other groups, as may be quite easily seen by running through the several volumes.

We may follow the growth of the octopus of the Roman Empire, as it spreads its long arms east and west, in the writings of Caesar, Tacitus, Juvenal, Livy, Martial, Plutarch, Mommsen, and Macaulay, and its social and domestic life in such writers as Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or the great stoics, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius and many more.

A few further instances must suffice to show the quality of the whole work in so brief a review. There are selections from great Fathers of the Christian Church, as Clement of Alexandria, Origen and Tertullian, whose writings are drawn upon for the spirit and doctrines of the Early Church. And later the *Confessions of St. Augustine* fit into the conception of the early Christian Church. The Fall of the Palmyrene Kingdom in this century connects itself with William Ware's great novel *Zenobia*. The Fifth Century gives us three classic romances, to which modern story-writing is much indebted. The *Æthio-*

pica, *Daphnis and Chloe*, and *Clitopha and Leucippe*, and the best poem of the age, *Hero and Leander*.

The Middle Ages furnished the melting-pot of rich literary material into which the world has been dipping ever since. The Crusades left behind a commingling of folklore, myth, legend, saga and epic, Spanish and French, Celtic, Norse and German. THE BOOK OF LITERATURE is especially generous in its selections from the sources which are here ready for your own leisurely perusal. Brief mention may be made of the following:

The Spanish Epic of *The Cid*, with Corneille's play of the same title;

From the French Epic of Charlemagne and his Peers, the *Song of Roland*, with later poems founded upon it;

From the great Celtic Epic (The Arthur Cycle) the following episodes:

Story of Launcelot and Guinevere, by Sir Thomas Malory;

Story of Geraint and Enid, from the *Mabinogion*;

The Dream of Rhonabwy, from the *Mabinogion*;

The Gilla Dacker, from another old Celtic romance;

Together with later poetry by Tennyson, Lowell and Frere;

From the Hellenic sources, Anecdotes of Alexander, The Story of Troy from the *Iliad*;

Translations of *The Nibelungenlied*, with tales told by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris;

Episodes from the Norse Sagas;

Poems of the Troubadours, Trouveres, and Minnesingers in translation, and the famous song poem of the Twelfth Century, which embodies mediæval sentiment in the most charming form, *Aucassin and Nicolette*.

Following the stream of literary expression, we find the great writers of the century centering around the Elizabethan Age well represented. Spenser and Marlowe, Shakespeare and

Ben Jonson, Hakluyt and Bacon, and dozens of others appear. French, Spanish and Italian authors of the period likewise occupy many pages.

The selections from modern literature cover a very wide range of forms and interest indicating the full richness and variety which characterize and distinguish modern literature. The great Victorians are all included, in every style of their work. Many selections illustrating literary development in the New World are taken from works long out of print, and not easily obtainable, but are nevertheless interesting from the historical standpoint. Because of the vastness of the field and the greater accessibility of the works themselves, the proportion of later writings represented is smaller than that of the earlier classics.

For a fine illustration of the method of presenting modern literature see *The Undivine Comedy* by Krasinsky; *The Storm* by Ostrovsky; *Oblómof* by Goncharof; *The Awakening of Conscience* by Maxim Gorki, and the group of specimens of Slavonic literature—all covering three hundred pages in Volume 29. In addition to the nations already mentioned, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Turkish, Indian, Persian, Japanese and Chinese authors are represented.

A few titles will serve to indicate the wealth of material and the breadth of selection of recent literature in English: *The Industrial History of Rationalism*, by Lecky; *The Capture of Québec*, by Francis Parkman; *Our Responsibilities as a Nation*, by Theodore Roosevelt; *Meaning of the Declaration of Independence*, by Woodrow Wilson; *Egoism versus Altruism*, by Herbert Spencer; *The Writer*, by John Galsworthy; *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, and *The Doctor's Dilemma*, by G. Bernard Shaw; *Joan and Peter*, by H. G. Wells; *The Return of the Native*, by Thomas Hardy; *Quis Desiderio* and *The Way of All Flesh*, by Samuel Butler; *Robert Elsmere*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward; *Their Wedding Journey*, by Wm. D. Howells; *Tom Sawyer*, by Mark Twain; *Belles Demoiselles Plantation*, by George Cable; *Miss*, by Bret Harte; *The Corn Husking* and *Partners for a Day*, by Hamlin Garland, *Wild*

Motherhood, by Charles G. D. Roberts; *On the Execution of Louis Riel*, by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Modern poetry has not been ignored, and poems of Aldrich, Walt Whitman, Alfred Noyes, Bliss Carman, Francis Thompson, and many others are included.

Mention should be made here of the eighteen essays, to be found at the beginning of as many of the volumes, on a wide range of literary topics, by such men as J. P. Mahaffy, Edmund Gosse, Dean Farrar, Alois Brandl, Maurice Maeterlinck, Walter Besant, Emile Zola, Henry James. The ninety-six full-page illustrations, many of them finely printed in colors and not easily accessible elsewhere, add much to the value of the book.

Those possessing this book will want to do much consecutive reading, as has already been suggested in connection with the group of extracts pertaining to Greece, but they will also want to have these volumes ready at hand for use in brief moments of leisure and for material to fit the passing mood. (This last method of reading is not without its special value.) Whether they read for pleasure, for rest and recreation after the day's work is done, to find expression for a passing feeling or mood, to fill a few idle moments, or more consecutively and with more definite purpose, they will find permanent profit therein. Like children, who always want the stories with which they are most familiar, they will find themselves reading again and again their choice selections,—and this has value for grown-ups no less than for children. Edmund Gosse is right when he advises that we read the best and only the best, but read that over and over again. Such reading, if not a substitute for the study of commentaries and explanatory notes and criticisms, is at least a most excellent supplement thereto. Gosse is right again when he tells us that "the best school, nay, the only wholesome school, for the appreciation of poetry is the reading of poetry." The more and the longer these volumes are used the more indispensable will they become, like friends through whose companionship the richer, deeper, and finer things of the soul are revealed from day to day.

Contact with brilliant minds is one of life's most enviable privileges, and how many in our "daily walk" do we find who stir the imagination to lift us to higher levels of thought and feeling, or influence us to new and greater endeavors. It is in the great works of literature that we are well-companioned and can find the largest measure of satisfaction, the deepest joy of intellectual comradeship—the profound relief which comes from the contemplation of other days and other ways, when we are too much overburdened with the perplexities and problems of our own time.

The work is already owned and enjoyed by thousands, but *THE BOOK OF LITERATURE* in its present convenient arrangement of two volumes in one, printed on thin, light paper and with new material, is now appearing for the first time.

The Index, which constitutes one whole volume of the work, is the keynote to the use of it in a very practical as well as ideal manner. It consists of *nine* indexes which enable the work to be used from almost any angle, either by periods, as a historical work, as a general reference work of literature, as a biographical dictionary, or as a university extension course, for which purpose it is particularly designed to cover a four years' course of systematic reading, divided into thirty-four weekly programs during the year. This is an important feature of this work, and one which will be appreciated the more it is utilized.

But little can be added to the excellent article in this volume on the use and value of anthologies, by Richard Garnett, one of the chief editors of the book. The Retrospect, to be found at the beginning of Volume 30, can be read more profitably after one has read much in the several volumes of the book and has become familiar with its method and spirit. Yet it is in reality, as its author, Donald G. Mitchell, another of the editors, so finely says, an introduction to the "goodly portion of that vast literary tide-drift of the centuries" brought to shore and spread out in cleanly type in this work.

THE BOOK OF LITERATURE constitutes an unusually fine collection of the very best in the literature of all peoples through all time. The character of the material of which it

is composed and the character of its arrangement assure its continued and increased use for many years. If this use is made more effective for any, the purpose of this Introduction will have been served.

P. P. Claxton

THE USE AND VALUE OF ANTHOLOGIES

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY
DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

THERE have been periods in human history when the action of the Turk, who picks up and preserves every stray piece of inscribed paper, "because it may contain the name of Allah," has been highly reasonable. Such, in fact, is the present attitude of the archæologist and explorer to the fragments of papyrus he encounters in the rubbish of buried Egyptian cities, precious because they are so scarce, because they are so old, and because nobody can tell what priceless syllables they may contain. But the demeanour which is right in the infancy of a young literature, or amid the vestiges of an antique one, is wholly uncalled for in an age where the difficulty is to keep out of print. Even without the printing press, the scholars of the Alexandrian period found literature getting too much for them. What must it be now, when every daily newspaper requires machinery capable of producing more literary matter in an hour than all the scribes of Alexandria could have turned out in a generation? As the existence of a great river in a civilised country involves that of dykes, and quays, and bridges, so the existence of a great literature implies the ministrations of literary officials engaged in winnowing the bad from the good, and helping the latter to permanence. In a rude, imperfect manner this function is discharged by the current criticism of the periodical press; but this criticism, produced in haste, and by persons of widely varying degrees of qualification, requires to be itself very carefully winnowed.

The appearance of a new book in ancient times must have elicited abundance of *viva voce* criticism, but the literary review can scarcely have existed. Every intellectual condition favoured, but material conditions forbade. The circulation of our most esteemed journals would be limited indeed, if they were produced by transcribers working with reed pens; nor, in fact, when the indispensable exigencies of ordinary life had been satisfied, did enough papyrus remain for the books and the comments also. Readers no doubt spoke their minds freely, but authors did not fall into the hands of the grammarians, corresponding to our reviewers, until they had passed this preliminary ordeal, and had established more or less claim to a permanent place in literature. The grammarian, sometimes, no doubt, somewhat of a pedant, but almost always endowed with the culture entitling him to act as literary expert and appraiser, proceeded by one of three methods. If he did not reject the aspirant altogether, he admitted him into his *canon*, or drew upon him for his anthology, or made him the subject of an epitome—

Flasked and fine,
And priced and saleable at last!

It can rarely be said now, as it often could of old, that a single book is the chief repertory of knowledge on any important subject. While, therefore, epitomes of information are more frequent than ever, epitomes of particular authors have become rare. The canon, also, is a classification difficult to maintain in presence of the extreme complexity of modern literature. In ancient times this beneficial system was comparatively easy to apply, when the world possessed but one literary language, and that one in which the standard of excellence was both lofty and well defined. It was not difficult for a Greek to decide, for instance, that but nine of the numerous lyric poets of Hellas deserved to be accounted canonical, and the conditions of literary composition had so greatly altered between the times of Simonides and those of Aristarchus, that there was but little prospect of the rekindling of a "Lost Pleiad," or of the intrusion of a tenth muse into the hallowed circle. The classification went farther; three tragic poets and three of the old

comedy were picked out from the rest as pre-eminently worthy to be read; seven of the later Alexandrian dramatists were allowed to form a band of Epigoni, below the great but among the good; twenty-four of Menander's comedies were selected as eminently worthy of transcription, and hence survived for the perusal of Photius after a thousand years. Of the canon of Scripture, Old and New, and the weighty controversies connected with it, it is needless to speak. In the modern literature the principle of the canon is less easy of application, on account of the difficulty of establishing an absolute criterion of style, and also of its greater complexity and variety. The supreme perfection of prose style, the felicitous expression to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away, has, perhaps, hardly ever been attained but by those authors of the first rank with whom the modern world has least concern. Rousseau may be an exception, but to canonise Bossuet will not be to find him readers, and who is to discriminate the temporary from the permanent in the enormous production of Voltaire? We should, moreover, be confronted by the want of any standard of excellence universally agreed upon. Athens or Alexandria could prescribe the laws of taste to obedient antiquity, but Pascal's writ does not run in Britain, or Carlyle's in France. The age of literary canons, in the sense of select authors prescribed for imitation, is gone by, and apart from individual examples and the admonitions which we occasionally receive from men of taste sensitive to the literary failings of their times, such as Matthew Arnold, the best way to maintain a high standard of authorship is the method of anthology, of a selection from those pieces which have actually striven and prevailed in the great literary struggle for existence, and thus practically demonstrated the qualities that keep a writer's name green.

Two systems have been followed in the confection of anthologies, each of which has its advantages. The first, especially recommendable for poetical anthologies, is the system of fastidious severity, which can only be carried out by a compiler of exquisite taste and consummate judgment. Such was the system on which Meleager,

the first Greek anthologist, framed his collection, which, so far as can be determined in the mutilated condition in which it has reached our times, did not contain a single piece unacceptable on poetical grounds. Such was also the case with the first series of the late Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which we are able to judge with more exactness than Meleager's, knowing not only what Mr. Palgrave admitted, but what he excluded. The same high standard, however, is incapable of application to selections of mixed verse and prose, since modern prose rarely attains the flawless perfection of much modern verse, nor, growing out of and leading up to other passages, can it usually possess the symmetrical unity of a complete poem. Another principle may here be invoked, and the selection may in a manner be entrusted to the public suffrage, those pieces being especially chosen which are known to have appealed with special force to the general heart and conscience. Such is the case with the selections which these remarks accompany. The great majority are here by universal suffrage, and the great extent of the collection, unparalleled in any similar undertaking, allows the general estimate to be reflected with a precision unattainable in an attempt to present "infinite riches in little room." The endeavour to indicate public feeling by a few favourite pieces would be like carrying a sample brick as a representative of a great city; it is otherwise where there is room for hundreds of such objects of general approval. If this character of echo of *vox populi, vox Dei* does not seem equally merited by all departments of this colossal gathering, the objector may reflect that the favourite literature of educated persons is not, like a plane surface, spread out everywhere and equally visible in every part, but, like the soil itself, a succession of strata through which the explorer must drive his shaft, and that the occurrence of Plato, for example, in the uppermost stratum, is a good reason for not expecting him lower down; that the lower strata have their indigenous products too; and that the business of a collection formed on this principle is to exhibit not one stratum but all, so long as all deserve the name of literature. This is assuredly the case; various as are the degrees of culture and the modifications of

taste here represented, not much will be found that does not incontestably belong to the world of literature, as distinguished from the world of bookmaking. While such a collection is especially profitable as a mirror of the nation's mental activity, and an echo of the general verdict, it might well have impressed an intelligent foreigner by the vigour, affluence, and variety of the Anglo-American intellect, and the splendour of the gifts bestowed upon the finer spirits of the mother country and her daughters, whether of Teutonic or of Celtic stock.

The large proportion allotted in this anthology to American literature is not without significance at the present crisis in the history of our race. We in Britain have learned to acknowledge a Greater Britain, greater actually in extent, potentially in world-wide importance, than our own. So frankly has the admission been made that the phrase recording it has become a household word, as famous and universally accepted as John Bull. But we are now beginning to see that the phrase cannot be limited to our colonial dependencies. Let any one ask himself the question: Supposing that Australia, for instance, were to assert political independence of Great Britain, would she therefore be excluded from Greater Britain? Assuredly not; for one tie that would have been snapped, twenty would remain—kinship, language, literature, religion, institutions substantially identical, commercial and social intercourse—after a short interval at most, the same affection as of old. But if this is true of the new colony, it must be equally true of the old. The rupture of political connections and the change of political institutions have made no breach between England and America. In reading the specimens of American literature in this collection we are at once aware that we are reading our own. They do not differ from us as do the specimens of the literature of France or Germany. They are racy of the soil, of course, and that soil is not the soil of England, but neither is it the soil of Scotland or Ireland. It is not two great literatures regarding each other across the Atlantic, but one colossal literature bestriding that vast ocean. What hope and encouragement this fact affords it is need-

less to say, both as a revelation of the indefinite possibilities of the development of our literature in the future, and as an assurance of the mutual understanding of the two moieties of this great English-speaking nation which present circumstances do, and future circumstances will, so urgently require. A virtual identity of literary expression and literary sentiment which has grown up by the force of circumstances without encouragement, sometimes with discouragement, from statesmen and organs of public opinion, clearly points to affinities too deep to be unsettled by transitory circumstances, and which will, indeed, impress such circumstances into its service.

Apart from the great actual merits of American writers, the successful transplantation of English literature to the United States and "Greater Britain" is almost the most important event that has ever befallen it, indefinitely extending the chances of the one thing absolutely essential to its existence. There is, after all, no glory of British literature equal to that which is all but unique with it—its continuity. Shelley, who was not only a great poet but a great intellect, notes this when he says—

Poesy's unfailing river
Which through Albion winds *for ever*.

This is the simple fact, save for the dull period of the fifteenth century, when literature all over Europe was mainly restricted to commentary and compilation, England has never wanted a successor to Chaucer, and the least superficially attractive ages of her literature have frequently produced the works of most sterling value. The same may be said of French literature as regards prose, not as regards poetry, which, unless versified logic and rhetoric be poetry, slept in France for two hundred and fifty years. Elsewhere, in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, we everywhere behold the same phenomena of epochs of extreme brilliancy followed by long periods of silence or of the productiveness of perverted taste. England alone is always active to good purpose, and if some eras of her literary history are less exemplary than others, there is not one with which the nation or the world could

dispense. The prospect of her continued activity is obviously brightened by the new Englands she has created in the regions of the newly-discovered world, whether American, African, or Australian, most favourable to intellectual as well as to physical activity. Like the banyan tree, she has sent down shoots rooted in the earth, any of which may rival the massiveness and surpass the durability of the parent. Something like this has happened of old, when Roman literature, effete at home, was long preserved and cultivated by Spaniards, Gauls, Africans, and Egyptians, who were either descended from Roman colonists, or had imbibed the spirit of Latin letters. The barbarian deluge, however, overwhelmed the colonies and dependencies as well as the mother country—a catastrophe little likely to befall the widely-disseminated lands where English is the language of letters and of life. American and colonial literature, therefore, deserve profound attention from Britain, as the certain perpetuators of her own, as, even in their present undeveloped condition, redeeming this from the reproach of insularity, and as indefinitely enlarging its prospects both of permanence and of influence upon mankind. It would be rash to predict that the next English-speaking genius of the first rank will be born in America or Australia, but it would be equally rash to predict that he will not.

In one of the charming letters which Emerson wrote to Carlyle the philosopher is found telling his friend of his vain but strenuous endeavour to get through the whole of Goethe's work. "Thirty-five I have read," he writes blithely, "but compass the other thirty-five I cannot." Seventy volumes in all from one man! Little wonder that the Concord sage could find time for perhaps only twice as many as the present day finds time to remember.

For a moment this thought may seem discouraging, and derogatory to modern literature, especially when we consider the care taken to preserve, and the pains spent in interpreting, every scrap that has come down to us from antiquity. But this is not really the case, for what is the larger part of antique literature itself but a co-operative alliance for the performance of tasks too

extensive for any single man? Ancient authors, like moderns, fell to a certain extent into oblivion, but revived again in those whom they had influenced, and by whom the best part of their writings were preserved, though mainly as ingredients in the works of others, often in an altered form. The Bible and the Talmud, the Vedas, the Mahabarata, the Avesta, the Sagas, and the Eddas are not the work of one man but of many men. They are full of fragments of older writings, frequently recognisable as such. Granting the personality of Homer and the unity of his epics, who can doubt that he must have worked upon abundant stores of material furnished by more primitive minstrels? The dramatists prey upon him in their turn. Æschylus declared that his tragedies were but scraps stolen from the great Homeric banquet. Take even a comparatively recent, a highly finished, and a perfectly artistic production like the *Æneid*, what would remain even of this national epic of Rome if Virgil were deprived of everything that he had borrowed from Greece? He was a great anthologist, and his English rival Milton even a greater; naturally so, for he had wider fields to gather in. Ancient history, with one or two remarkable exceptions to be noticed, is more than an anthology; it is a composite, a *breccia*. As historical facts became more numerous and less manageable throughout the lengthening ages, the standard histories of Ephorus, Theopompus, and the like, become a quarry for later compilers of the order of Diodorus and Trogus, who sometimes transcribe their predecessor, sometimes abridge him, but always fuse his identity into their own. The exception is in the case of writers like Herodotus and Thucydides, rendered by perfect style or consummate political wisdom a possession for ever, as one of them said. If a man can write like Herodotus or Thucydides he need not fear the compiler or the anthologist, and many moderns, such as the very Goethe whom we have cited as an instance of the impermanence of great authors, have attained this standard in their best works. For their inferior writings and the general mass of authors there remains but the alternatives—to be absorbed, to be excerpted, or to be virtually forgotten.

Absorption may be defined as the process undergone by valuable

literary matter which has not received due artistic form and polish. It is not thrown away; it does not, properly speaking, cease to exist, but it exists only as an element in the compositions of later authors. The truly artistic production, on the other hand, though equally liable to be laid under contribution as a source of information, may well outlast the inferior work into whose service it is thus pressed, as the diamond survives the glass which it engraves. Almost every word, for example, which Arrian has written about Alexander, is very probably coloured by the authoritative biography of Ptolemy Lagus, Alexander's companion in arms, but of Ptolemy's work itself, deficient in style and arrangement, not a word is preserved except those which may be embedded in Arrian's narrative. Caesar's Commentaries, on the other hand, have been equally used as historical authorities, but the works of those who have thus employed them have mostly passed away, while the Commentaries remain as fresh as of old. Yet, though terse brevity is among their most conspicuous merits, the modern reader, unless a professional scholar or historian, cannot find time for them, not from their prolixity, but from the immensity of the mass of even more valuable literature. He must therefore make their acquaintance through general Roman histories like Mommsen's, or special biographies like Froude's, or else through the medium of excerpt or anthology. This is but another way of saying that only the best literature of its respective description, be that description elevated or familiar, is proper for anthology. Such a collection should take no cognisance of the literature destined to absorption, but only of that which is isolated from the mass by its superior symmetry and polish. It follows that it will be more concerned with poetry and fiction than with the graver departments of intellectual labour, since these can be profitably cultivated without the art which in poetry and fiction is absolutely indispensable, and also that in dealing with serious literature it will concern itself chiefly with what approximates most closely to art: in disquisition seeking for what is most cogent, in narrative for what is most dramatic. The very law of its existence, then, should keep it at a high level.

Modern literature, yet more decisively nineteenth-century literature, possesses a richness, a range, and a variety to which the classics of the past can lay no claim; and if something of the perfection of form which belongs to classical times is lacking to the present day, this loss is compensated in many ways. Nothing is more characteristic of the literary activity of the last hundred and fifty years than its amazing fertility. To such a point indeed has the production of books now attained, that the danger lies not in a paucity of genius, but in the fact that the works of genius may be lost in a surging and ever-increasing flood. Every nation contributes. In England and America alone upwards of 10,000 new books are printed every year. Were we to take twice Dr. Johnson's prescription of five hours a day and read as fast as could Scott or Macaulay, it would still be impossible to compass a tithe of this mass. Sifting and selection, once a slow and orderly process, has become an imperative necessity. The dilemma is clear. We shall either read aimlessly, catching up bits of what is good and great amid much chaff and trash, or else we shall neglect the greater literature altogether.

The time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life—the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and hence for a revival of the Greek idea of an anthology—a “gathering of flowers,” which is after all, translated into broader scientific language, but Darwin's formula of the survival of the fittest. It is out of this idea that the present work has sprung. If the execution corresponds to the idea, if it is a true gathering of flowers, it should aid in protecting our literature on both sides of the Atlantic from its chief actual danger—debasement to suit the taste of half-educated readers. The perils which it has already encountered and escaped—the Euphuistic affectation of the Elizabethan age, the Gallicism of the Restoration period, the frigidity of the eighteenth century—were maladies caught from the refined and intelligent society of those epochs. All these it has surmounted, but it is now confronted with an entirely novel danger in the dependence of the most popular, and therefore the most influential, authors upon a wide general public

neither refined nor intelligent, who now, as dispensers of the substantial rewards of literature, occupy the place formerly held by the Court, the patron, and the university. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste. The evil may be combated in many ways, and not least effectively by anthologies, which, if skilfully adapted to meet the needs of the general reader, and not themselves unduly tolerant of inferior work, may do much good by familiarising the reader with what is excellent in the present, and reminding the writer of the conditions on which alone fame may be won in the future.

R. Garnett.

THE ASSYRIAN STORY OF THE CREATION.

By REV. A. H. SAYCE.

(From "Records of the Past.")

[ARCHIBALD HENRY SAYCE, the foremost living Assyriologist and authority on Hebrew origins, and a philologist of great attainments, was born near Bristol, England, September 25, 1846. Graduated at Oxford, and ordained 1871. His early repute was so great that at twenty-seven he was made one of the Old Testament Revision Committee. He has published among other works a comparative Assyrian Grammar (1872); "Principles of Comparative Philology" (1874); "Lectures on the Assyrian Language" (1877); "Babylonian Literature" (1877); "Introduction to the Science of Language" (1880); "Monuments of the Hittites" (1881), revised 1888; "First Light from the Monuments" (1884); "Ancient Empires of the East" (1884); "Assyria" (1885); "Hibbert Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion" (1887); "Records of the Past, New Series" (1889-1892); "Life and Times of Isaiah" (1889); "Races of the Old Testament" (1891); "Social Life among the Assyrians and Babylonians" (1891); "Primer of Assyriology" (1894); "The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments" (1894); "The Egypt of the Hebrews" (1895); "Early History of the Hebrews" (1897).

FRAGMENTS of a long epic poem, describing the creation of the world in a series of tablets or books, were discovered by Mr. George Smith among the cuneiform treasures of the British Museum which had come from the royal library of Kouyunjik or Nineveh. The tablets appear to be seven in number; and since the creation was described as consisting of a series of successive acts, it presented a curious similarity to the account of the creation recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

The first tablet or book opens before the beginning of time, the expression "at that time" answering to the expression "in the beginning" of Genesis. The heavens and earth had not yet been created; and since the name was supposed to be the same as the thing named, their names had not as yet been pronounced. A watery chaos alone existed, Mummu Tiamat, "the chaos of the deep." Out of the bosom of this chaos

proceeded the gods as well as the created world. First came the primeval divinities Lakhmu and Lakhamu, words of unknown meaning, and then An-sar [Uranus, Saturn] and Ki-sar, "the upper" and "lower firmament." Last of all were born the three supreme gods of the Babylonian faith, Anu the sky god, Bel or Illil the lord of the ghost world, and Ea the god of the river and sea [Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune].

But before the younger gods could find a suitable habitation for themselves and their creation, it was necessary to destroy "the dragon" of chaos with all her monstrous offspring. The task was undertaken by the Babylonian sun god Merodach. Light was introduced into the world, and it only remained to destroy Tiamat herself. Tiamat was slain and her allies put in bondage, while the books of destiny which had hitherto been possessed by the older race of gods were now transferred to the younger deities of the new world. The visible heaven was formed out of the skin of Tiamat, and became the outward symbol of An-sar and the habitation of Anu, Bel, and Ea, while the chaotic waters of the dragon became the law-bound sea ruled over by Ea.

The heavens having been thus made, they were furnished with mansions for the sun and moon and stars, and the heavenly bodies were bound down by fixed laws that they might regulate the calendar and determine the year.

It will be seen from this that in its main outlines the Assyrian epic of the creation bears a striking resemblance to the account of it given in the first chapter of Genesis. In each case the history of the creation is divided into seven successive acts; in each case the present world has been preceded by a watery chaos. In fact, the selfsame word is used of this chaos in both the Biblical and Assyrian accounts — *tehôm*, *Tiamat*; the only difference being that in the Assyrian story "the deep" has become a mythological personage, the mother of a chaotic brood. The order of the creation, moreover, agrees in the two accounts; first the light, then the creation of the firmament of heaven, subsequently the appointment of the celestial bodies "for signs and for seasons and for days and years," and next, the creation of beasts and "creeping things."

But the two accounts also differ in some important particulars. In the Assyrian epic the earth seems not to have been made until after the appointment of the heavenly bodies, instead of before it as in Genesis; and the seventh day is a day of work

instead of rest; while there is nothing corresponding to the statement of Genesis that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." But the most important difference consists in the interpolation of the struggle between Merodach and the powers of evil, as a consequence of which light was introduced into the universe and the firmament of the heavens was formed.

It has long since been noted that the conception of this struggle stands in curious parallelism to the verses of the Apocalypse (Rev. xii. 7-9): "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." We are also reminded of the words of Isaiah xxiv. 21, 22: "The Lord shall visit the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in prison." It may be added that an Assyrian bas-relief now in the British Museum represents Tiamat with horns and claws, tail and wings.

There is no need of drawing attention to the profound difference of spiritual conception that exists between the Assyrian epic and the first chapter of Genesis. The one is mythological and polytheistic, with an introduction savoring of the later materialism of the schools; the other is sternly monotheistic. Between Bel-Merodach and the Hebrew God there is an impassable gulf.

It is unfortunate that the last lines of the epic, in which the creation of man would have been recorded, have not yet been recovered. A passage in one of the early magical texts of Babylonia, however, goes to show that the Babylonians believed that the woman was produced from the man, conformably to the statement in Gen. ii. 22, 23. We there read of the seven evil spirits, that "the woman from the man do they bring forth."

FIRST TABLET.

At that time the heaven above had not yet announced,
or the earth beneath recorded, a name;
the unopened deep was their generator,

MUMMU-TIAMAT (the chaos of the sea) was the mother of them all.
 Their waters were embosomed as one, and
 the cornfield was unharvested, the pasture was ungrown.
 At that time the gods had not appeared, any of them;
 By no name were they recorded, no destiny (had they fixed).
 Then the (great) gods were created,
 LAKHMU and LAKHAMU issued forth (the first),
 until they grew up (when)
 AN-SAR and KI-SAR were created.
 Long were the days, extended (was the time, until)
 the gods ANU (BEL and EA were born),
 AN-SAR and KI-SAR (gave them birth).

The rest of the tablet is lost.

FOURTH TABLET.

REVERSE.

“(Against) the gods my fathers thou hast directed thy hostility.
 Thou harnesser of thy companions, may thy weapons reach their
 bodie(s).
 Stand up, and I and thou will fight together.”
 When TIAMAT heard this,
 she uttered her former spells, she repeated her command.
 TIAMAT also cried out vehemently with a loud voice.
 From its roots she strengthened (her) seat completely.
 She recites an incantation, she casts a spell,
 and the gods of battle demand for themselves their arms.
 Then TIAMAT attacked MERODACH the chief prophet of the gods;
 in combat they joined; they met in battle.
 And the lord outspread his snare (and) inclosed her.
 He sent before him the evil wind to seize (her) from behind.
 And TIAMAT opened her mouth to swallow it.
 He made the evil wind enter so that she could not close her lips.
 The violence of the winds tortured her stomach, and
 her heart was prostrated and her mouth was twisted.
 He swung the club, he shattered her stomach;
 he cut out her entrails; he overmastered (her) heart;
 he bound her and ended her life.
 He threw down her corpse; he stood upon it.
 When TIAMAT who marched before (them) was conquered,
 he dispersed her forces, her host was overthrown,
 and the gods her allies who marched beside her
 trembled (and) feared (and) turned their backs.
 They escaped and saved their lives.

They clung to one another fleeing helplessly.
 He followed them and shattered their weapons.
 He cast his snare and they are caught in his net.
 Knowing (?) the regions they are filled with grief.
 They bear their sin, they are kept in bondage,
 and the elevenfold offspring are troubled through fear.
 The spirits as they march *perceived* (?) the glory (of MERODACH).
 His hand lays blindness (on their eyes).
 At the same time their opposition (is broken) from under them;
 and the god KINGU who had (marshaled) their (forces)
 he bound him also along with the god of the tablets (of destiny in)
 his right hand.
 And he took from him the tablets of destiny (that were) upon him.
 With the string of the stylus he sealed (them) and held the . . . of
 the tablet.
 From the time when he had bound (and) laid the yoke on his foes
 he led the illustrious enemy captive like an ox,
 he established fully the victory of AN-SAR over the foe;
 MERODACH overcame the lamentation of (EA) the lord of the world.
 Over the gods in bondage he strengthened his watch, and
 TIAMAT whom he had bound he turned head backwards;
 then the lord trampled on the underpart of TIAMAT.
 With his club unbound he smote (her) skull;
 he broke (it) and caused her blood to flow;
 the north wind bore (it) away to secret places.
 Then his father (EA) beheld (and) rejoiced at the savor;
 he caused the *spirits* (?) to bring a peace offering to himself.
 So the lord rested; his body he feeds.
 He strengthens (his) *mind* (?), he forms a clever plan,
 and he stripped her of (her) skin like a fish, according to his plan;
 he described her likeness and (with it) overshadowed the heavens;
 he stretched out the skin, he kept a watch,
 he urged on her waters that were not issuing forth;
 he lit up the sky; the sanctuary (of heaven) rejoiced, and
 he presented himself before the deep, the seat of EA.
 Then the lord measured (TIAMAT) the offspring of the deep;
 the chief prophet made of her image the house of the Firmament.
 Ê-SARRA which he had created (to be) the heavens
 the chief prophet caused ANU, BEL, and EA to inhabit as their
 stronghold.

FIFTH TABLET.

He prepared the twin mansions of the great gods.
 He fixed the stars, even the twin stars to correspond with them.
 He ordained the year, appointing the signs of the Zodiac over (it).

For each of the twelve months he fixed three stars,
 from the day when the year issues forth to the close.
 He founded the mansion of (the Sun-god) the god of the ferryboat,
 that they might know their bonds,
 that they might not err, that they might not go astray in any way.
 He established the mansion of BEL and EA along with himself.
 Moreover he opened the great gates on either side,
 he strengthened the bolts on the left hand and on the right,
 and in the midst of it he made a staircase.
 He illuminated the Moon-god that he might be porter of the night,
 and ordained for him the ending of the night that the day may be
 known,
 (saying:) "Month by month, without break, keep watch in thy disk.
 At the beginning of the month light up the night,
 announcing thy horns that the heaven may know.
 On the seventh day, (filling thy) disk
 thou shalt open indeed (its) narrow contraction.
 At that time the sun (will be) on the horizon of heaven at thy
 (rising).
 Thou shalt cut off its . . .
 (Thereafter) towards the path of the sun thou shalt approach.
 (Then) the contracted size of the sun shall indeed change (?)
 . . . seeking its path.
 . . . descend and pronounce judgment.
*The rest of the obverse and the first three lines of the reverse are
 destroyed.*

SEVENTH TABLE.

At that time the gods in their assembly created (the beasts).
 They made perfect the mighty (monsters).
 They caused the living creatures (of the field) to come forth,
 the cattle of the field, (the wild beasts) of the field, and the creeping
 things (of the field).
 (They fixed their habitations) for the living creatures (of the field).
 They distributed (in their dwelling places) the cattle and the creep-
 ing things of the city.
 (They made strong) the multitude of creeping things, all the offspring
 (of the earth).
 . . . in the assembly of my family.
 . . . EA the god of the illustrious face.
 . . . the multitude of creeping things did I make strong.
 . . . the seed of LAKHAMA did I destroy.

The rest is lost.

ISHTAR'S DESCENT TO THE UNDERWORLD.

FROM BABYLONIAN TABLETS.

(Translated by H. Fox Talbot in "Records of the Past," First Series.)

ISHTAR was the goddess of Love, answering to the Venus of the Latins and the Aphrodite of the Greeks. The object of her descent into the infernal regions was probably narrated in another tablet, which has not been preserved, for no motive is assigned for it here. I conjecture that she was in search of her beloved Thammuz (Adonis), who was detained in Hades by Persephone or Proserpine. We may compare the Greek legend, which was as follows, as given by Panyasis (quoted by Apollodorus):—

"Aphrodite had intrusted Adonis, who was a very beautiful child during his infancy, to the care of Persephone; but she fell in love with him, and refused to restore him. Upon this Aphrodite appealed to Jupiter, who gave judgment in the cause. He decreed that Adonis should remain for one third of the year in the infernal regions with Persephone; one third of the year in heaven with Aphrodite; the remaining third of the year was to be left at his own disposal. Adonis chose to spend it in heaven with Aphrodite."

The Assyrian legend differs much from this, but yet has some resemblance.

To the land of Hades, the region of (. . .)
 Ishtar, daughter of the Moon-god San, turned her mind,
 and the daughter of San fixed her mind [to go there]:
 to the House of Eternity: the dwelling of the god Irkalla:
 to the House men enter—but cannot depart from
 to the Road men go—but cannot return:
 The abode of darkness and famine,
 where Earth is their food: their nourishment clay:
 Light is not seen: in darkness they dwell:
 ghosts, like birds, flutter their wings there:
 on the door and gate posts the dust lies undisturbed.

When Ishtar arrived at the gate of Hades
 to the keeper of the gate a word she spoke:
 "O keeper of the entrance! open thy gate!
 "Open thy gate! again, that I may enter!
 "If thou openest not thy gate, and I enter not,

"I will assault the door: I will break down the gate:
 "I will attack the entrance: I will split open the portals:
 "I will raise the dead, to be the devourers of the living!
 "Upon the living, the dead shall prey!"

Then the Porter opened his mouth and spoke,
 and said to the great Ishtar,
 "Stay, Lady! do not shake down the door!
 "I will go, and tell this to the Queen Nin-ki-gal."

The Porter entered, and said to Nin-ki-gal,
 "these curses thy sister Ishtar [utters]
 "blaspheming thee with great curses." [. . .]

When Nin-ki-gal heard this, [. . .]
 she grew pale, like a flower that is cut off:
 she trembled, like the stem of a reed:
 "I will cure her rage," she said; "I will cure her fury:
 "these curses I will repay to her!
 "Light up consuming flames! light up blazing straw!
 "Let her doom be with the husbands who deserted their wives!
 "Let her doom be with the wives who from their husbands' side
 departed!
 "Let her doom be with the youths who led dishonored lives!
 "Go, Porter, open the gate for her,
 "but strip her, like others at other times."

The Porter went and opened the gate.
 "Enter, Lady of Tiggaba city! It is permitted!
 "May the Sovereign of Hades rejoice at thy presence!"

The first gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the
 great crown from her head.
 "Keeper! do not take off from me, the great crown from my head!"
 "Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal."

The second gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off
 the earrings of her ears.
 "Keeper! do not take off from me, the earrings of my ears!"
 "Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The third gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the
 precious stones from her head.
 "Keeper! do not take off from me, the precious stones from my head!"
 "Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The fourth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off
 the small lovely gems from her forehead.
 "Keeper! do not take off from me, the small lovely gems from my
 forehead!"
 "Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The fifth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the central girdle of her waist.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the central girdle from my waist!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal!"

The sixth gate admitted her, and stopped her: there were taken off the golden rings of her hands and feet.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the golden rings of my hands and feet!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands their removal!"

The seventh gate admitted her, and stopped her: there was taken off the last garment from her body.

"Keeper! do not take off from me, the last garment from my body!"

"Excuse it, Lady! for the Queen of the land commands its removal!"

After that mother Ishtar had descended into Hades,

Nin-ki-gal saw her, and stormed on meeting her.

Ishtar lost her reason; and heaped curses upon her.

Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and spoke,

to Namtar her messenger a command she gave:

"Go, Namtar!" [some words lost].

"Bring her out for punishment. . . ."

The divine messenger of the gods, lacerated his face before them.

The assembly of the gods was full,

the Sun came, along with the Moon his father.

Weeping he spoke thus unto Hea the king:

"Ishtar descended into the earth; and she did not rise again;

"and since the time that mother Ishtar descended into Hades,

"the bull has not sought the cow, nor the male of any animal the female.

"The slave and her master [some words lost]

"The master has ceased from commanding:

"the slave has ceased from obeying."

Then the god Hea in the depth of his mind laid a plan:

he formed, for her escape, the figure of a man of clay.

"Go to save her, Phantom! present thyself at the portal of Hades;

"the seven gates of Hades will open before thee,

"Nin-ki-gal will see thee, and be pleased with thee.

"When her mind shall be grown calm, and her anger shall be worn off,

"awe her with the names of the great gods!

"Prepare thy frauds! On deceitful tricks fix thy mind!

"The chiefest deceitful trick! Bring forth fishes of the waters out of an empty vessel!

"This thing will please Nin-ki-gal:

"then to Ishtar she will restore her clothing.

"A great reward for these things shall not fail.

"Go, save her, Phantom! and the great assembly of the people shall crown thee!

"Meats, the first of the city, shall be thy food!
 "Wine, the most delicious in the city, shall be thy drink!
 "To be the Ruler of a Palace, shall be thy rank!
 "A throne of state, shall be thy seat!
 "Magician and Conjuror shall bow down before thee!"

Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and spoke:
 to Namtar her messenger a command she gave:
 "Go, Namtar! clothe the Temple of Justice!
 "Adorn the *images*? and the *altars*?
 "Bring out Anunnak! Seat him on a golden throne!
 "Pour out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her depart from my dominions!"

Namtar went; and clothed the Temple of Justice;
 he adorned the images and the altars;
 he brought out Anunnak; on a golden throne he seated him;
 he poured out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her go.

Then the first gate let her forth, and restored to her — the first garment of her body.

The second gate let her forth, and restored to her — the diamonds of her hands and feet.

The third gate let her forth, and restored to her — the central girdle of her waist.

The fourth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the small lovely gems of her forehead.

The fifth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the precious stones of her head.

The sixth gate let her forth, and restored to her — the earrings of her ears.

The seventh gate let her forth, and restored to her — the great crown on her head.



HYMN TO THE GOD MERODACH.

AN AKKADIAN PSALM. (3000 B.C.?)

Who shall escape from before thy power?
 Thy will is an eternal mystery!
 Thou makest it plain in heaven and in the earth.
 Command the sea and the sea obeyeth thee.
 Command the tempest and the tempest becometh a calm.
 Command the winding course of the Euphrates
 And the will of Merodach shall arrest the floods.
 Lord, thou art holy! Who is like unto thee?
 Merodach thou art honored among the gods that bear a name.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

By JOHN MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON: English poet; born in London, December 9, 1608; died in London, November 8, 1674. He was graduated from Cambridge, 1629; was Latin secretary, 1649-1660. He became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration he was proscribed and his works were ordered burnt by the hangman; but after a time he was left unmolested and spent the last years of his life in quiet literary labors. "Paradise Lost" was issued in 1666, "Paradise Regained" in 1671, and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. His masque of "Comus" was published in 1634, "Lycidas" in 1637, "L'Allegro" and "Penseroso" in 1645. Among his prose works the "Areopagitica" (1644), advocating the freedom of the press, his work on Divorce, and his "Defense of the English People" (1654) are most famous. His sonnets in the Italian manner are among the finest in the English language.]

BENEATH him, with new wonder, now he views,
 To all delight of human sense exposed,
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—
 A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Cecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by —
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
 That mountain, as his garden mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering **many a famous realm**

And country whereof here needs no account ;
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
 How, from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers.

Thus was this place,

A happy rural seat of various view :
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable — Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only — and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring. . . .

The Fiend

Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honor clad
 In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
 And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure —
 Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men ; though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed :
For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad ;
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils — which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence !
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or Angel ; for they thought no ill :
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met —
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor than suffice
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell —
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat reclined
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.

THE MURDER OF ABEL.

BY VITTORIO ALFIERI.

(From "Abel.")

[COUNT VITTORIO ALFIERI, one of the greatest of Italian dramatists, was born at Asti, in Piedmont, January 17, 1749. Of good birth and independent means, he traveled extensively in Europe, and after the successful production of his first play, "Cleopatra" (1775), devoted himself to dramatic composition. While in Florence he met the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and passed many years in her society in Alsace and Paris, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution returned to Italy and died at Florence, October 8, 1803. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, between the tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo, where a beautiful monument by Canova covers his remains. Alfieri left twenty-one tragedies and six comedies, besides five odes on American Independence, various sonnets, and a number of prose works. Included among his tragedies are "Saul," "Philip II.," "Orestes," and "Mary Stuart."]

ENVY, CAIN, DEATH.

Envy—

Why tremble, O youth, why thus fixedly stare,
 While fiercely is beating thy heart, on the wound
 Which is made doubly sore by the chilling despair
 Of the snakes which entwine it, like ivy, around?
 O deign, if thou'rt fearless, and fain wouldst be there,
 Where joy never ending is certainly found,
 O deign of the waters transparent to think,
 Which make those men happy supremely, who drink.

Cain—

O who art thou who in these accents strange
 Addressest me? Are there upon the earth
 Men that we know not of? Remove my doubts,
 I pray thee: tell me who thou art: but use
 A language that doth more resemble mine,
 That I more easily may understand it.

Envy—

Thou son of Adam, by thy speech I know thee.
 'Twas not sufficient for thy father then
 To get himself expelled, with so much shame,
 From that terrestrial lovely Paradise,
 Where I with multitudes of others dwell?
 For him 'twas not enough? he furthermore
 Must keep his own son in deep ignorance
 Of the great good thus lost, and take away
 The slightest chance of e'er regaining it?

Cain—

What dost thou say? There was a Paradise
On earth? and from it Adam banished was?
And he from his own son so vast a good
Conceals, and hinders?

Envy—

Harsh and unjust father
He envies his own son that happiness,
Of which he was unworthy. There, beyond
The banks of the great river, I was standing
With this my mother dear: and thence I saw
(For those who dwell there all things see and know)
Thee as a fugitive, thy father's dwelling
Leaving, and hither coming . . .

Cain—

How canst thou

This know of me, whilst I . . .

Envy—

We're not alike.

To us, the happy and perpetual dwellers
Upon that further shore, all things are easy.
There, matters distant or not understood,
Or things impossible, are words unknown:
Brothers and sisters numerous are we,
And sons and fathers; there to every man
Is coupled one like me; as thou hast seen
Eve with thy father live.—I pity took
Upon thy ignorance; and therefore came
As far as this to meet thee. Do but try
To cross the limpid waves, and thou'lt become
Straightway like me; and there, if thou so wilt it,
Possessor of my beauty thou mayst be;
As I may, if I please, divide with thee
Each of the many things that I possess
Collected in that happy place together.

Cain—

How is it possible that my dear father,
Who loves us so, could cruelly conceal
So vast a good? Thou with thy words dost wake
Within my heart a contrast wonderful.
Thy beauty moves me much; the flatt'ring hope
Of thee; thy sweet discourse, the like of which
I never heard before; yes, I am moved
By all in thee: but how can I abandon
Ungratefully those dear ones to the toil
Of ceaseless labor, whilst I pass myself
An idle life at ease amid delights?

Envy—

Thou thinkest well. Slave, then, and suffer thou,
Fatigue thyself, and sweat. Meanwhile another
Will occupy thy place before thee there.

Cain—

Another? who?

Envy—

Thou'rt very blind.

Cain—

Perchance,

Is there but room for one?

Envy—

For one alone

Of Adam's sons a passage there is granted:

Concealed from thee, but not from all . . .

Cain—

O what,

What chill again pervades me! horrible

The doubt I feel . . .

Envy—

The thing is manifest,

Not doubtful: I perceive thy every thought:

Yes, Adam to his Abel all revealed,

But hid from thee . . .

Cain—

What hear I!

Envy—

And the place

For him reserves he.

Cain—

Madness! That thick mist

Which so obscured my eyesight suddenly

Has disappeared: I now behold the source

Of that unknown and indistinct fierce impulse,

Which, at the sight, and even at the name

Of Abel, thrilled me through, from time to time.

Envy—

Thou now dost know it all. Only take care

Lest Abel should anticipate thy steps.

As soon as thou hast reached the other shore,

I'll meet thee, and be thine: but I may not

Go with thee to the crossing: and meanwhile,

To strengthen thee in thy design, observe

What I will do.—Now, mother, just to give him

A little sample of our happy race,

Which he will find beyond those waters, say,

Would it not fitting be to let him see

The sudden apparition of a fine

Well-chosen troop of them?

Death—

Do as thou wilt,

Dear daughter.

Envy—

Thou shalt see, Cain, presently

A handsome people, and harmonious dances

To dulcet notes danced nimbly, which thy heart
 Will ravish. — Now, dear brothers, swiftly come;
 Appear as rapidly as flies my thought.
² *Strikes her foot on the ground. The different Choruses of musicians and dancers immediately appear on every side.*

DEATH, ENVY, CAIN, CHORUS of Male and Female Dancers; CHORUS
 of Male and Female Singers.

Chorus.

His cheeks shall both be overflowed
 With tears, with sweat his brow,
 To whom it is not granted now
 Into our joyous land to press:
 But he who in our bright abode
 His happy feet can plant,
 Has written down in adamant
 His full eternal happiness.

Right-hand Chorus.

In this drear place of misery,
 How sad the fate of hapless man,
 Condemned by cruel destiny
 To earn his food as best he can!

Left-hand Chorus.

The man who here doth dwell, we know,
 A man like one of us is not:
 He has been struck a deadly blow,
 Which utterly has changed his lot.

All.

He who the apple tasted ne'er,
 Shall he not all life's pleasures share?

A voice.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no. —
 Thou, who of the rigid
 Ignored prohibition
 Nothing dost know;
 O come to the frigid
 Glad stream of fruition,
 And drown there each woe.

THE MURDER OF ABEL.

Man shall not lose anew
The rights that are his due.

All.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no.

A woman's voice in the Chorus.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

Thou ne'er hast seen the sun's rays blend
So brilliantly as there;
Thou ne'er hast seen from Heaven descend
Such manna sweet and fair,
As in that place thou'lt see:

A man's voice.

There only doth the stream o'erflow
With milk of whitest hue;
There on each tree and hedge doth grow
The purest honey dew,
Man's nutriment to be.

The two voices.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

All.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in felicity.
Quick, quick! Make haste! Away!
If thou shouldst long delay,
Another, with a step less slow,
Before thee will arrive there soon.
If thou dost know how vast the boon,
Thou wilt not lose it, no, no, no.

DEATH, CAIN, ENVY.

Envy —

Do thou awake from out thy stupor, Cain,
Thou hast both seen and heard: then naught remains
For me, but as a pledge of faith, to give thee

My hand. Come, take it.

[*As she touches his hand, she disappears with her mother.*]

CAIN.

Cain — Ah, I pray thee, stay . . .
 — What frightful chill has pierced my heart! my blood
 Appears to stagnate there, all frozen . . . O,
 What dreadful flame has now succeeded it!
 I follow thee, for fear that villain Abel
 Should first arrive there.

CAIN and ABEL [*turning towards the river*].

Abel — Cain! what is't I see?

Cain [*running towards him with his pickaxe*] —
 Ah, traitor! dost thou come from there? I soon
 Will punish thee.

Abel [*flying backwards*] — Help, mother, help me, help!

Cain [*following him, and disappearing from view*] —
 Fly as thou mayst, I'll overtake thee soon.

CAIN, ABEL.

Cain — Come, villain, come! [*Dragging him by the hair*]

Abel — O my dear brother, pity!
 What have I done? . . .

Cain — Come! far away indeed
 From that much-longed-for river shalt thou breathe
 Thy final vital breath.

Abel — Ah, hear thou me!
 My brother, do thou hearken!

Cain — No, that good
 Which was my due, but which I ne'er received,
 Shall ne'er be thine. Perfidious one, behold,
 Around thee look; this is the desert waste,
 From which I fled, and where thou leftest me:
 Thy last looks never shall behold those waters
 Which thou, in thy disloyal thoughts, didst deem
 As crossed already: here, upon this sand,
 Thou soon shalt lie a corpse.

Abel — But, O my God!
 What means all this? at least explain thy words:
 I understand thee not: explain, and hear me;
 Thou afterwards mayst slay me at thy will,
 But hear me first, I pray.

Cain — Say on.

Abel — But tell me,
 In what have I offended thee? . . . Alas!

How can I speak to thee, if fierce and stern
Thou standest o'er me? neck and nostrils swollen;
Looks full of fire and blood; thy lips, thy face
All livid; whilst thy knees, thine arms, thy head
Are moved convulsively by trembling strange!—
Pity, my brother: calm thyself: and loosen
Thy hold upon my hair a little, so
That I may breathe.

Cain — I never fancied, Abel,
That thou wouldst be a traitor.

Abel — I am not.
My father knows it; and thou too.

Cain — My father?
Ne'er name him: father of us both alike,
And just, I deemed him, and I was deceived.

Abel —
What sayest thou? Dost doubt his love? thou scarce
Hadst gone away from us this morning, when,
Anxious for thee, with mortal sorrow filled,
My father straightway sent me on thy track . . .

Cain —
Perfidious ones, I know it all; to me
This was a horrible, undoubted proof
Of my bad brother and my still worse father.
I know it all; the veil has fallen; the secret
Has been revealed to me: and I'm resolved
That thou shalt ne'er be happy at my cost.

Abel —
Cain, by that God who both of us created,
And who maintains us, I entreat of thee,
Explain thyself: what is my fault? what secret
Has been revealed to thee? upon my face,
And in my eyes, and words, and countenance,
Does not my innocence reveal itself?
I happy at thy cost? O, how could Abel
Be happy if thou'rt not? Ah, hadst thou seen me
When I awoke, and found thee not beside me
This morning! Ah, how sorely did I weep!
And how our parents wept! The livelong day
Have I since then consumed, but fruitlessly,
In seeking thee and sadly calling thee,
But never finding thee; although I heard
Thy voice in front of me from time to time,
In the far distance answering: and I
Went ever further on in search of thee,

Up to yon river; over whose broad waves
I feared that thou, who art a swimmer bold,
Hadst crossed . . .

Cain — And of that river darest thou,
Foolhardy one, a single word to speak?
I well believe thou fearedst, if I crossed it,
That thou wouldst have forever lost the hope
Of crossing it thyself. Thou darest, too,
To mingle truth and falsehood? and assert
That I replied to thee? But now the end
Of every wicked art has come: in vain
Thou soughtest to anticipate my steps:
Thou seest that I have caught thee just in time:
Nor river, nor the light of heaven shalt thou
E'er see again. I'll kill thee; fall thou down!

Abel —
Keep back thy ax! O do not strike me! See,
I fall before thee, and embrace thy knees.
Keep back thy ax, I pray thee! Hear thou me:
The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,
Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,
Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs,
But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now.
Dear brother of my heart . . .

Cain — I'm so no more.

Abel —
But I shall ever be so: thou art too:
I pledge to thee my innocence: I swear it
By both our parents; I have never heard
One word about this river; nor can fathom
Thy accusations.

Cain — Can there be such malice,
Such craftiness, at such a tender age?
All this dissembling makes me madder still;
Vile liar . . .

Abel — What! thou call'st thy Abel, liar?

Cain —
Die now.

Abel — Embrace me first.

Cain — I hate thee.

Abel — I
Still love thee. Strike, if thou wilt have it so;
I'll not resist; but I have not deserved it.

Cain —
— And yet, his weeping, and his juvenile

Candor, which true appears, the sweet accustomed
 Sound of his voice, restrain me: and my arm
 And anger fall. — But, shall a foolish pity
 Rob me forever of my property? . . .
 Alas! what to resolve? what do?

Abel — What say'st thou

Apart? Turn towards me: look at me: in vain
 Thou hid'st from me thy face: amidst thy fierce
 And dreadful ravings, from thy moistened eye
 Gleamed there upon me just one passing ray
 Of love fraternal and of pity. Take,
 I pray thee, pity on my tender youth,
 And on thyself. O! dost thou think that God
 Can afterwards take pleasure in thy prayers,
 Or gifts, if with the blood of thine own brother
 He sees thee dyed? And then our excellent
 Unhappy mother, wouldst thou rob her thus
 Of both her sons? for, certainly, if thou
 Shouldst slay me, thou wouldst never dare again
 To show thyself before her. Ah, just think
 How that unhappy one can live without us:
 Think too . . .

Cain — Ah, brother! thou dost rend my heart:
 Rise, then, arise: I pardon thee: in this
 Embrace . . . What do I? and what said I? Base one,
 Thy tears are but a juggle: and not doubtful
 Thy treason is; thou dost not merit pardon;
 I will not pardon thee.

Abel — What see I? Fiercer
 Dost thou become than ever?

Cain — I become
 What I should be to thee. Come now what may;
 • The good denied me, none shall have instead. —
 No more of pardon, no more pity; thou
 Hast now no brother, father, mother more.
 My eye is dimmed already with thick blood:
 I see a monster at my feet. Now, die!
 What holds me back? What seizes on my arm?
 What voice is thundering?

Abel — God sees us.

Cain — God?
 Methinks I hear Him: now methinks I see Him,
 Pursuing me in fearful wise: already
 I see my own ensanguined ax fall down
 Upon my guilty head with crashing sound!

Abel —

His senses he has lost. Sad sight! I tremble . . .
From head to foot . . .

Cain —

Thou, Abel, do thou take
This ax; and strike with both thy hands, upon
My head. Why dost thou tarry? now behold,
I offer no defense: be quick, and slay me:
Slay me; for in no other way canst thou
Escape my fury, which is fast returning:
I pray thee then, make haste.

Abel —

What do I hear?
That I should strike thee? Why, if I still love thee
As much as ever? Calm thyself: become
Thyself again: let's both our father seek:
He waits for thee . . .

Cain —

My father? to my father
Go now with thee? I understand: thyself
Hast thou betrayed. The mention of his name
Fiercer than ever wakens all my rage.
Once more then, die thou, die. [*Strikes him.*]

Abel —

Alas! . . . I feel
My strength depart . . . O mother! . . .

Cain —

What, O what
Have I now done? his blood spurts o'er my face!
He falls; he faints . . . Where hide myself? O Heavens!
What have I done? Accursèd ax, begone
Forever from my hand, my eyes . . . What hear I?
Alas! already doth the thund'ring voice
Of God upon me call . . . O where to fly?
There, raves my father in wild fury . . . Here,
My dying brother's sobs . . . Where hide myself?
I fly. [*Flies.*]

Abel —

ABEL [*dying*], then ADAM.

Ah dreadful pain! . . . O, how my blood
Is running down! . . .

Adam —

Already towards the west
The sun approaches fast, and I as yet
Have found them not! The livelong day have I
And Eve consumed in searching for them both,
And all without success . . . But this is surely
The track of Abel: I will follow it. [*Advances.*]

Abel —

Alas! help, help! . . . O mother! . . .

Adam —

O, what hear I?

Sobs of a human being, like the wails
 Of Abel! . . . Heavens! what see I there? a stream
 Of blood? . . . Alas! a body further on? . . .
 Abel! My son, thou here? . . . Upon thy body
 Let me at least breathe forth my own last breath!

Abel —

My father's voice, methinks . . . O! is it thou? . . .
 My eyes are dim, and ill I see . . . Ah, tell me,
 Shall I again behold . . . my . . . darling mother? . . .

Adam —

My son! . . . sad day! . . . sad sight! . . . How deep
 and large
 The wound with which his guiltless head is cloven!
 Alas! there is no remedy. My son,
 Who gave thee such a blow? and what the weapon? . . .
 O Heavens! Is't not Cain's pickax that I see
 Lying all-bloody there? . . . O grief! O madness!
 And is it possible that Cain has slain thee?
 A brother kill his brother? I myself
 Will arm, with thy own arms; and find thee out,
 And with my own hands slay thee. O thou just
 Almighty God, didst Thou behold this crime,
 And suffer it? breathes still the murderer?
 Where is the villain? Didst not Thou, great God,
 Beneath the feet of such a monster cause
 The very earth to gape and swallow him
 In its profound abyss? Then, 'tis Thy will,
 Ah yes! that by my hand should punished be
 This crime irreparable: 'tis Thy will
 That I should follow on the bloody track
 Of that base villain: here it is: from me,
 Thou wicked Cain, shalt thou receive thy death . . .
 O God! But leave my Abel breathing still . . .

Abel —

Father! . . . return, return! . . . I fain would tell thee . . .

Adam —

My son, but how could Cain . . .

Abel —

He was . . . indeed . . .
 Beside himself: . . . it was not he . . . Moreover . . .
 He is thy son . . . O pardon him, . . . as I do . . .

Adam —

Thou only art my son. Devotion true!
 O Abel! my own image! thou, my all! . . .
 How could that fierce . . .

Abel —

Ah, father! . . . tell me . . . truly;

Didst thou e'er plan . . . to take away . . . from Cain, . . .
And give . . . to me . . . some mighty good, . . . which lies
Beyond . . . the river?

Adam— What dost mean? one son
Alone I deemed that I possessed in both.

Abel—
Deceived . . . was Cain then ; . . . this he said to me . . .
Ofttimes, . . . inflamed with rage . . . The only cause . . .
Was this : . . . he had . . . a conflict fierce . . . and long . . .
Within himself . . . at first ; . . . but . . . then . . . o'ercome,
He struck me . . . and then fled . . . — But now . . . my
breath,

Father, . . . is failing . . . Kiss me . . .

Adam -- He is dying . . .

O God! . . . He dies. — Unhappy father! How
Has that last sob cut off at once his voice
And life as well! — Behold thee, then, at last,
Death terrible and cruel, who the daughter
Of my transgression art! O ruthless Death,
Is, then, the first to fall before thy blows
A guileless youth like this? 'Twas me the first,
And me alone, whom thou shouldst have struck down . . .
— What shall I do without my children now?
And this dear lifeless body, how can I
From Eve conceal it? Hide from her the truth?
In vain: but, how to tell her? And, then, where,
Where bury my dear Abel? O my God!
How tear myself from him? — But, what behold I?
Eve is approaching me with weary steps
From far! She promised me that she would wait
Beyond the wood for me . . . Alas! — But I
Must meet her and detain her; such a sight
Might in one moment kill her . . . How I tremble!
Already she has seen me, and makes haste . . .

EVE, and ADAM [*running to meet her*].

Adam —
Why, woman, hast thou come? 'tis not allowed
Farther to go : return ; return at once
Unto our cottage ; there will I ere long
Rejoin thee.

Eve—Heavens! what see I? in thy face
What new and dreadful trouble do I see?
Hast thou not found them?

Adam — No: but, very soon . . .
Do thou meanwhile retrace thy steps, I pray . . .

Eve —

And leave thee? . . . And my children, where are they?
But, what do I behold? thy vesture stained
With quite fresh blood? thy hands, too, dyed with blood?
Alas! what is't, my darling Adam, say!
Yet on thy body are no wounds . . . But, what,
What is the blood there on the ground? and near it
Is not the ax of Cain? . . . and that is also
All soiled with blood? . . . Ah, leave me; yes, I must,
I must approach; to see . . .

Adam —

I pray thee, no . . .

Eve —

In vain . . .

Adam —

O Eve, stop, stop! on no account

Shalt thou go farther.

Eve [*pushing her way forward a little*] —

But, in spite of thee,

From out thine eyes a very stream of tears
Is pouring! . . . I must see, at any cost,
The reason . . . Ah, I see it now! . . . there lies
My darling Abel . . . O unhappy I! . . .
The ax . . . the blood . . . I understand . . .

Adam —

Alas!

We have no sons.

Eve —

Abel, my life . . . 'Tis vain

To hold me back . . . Let me embrace thee, Abel.

Adam —

To hold her is impossible: a slight
Relief to her immense maternal sorrow . . .

Eve —

Adam, has God the murderer not punished?

Adam —

O impious Cain! in vain thy flight; in vain
Wilt thou conceal thyself. Within thy ears
(However far away from me thou art)
Shall ring the fearful echo of my threats,
And make thy bosom tremble.

Eve —

Abel, Abel . . .

Alas, he hears me not! . . . — I ever told thee,
That I discerned a traitor's mark, yes, traitor's,
Between Cain's eyebrows.

Adam —

Never on the earth

That traitor peace shall find, security,
Or an asylum. — Cain, be thou accursed
By God, as thou art by thy father cursed.

WHO WROTE THE PENTATEUCH?

BY REV. A. H. SAYCE.

(From "Early History of the Hebrews.")

[For biographical sketch, see p. 25.]

It is clear that if the modern literary analysis of the Pentateuch is justified, it is useless to look to the five books of Moses for authentic history. There is nothing in them which can be ascribed with certainty to the age of Moses, nothing which goes back even to the age of the Judges. Between the Exodus out of Egypt and the composition of the earliest portion of the so-called Mosaic Law there would have been a dark and illiterate interval of several centuries. Not even tradition could be trusted to span them. For the Mosaic age, and still more for the age before the Exodus, all that we read in the Old Testament would be historically valueless.

Such criticism, therefore, as accepts the results of "the literary analysis" of the Hexateuch acts consistently in stamping as mythical the whole period of Hebrew history which precedes the settlement of the Israelitish tribes in Canaan. Doubt is thrown even on their residence in Egypt and subsequent escape from "the house of bondage." Moses himself becomes a mere figure of mythland, a hero of popular imagination whose sepulcher was unknown because it had never been occupied. In order to discredit the earlier records of the Israelitish people, there is no need of indicating contradictions—real or otherwise—in the details of the narratives contained in them, of enlarging upon their chronological difficulties, or of pointing to the supernatural elements they involve; the late dates assigned to the medley of documents which have been discovered in the Hexateuch are sufficient of themselves to settle the question.

The dates are largely, if not altogether, dependent on the assumption that Hebrew literature is not older than the age of David. A few poems like the Song of Deborah may have been handed down orally from an earlier period, but readers and writers, it is assumed, there were none. The use of writing for literary purposes was coeval with the rise of the monarchy. The oldest inscription in the letters of the Phœnician alphabet yet discovered is only of the ninth century B.C., and

the alphabet would have been employed for monumental purposes long before it was applied to the manufacture of books. As Wolf's theory of the origin and late date of the Homeric Poems avowedly rested on the belief that the literary use of writing in Greece was of late date, so too the theory of the analysts of the Hexateuch rests tacitly on the belief that the Israelites of the age of Moses and the Judges were wholly illiterate. Moses did not write the Pentateuch because he could not have done so.

The huge edifice of modern Pentateuchal criticism is thus based on a theory and an assumption. The theory is that of "the literary analysis" of the Hexateuch, the assumption that a knowledge of writing in Israel was of comparatively late date. The theory, however, is philological, not historical. The analysis is philological rather than literary, and depends entirely on the occurrence and use of certain words and phrases. Lists have been drawn up of the words and phrases held to be peculiar to the different writers between whom the Hexateuch is divided, and the portion of the Hexateuch to be assigned to each is determined accordingly. That it is sometimes necessary to cut a verse in two, somewhat to the injury of the sense, matters but little; the necessities of the theory require the sacrifice, and the analyst looks no further. Great things grow out of little, and the mathematical minuteness with which the Hexateuch is apportioned among its numerous authors, and the long lists of words and idioms by which the apportionment is supported, all have their origin in Astruc's separation of the book of Genesis into two documents, in one of which the name of Yahveh is used, while in the other it is replaced by Elohim.

The historian, however, is inclined to look with suspicion upon historical results which rest upon purely philological evidence. It is not so very long ago since the comparative philologists believed they had restored the early history of the Aryan race. With the help of the dictionary and grammar they had painted an idyllic picture of the life and culture of the primitive Aryan family and traced the migrations of its offshoots from their primeval Asiatic home. But anthropology has rudely dissipated all these reconstructions of primitive history, and has not spared even the Aryan family or the Asiatic home itself. The history that was based on philology has been banished to fairyland. It may be that the historical results

based on the complicated and ingenious system of Hexateuchal criticism will hereafter share the same fate.

In fact, there is one characteristic of them which cannot but excite suspicion. A passage which runs counter to the theory of the critic is at once pronounced an interpolation, due to the clumsy hand of some later "Redactor." Indeed, if we are to believe the analysts, a considerable part of the professedly historical literature of the Old Testament was written or "redacted" chiefly with the purpose of bolstering up the ideas and inventions either of the Deuteronomist or of the later Code. This is a cheap and easy way of rewriting ancient history; but it is neither scientific nor in accordance with the historical method, however consonant it may be with the methods of the philologist.

When, however, we come to examine the philological evidence upon which we are asked to accept this new reading of ancient Hebrew history, we find that it is woefully defective. We are asked to believe that a European scholar of the nineteenth century can analyze with mathematical precision a work composed centuries ago in the East for Eastern readers in a language that is long since dead, can dissolve it verse by verse, and even word by word, into its several elements, and fix the approximate date and relation of each. The accomplishment of such a feat is an impossibility, and to attempt it is to sin as much against common sense as against the laws of science. Science teaches us that we can attain to truth only by the help of comparison; we can know things scientifically only in so far as they can be compared and measured one with another. Where there is no comparison there can be no scientific result. Even the logicians of the Middle Ages taught that no conclusion can be drawn from what they termed a single instance. It is just this, however, that the Hexateuchal critics have essayed to do. The Pentateuch and its history have been compared with nothing except themselves, and the results have been derived not from the method of comparison, but from the so-called "tact" and arbitrary judgment of the individual scholar. Certain postulates have been assumed, the consequences of which have been gradually evolved, one after another, while the coherence and credibility of the general hypothesis has been supported by the invention of further subordinate hypotheses as the need for them arose. The "critical" theory of the origin and character of the Hexa-

teuch closely resembles the Ptolemaic theory of the universe; like the latter, it is highly complicated and elaborate, coherent in itself, and perfect on paper, but unfortunately baseless in reality.

Its very complication condemns it. It is too ingenious to be true. Had the Hexateuch been pieced together as we are told it was, it would have required a special revelation to discover the fact. We may lay it down as a general rule in science that the more simple a theory is, the more likely it is to be correct. It is the complicated theories, which demand all kinds of subsidiary qualifications and assistant hypotheses, that are put aside by the progress of science. The wit of man may be great, but it needs a mass of material before even a simple theory can be established with any pretense to scientific value.

But it is not only science, it is common sense as well, which is violated by the endeavor to foist philological speculations into the treatment of historical questions. Hebrew is a dead language; it is, moreover, a language which is but imperfectly known. Our knowledge of it is derived entirely from that fragment of its literature which is preserved in the Old Testament, and the errors of copyists and the corruptions of the text make a good deal even of this obscure and doubtful. There are numerous words, the traditional rendering of which is questionable; there are numerous others in the case of which it is certainly wrong; and there is passage after passage in which the translations of scholars vary from one another, sometimes even to contradiction. Of both grammar and lexicon it may be said that we see them through a glass darkly. Not unfrequently the reading of the Septuagint—the earliest manuscript of which is six hundred years older than the earliest manuscript of the Hebrew text—differs entirely from the reading of the Hebrew; and there is a marked tendency among the Hexateuchal analysts to prefer it, though the recently discovered Hebrew text of the book of Ecclesiasticus seems to show that the preference is not altogether justified.

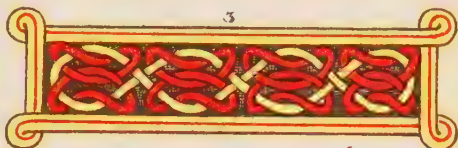
How, then, can a modern Western scholar analyze with even approximate exactitude an ancient Hebrew work, and on the strength of the language and style dissolve it once more into its component atoms? How can he determine the relation of these atoms one to the other, or presume to fix the dates to which they severally belong? The task would be impossible

Ethiopic and Coptic Biblical MSS.

The Ethiopic version of the Old Testament is considered to have been made from the Septuagint, as early as the fourth century. The Psalms were published at Rome in 1513, by Potken, and were subsequently reprinted by Bishop Walton in his Polyglot Bible. The British Museum possesses but very few (six) Ethiopic MSS. The only known entire copy of the Coptic Bible is stated by M. Quatremere to be in the possession of M. Marcel. The great resemblance between the Coptic characters (which supplanted those of Ancient Egypt) and those of the Greek alphabet will not fail to attract attention.



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ETHIOPIC AND COPTIC BIBLICAL MSS. (Eighth Century.)

The Ethiopic version of the Old Testament is considered to have been made from the Septuagint, as early as the fourth century. The Psalms were published at Rome in 1513 by Potken, and subsequently reprinted by Bishop Walton in his Polyglot Bible. The British Museum possesses but very few (six) Ethiopic MSS. The only entire copy of the Coptic Bible, is stated to be in the possession of M. Marcel.

even in the case of a modern English book, although English is a spoken language, with which we are all supposed to be thoroughly acquainted, while its vast literature is familiar to us all. And yet, even where we know that a work is composite, it passes the power of man to separate it into its elements, and define the limits of each. No one, for instance, would dream of attempting such a task in the case of the novels of Besant and Rice; and the endeavor to distinguish in certain plays of Shakespeare what belongs to the poet himself and what to Fletcher has met with the oblivion it deserved. Is it likely that a problem which cannot be solved in the case of an English book can be solved where its difficulties are increased a thousand fold? The minuteness and apparent precision of Hexateuchal criticism are simply due, like that of the Ptolemaic theory, to the artificial character of the basis on which it rests. It is, in fact, a philological mirage; it attempts the impossible, and in place of the scientific method of comparison, it gives us as a starting point the assumptions and arbitrary principles of a one-sided critic.

Where philology has failed, archæology has come to our help. The needful comparison of the Old Testament record with something else than itself has been afforded by the discoveries which have been made of recent years in Egypt and Babylonia, and other parts of the ancient East. At last we are able to call in the aid of the scientific method, and test the age and character, the authenticity and trustworthiness, of the Old Testament history by monuments about whose historical authority there can be no question. And the result of the test has, on the whole, been in favor of tradition, and against the doctrines of the newer critical school. It has vindicated the antiquity and credibility of the narratives of the Pentateuch; it has proved that the Mosaic age was a highly literary one, and that consequently the marvel would be, not that Moses should have written, but that he should not have done so; and it has undermined the foundation on which the documentary hypothesis of the origin of the Hexateuch has been built. We are still, indeed, only at the beginning of discoveries; those made during the past year or two [1895-1896] have, for the student of Genesis, been exceptionally important; but enough has now been gained to assure us that the historian may safely disregard the philological theory of Hexateuchal criticism, and treat the books of the Pentateuch from a wholly different point of view.

They are a historical record, and it is for the historian and archaeologist, and not for the grammarian, to determine their value and age. To determine the age and trustworthiness of our literary authorities is doubtless of extreme importance to the historian, but unfortunately the materials for doing so are too often absent, and the fancies and assumptions of the critic are put in their place.

The trustworthiness of an author, like the reality of the facts he narrates, can be adequately tested in only one way. We must be able to compare his accounts of past events with other contemporaneous records of them. Sometimes these records consist of pottery or other products of human industry, which anthropology is able to interpret; often they are the far more important inscriptions which were written or engraved by the actors in the events themselves. In other words, it is to archaeology that we must look for a verification or the reverse of the ancient history that has been handed down to us, as well as of the credibility of its narrators. The written monuments of the ancient East which belong to the same age as the patriarchs or Moses can alone assure us whether we are to trust the narrative of the Pentateuch, or to see in it a confused medley of legends, the late date of which makes belief in them impossible.

As has been said above, Oriental archaeology has already disclosed sufficient to show us to which of these two alternatives we must lean. On the one hand, much of the history contained in the book of Genesis has been shown, directly or indirectly, to be authentic; on the other hand, the new-fangled theory of the composition of the Hexateuch has been decisively ruled out of court.

The Tel el-Amarna tablets have shown that the western Asia conquered by the Egyptian kings of the eighteenth dynasty was wholly under the domination of Babylonian culture. All over the civilized Oriental world, from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates to those of the Nile, the common medium of literary and diplomatic intercourse was the language and script of Chaldaea. Not only the writing material, but all that was written upon it, was borrowed from Babylonia. So powerful was this Babylonian influence, that the Egyptians themselves were compelled to submit to it. In place of their own singular and less cumbrous hieratic or cursive script, they had to communicate with their Asiatic subjects and allies in the cuneiform characters and the Babylonian tongue. Indeed, there is evi-

dence that the memoranda made by the official scribes of the Pharaoh's court, at all events in Palestine, were compiled in the same foreign speech and syllabary. That the Babylonian language and script were studied in Egypt itself we know from the evidence of the Tel el-Amarna tablets. Among them have been found fragments of dictionaries as well as Babylonian mythological tales. In one of the latter certain of the words and phrases are separated from one another in order to assist the learner.

The use of the Babylonian language and system of writing in western Asia must have been of considerable antiquity. This is proved by the fact that the characters had gradually assumed peculiar forms in the different countries in which they were employed, so that by merely glancing at the form of the writing we can tell whether a tablet was written in Palestine or in northern Syria, in Cappadocia or Mesopotamia. The knowledge of them, moreover, was not confined to the few. On the contrary, education must have been widely spread; the Tel el-Amarna correspondence was carried on, not only by professional scribes, but also by officials, by soldiers, and by merchants. Even women appear among the writers, and take part in the politics of the day. The letters, too, are sometimes written about the most trivial matters, and not unfrequently enter into the most unimportant details.

They were sent from all parts of the known civilized world. The kings of Babylonia and Assyria, of Mesopotamia and Cappadocia, the Egyptian governors of Syria and Canaan, even the chiefs of the Bedâwin tribes on the Egyptian frontier, who were subsidized by the Pharaohs' government like the Afghan chiefs of to-day, all alike contributed to the correspondence. Letters, in fact, must have been constantly passing to and fro along the highroads which intersected Western Asia. From one end of it to the other the population was in perpetual literary intercourse, proving that the Oriental world in the century before the Exodus was as highly educated and literary as was Europe in the age of the Renaissance. Nor was all this literary activity and intercourse a new thing. Several of the letters had been sent to Amenophis III., the father of the "Heretic King," and had been removed by the latter from the archives of Thebes when he transferred his residence to his new capital. And the literary intercourse which was carried on in the time of Amenophis III. was merely a continuation of

that which had been carried on for centuries previously. The culture of Babylonia, like that of Egypt, was essentially literary, and this culture had been spread over western Asia from a remote date. The letters of Khammu-rabi or Amraphel to his vassal, the king of Larsa, have just been recovered, and among the multitudinous contract tablets of the same epoch are specimens of commercial correspondence.

We have, however, only to consider for a moment what was meant by learning the language and script of Babylonia in order to realize what a highly organized system of education must have prevailed throughout the whole civilized world of the day. Not only had the Babylonian language to be acquired, but some knowledge also of the older agglutinative language of Chaldæa was also needed in order to understand the system of writing. It was as if the schoolboy of to-day had to add a knowledge of Greek to a knowledge of French. And the system of writing itself involved years of hard and patient study. It consisted of a syllabary containing hundreds of characters, each of which had not only several different phonetic values, but several different ideographic significations as well. Nor was this all. A group of characters might be used ideographically to express a word, the pronunciation of which had nothing to do with the sounds of the individual characters of which it was composed. The number of ideographs which had to be learned was thus increased fivefold. And, unlike the hieroglyphs of Egypt, the forms of these ideographs gave no assistance to the memory. They had long since lost all resemblance to the pictures out of which they had originally been developed, and consisted simply of various combinations of wedges or lines. It was difficult enough for the Babylonian or Assyrian to learn the syllabary; for a foreigner the task was almost herculean.

That it should have been undertaken implies the existence of libraries and schools. One of the distinguishing features of Babylonian culture were the libraries which existed in the great towns, and wherever Babylonian culture was carried this feature of it must have gone too. Hence in the libraries of western Asia clay books inscribed with cuneiform characters must have been stored up, while beside them must have been the schools, where the pupils bent over their exercises and the teachers instructed them in the language and script of the foreigner. The world into which Moses was born was a world as literary as our own.

If western Asia were the home of a long-established literary culture, Egypt was even more so. From time immemorial the land of the Pharaohs had been a land of writers and readers. At a very early period the hieroglyphic system of writing had been modified into a cursive hand, the so-called hieratic; and as far back as the days of the third and fifth dynasties famous books had been written, and the author of one of them, Ptah-hotep, already deploras the degeneracy and literary decay of his own time. The traveler up the Nile, who examines the cliffs that line the river, cannot but be struck by the multitudinous names that are scratched upon them. He is at times inclined to believe that every Egyptian in ancient times knew how to write, and had little else to do than to scribble a record of himself on the rocks. The impression is the same that we derive from the small objects which are disinterred in such thousands from the sites of the old cities. Wherever it is possible, an inscription has been put upon them, which, it seems taken for granted, could be read by all. Even the walls of the temples and tombs were covered with written texts; wherever the Egyptian turned, or whatever might be the object he used, it was difficult for him to avoid the sight of the written word. Whoever was born in the land of Egypt was perforce familiarized with the art of writing from the very days of his infancy.

Evidence is accumulating that the same literary culture which thus prevailed in Egypt and western Asia had extended also to the peninsula of Arabia. . . .

The Exodus from Egypt, then, took place during a highly literary period, and the people who took part in it passed from a country where the art of writing literally stared them in the face to another country which had been the center of the Tel el-Amarna correspondence and the home of Babylonian literary culture for unnumbered centuries. Is it conceivable that their leader and reputed lawgiver should not have been able to write, that he should not have been educated "in the wisdom of Egypt," or that the upper classes of his nation should not have been able to read? Let it be granted that the Israelites were but a Bedâwin tribe which had been reduced by the Pharaohs to the condition of public slaves; still, they necessarily had leaders and overseers among them, who, according to the State regulations of Egypt, were responsible to the Government for the rest of their countrymen, and some, at least, of these leaders

and overseers would have been educated men. Moses could have written the Pentateuch, even if he did not do so.

Moreover, the clay tablets on which the past history of Canaan could be read were preserved in the libraries and archive chambers of the Canaanitish cities down to the time when the latter were destroyed. If any doubt had existed on the subject after the revelations of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, it has been set at rest by the discovery of a similar tablet on the site of Lachish. In some cases the cities were not destroyed, so far as we know, until the period when it is allowed that the Israelites had ceased to be illiterate. Gezer, for example, which plays a leading part in the Tel el-Amarna correspondence, does not seem to have fallen into the hands of an enemy until it was captured by the Egyptian Pharaoh and handed over to his son-in-law Solomon. As long as a knowledge of the cuneiform script continued, the early records of Canaan were thus accessible to the historian, many of them being contemporaneous with the events to which they referred.

A single archaeological discovery has thus destroyed the base of operations from which a one-sided criticism of Old Testament history had started. The really strong point in favor of it was the assumption that the Mosaic age was illiterate. Just as Wolf founded his criticism and analysis of the Homeric Hymns on the belief that the use of writing for literary purposes was of late date in Greece, so the belief that the Israelites of the time of Moses could not read or write was the ultimate foundation on which the modern theory of the composition of the Hexateuch has been based. Whether avowed or not, it was the true starting point of critical skepticism, the one solid foundation on which it seemed to rest. The destruction of the foundation endangers the structure which has been built upon it.

In fact, it wholly alters the position of the modern critical theory. The *onus probandi* no longer lies on the shoulders of the defenders of traditional views. Instead of being called upon to prove that Moses could have written a book, it is they who have to call on the disciples of the modern theory to show reason why he should not have done so. . . . As historians, we are bound to admit the antiquity of writing in Israel. The scribe goes back to the Mosaic age, like the lawgiver, and in this respect, therefore, the Israelites formed no exception to the nations among whom they lived. They were no islet of illiter-

ate barbarism in the midst of a great sea of literary culture and activity, nor were they obstinately asleep while all about them were writing and reading.

There was one period, and, so far as we know, one period only, in the history of western Asia, when the literature of Babylonia was taught and studied there, and when the literary ideas and stories of Chaldæa were made familiar to the people of Canaan. This was the period of Babylonian influence which ended with the Mosaic age. With the Hittite conquests of the fourteenth century B.C., and the Israelitish invasion of Canaan, it all came to an end. The Babylonian story of the Deluge, adapted to Palestine as we find it in the Pentateuch, must belong to a pre-Mosaic epoch. And it is difficult to believe that the identity of the details in the Babylonian and Biblical versions could have remained so perfect, or that the Biblical writer could have exhibited such deliberate intention of controverting the polytheistic features of the original, if he had not still possessed a knowledge of the cuneiform script. It is difficult to believe that he belonged to an age when the Phœnician alphabet had taken the place of the syllabary of Babylonia, and the older literature of Canaan had become a sealed book.

But if so, a new light is shed on the sources of the historical narratives contained in the Pentateuch. Some of them at least have come down from the period when the literary culture of Babylonia was still dominant on the shores of the Mediterranean. So far from being popular traditions and myths first committed to writing after the disruption of Solomon's kingdom, and amalgamated into their present form by a series of "redactors," they will have been derived from the pre-Mosaic literature of Palestine. Such of them as are Babylonian in origin will have made their way westwards like the Chaldean legends found among the tablets of Tel el-Amarna, while others will be contemporaneous records of the events they describe. We must expect to discover in the Pentateuch not only Israelitish records, but Babylonian, Canaanitish, Egyptian, even Edomite records as well.

The progress of archæological research has already in part fulfilled this expectation. "Ur of the Chaldees" has been found at Muqayyar, and the contracts of early Babylonia have shown that Amorites — or, as we should call them, Canaanites — were settled there, and have even brought to light such distinctively Hebrew names as Jacob-el, Joseph-el, and Ishmael. Even the

name of Abram, Abi-ramu, appears as the father of an "Amorite" witness to a contract in the third generation before Amraphel. And Amraphel himself, along with his contemporaries, Chedor-laomer or Kudur-Laghghamar of Elam, Arioch of Larsa, and Tid'al or Tudghula, has been restored to the history to which he and his associates had been denied a claim. The "nations" over whom Tid'al ruled have been explained, and the accuracy of the political situation described in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis has been fully vindicated. Jerusalem, instead of being a name first given to the future capital of Judah after its capture by David, is proved to have been its earliest title; and the priest-king Melchizedek finds a parallel in his later successor, the priest-king Ebed-Tob, who, in the Tel el-Amarna letters, declares that he had received his royal dignity, not from his father or his mother, but through the arm of "the mighty king." If we turn to Egypt, the archaeological evidence is the same. The history of Joseph displays an intimate acquaintance on the part of its writer with Egyptian life and manners in the era of the Hyksos, and offers the only explanation yet forthcoming of the revolution that took place in the tenure of land during the Hyksos domination. As we have seen, there are features in the story which suggest that it has been translated from a hieratic papyrus. As for the Exodus, its geography is that of the nineteenth dynasty, and of no other period in the history of Egypt.

Thus, then, directly or indirectly, much of the history contained in the Pentateuch has been shown by archaeology to be authentic. And it must be remembered that Oriental archaeology is still in its infancy. Few only of the sites of ancient civilization have as yet been excavated, and there are thousands of cuneiform texts in the museums of Europe and America which have not as yet been deciphered. It was only in 1887 that the Tel el-Amarna tablets, which have had such momentous consequences for Biblical criticism, were found; and the disclosures made by the early contracts of Babylonia, even the name of Chedor-laomer itself, are of still more recent discovery. It is therefore remarkable that so much is already in our hands which confirms the antiquity and historical genuineness of the Pentateuchal narratives; and it raises the presumption that with the advance of our knowledge will come further confirmations of the Biblical story. At any rate, the historian's path is clear; the Pentateuch has been tested by the compara-

tive method of science, and has stood the test. It contains history, and must be dealt with accordingly like other historical works. The philological theory with its hair-splitting distinctions, its Priestly Code and "redactors," must be put aside, with all the historical consequences it involves.

But it does not follow that because the philological theory is untenable, all inquiries into the character and sources of the Pentateuch are waste of time. The philological theory has failed because it has attempted to build up a vast superstructure on very imperfect and questionable materials; because, in short, it has attempted to attain historical results without the use of the historical method. But no one can study the Pentateuch in the light of other ancient works of a similar kind without perceiving that it is a compilation, and that its author—or authors—has made use of a large variety of older materials.

If the Pentateuch was originally compiled in the Mosaic age, it must have undergone the fate of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and been enlarged by subsequent additions. Insertions and interpolations must have found their way into it as new editions of it were made. That such was the case there is indirect testimony. On the one hand the text of the prophetic books was treated in a similar manner, additions and modifications being made in it from time to time by the prophet or his successors in order to adapt it to new political or religious circumstances. . . . On the other hand, a long-established Jewish tradition, which has found its way into the Second Book of Esdras (xiv. 21-26), makes Ezra rewrite or edit the books of Moses. There is no reason to question the substantial truth of the tradition: Ezra was the restorer of the old paths, and the Pentateuch may well have taken its present shape from him. If so, we need not be surprised if we find here and there in it echoes of the Babylonish captivity.

Side by side with materials derived from written sources, the book of Genesis contains narratives which, at all events in the first instance, must have resembled the traditions and poems orally recited in Arab lands, and commemorating the heroes and forefathers of the tribe. Thus there are two Abrahams: the one an Abraham who has been born in one of the centers of Babylonian civilization, who is the ally of Amorite chieftains, whose armed followers overthrow the rear guard of the Elamite army, and whom the Hittites of Hebron address as "a mighty prince"; the other is an Abraham of the Bedâ-

win camp-fire, a nomad whose habits are those of the rude independence of the desert, whose wife kneads the bread while he himself kills the calf with which his guests are entertained. It is true that in actual Oriental life the simplicity of the desert and the wealth and culture of the town may be found combined in the same person; that in modern Egypt Arab shékhs may still be met with who thus live like wild Bedâwin during one part of the year, and as rich and civilized townsmen during another part of it; while in the last century a considerable portion of upper Egypt was governed by Bedâwin emirs, who realized in their own persons that curious duality of life and manners which to us Westerns appears so strange. But it is also true that the spirit and tone of the narratives in Genesis differ along with the character ascribed in them to the patriarch: we find in them not only the difference between the guest of the Egyptian Pharaoh and the entertainer of the angels, but also a difference in the point of view. The one speaks to us of literary culture, the other of the simple circle of wandering shepherds to whose limited experience the storyteller has to appeal. The story may be founded on fact; it may be substantially true; but it has been colored by the surroundings in which it has grown up, and archaeological proof of its historical character can never be forthcoming. At most, it can be shown to be true to the time and place in which its scene is laid.

Such, then, are the main results of the application of the archaeological test to the books of the Pentateuch. The philological theory, with its minute and mathematically exact analysis, is brushed aside; it is as little in harmony with archaeology as it is with common sense. The Pentateuch substantially belongs to the Mosaic age, and may therefore be accepted as, in the bulk, the work of Moses himself. But it is a composite work; has passed through many editions; is full of interpolations, lengthy and otherwise. But in order to discover the interpolations, or to determine the written documents that have been used, we must have recourse to the historical method and the facts of archaeology. The archaeological evidence, however, is already sufficient for the presumption that, where it fails us, the text is nevertheless ancient, and the narrative historical—a presumption, it will be noticed, the exact contrary of that in which the Hexateuchal theory has landed its disciples.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgarth."]

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
 He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
 Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
 Save pure field fruits, as aromatic things,
 To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
 That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
 Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
 And could be pitiful and melancholy.
 He never had a doubt that such gods were;
 He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
 Some think he came at last to Tartary,
 And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
 His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
 And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
 It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
 Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
 Beheld the slow star paces of the skies,
 And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
 Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
 And heard a thousand times the sweet bird's marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
 Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
 That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
 Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
 In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
 But dark as pines that autumn never sears
 His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
 Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,

Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
 The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
 Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
 Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
 He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
 That the red life from out a man may flow
 When smitten by his brother." True, his race
 Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
 A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
 But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
 Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
 For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
 And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
 Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;
 And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
 Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves:
 They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
 Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
 And strokes across her palm the tresses soft,
 Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
 Or little burdened ants that homeward hie.
 Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
 There was no need for haste to finish aught;
 But sweet beginnings were repeated still
 Like infant babblings that no task fulfill;
 For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
 Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
 And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
 And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
 The things they best had loved to look upon;
 But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
 The generations stood around those twain
 Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
 Parted the press, and said: "He will not wake;
 This is the endless sleep, and we must make
 A bed deep down for him beneath the sod;
 For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
 Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
 I fled from out His land in vain! — 'tis He
 Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
 This home of ours, and we shall all be bound

By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong;
I thought the way I traveled was too long
For Him to follow me: my thought was vain!
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread — a mother fair
Who folding to her breast a dying child
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, "'Twill go and come no more."
No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late

The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race :
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue ;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like rounded granite grew,
Such granite as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfill
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream

Of elemental life with fullness teem ;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them; till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory ;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star ;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent, '
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jabal : he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he molded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey

His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The ax, the club, the spikèd wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain ;
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal ; and they say
Some things he made have lasted to this day ;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white disks ; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for ;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and elings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into naught,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will ;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young :
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
 No longer following its fall or rise,
 Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
 But only listened to — some melody,
 Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
 Won from the common store of struggling sound.
 Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
 And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
 Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
 Of some external soul that spoke for him :
 The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
 Like light that makes wide spiritual room
 And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
 To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
 That love, hope, rage, and all experience
 Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
 Concords and discords, cadences and cries
 That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
 Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
 Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
 For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
 To the far woods he wandered, listening,
 And heard the birds their little stories sing
 In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech —
 Melted with tears, smiles, glances — that can reach
 More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
 And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
 Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
 The fluctuant changes of the spoken word :
 The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
 Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
 Next leaping upward to defiant stand
 Or downward beating like the resolute hand ;
 The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
 The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high ;
 The suasive repetitions Jubal taught,
 That timid browsing cattle homeward brought ;
 The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing ;
 And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.
 Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
 Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him :
 For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
 The thought-wed sentience and some image makes

From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.

Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there.

It was his thought he saw: the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The struggling unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were these wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does put glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meager need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference —

Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then — Nay, I, Jubal, will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With thronged joys of form-begotten sound

Must shrink intense within the patient power
 That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
 Such patience have the heroes who begin,
 Sailing the first to lands which others win.
 Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
 Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
 And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
 Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.
 He made it, and from out its measured frame
 Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
 With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
 Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
 Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
 And all desire bends toward obedience.
 Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song —
 The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong
 As radiance streams from smallest things that burn,
 Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
 And still his lyre gave companionship
 In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
 Alone amid the hills at first he tried
 His winged song; then with adoring pride
 And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
 He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
 This heart of music in the might of sound,
 Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
 And like the morning gladden common space:
 The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
 And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
 This living lyre, to know its secret will,
 Its fine division of the good and ill.
 So shall men call me sire of harmony,
 And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
 Forth from his solitary joy he went
 To bless mankind. It was at evening,
 When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
 When imminence of change makes sense more fine
 And light seems holier in its grand decline.
 The fruit trees wore their studded coronal,
 Earth and her children were at festival,
 Glowing as with one heart and one consent —
 Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance
 blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too —
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat climbed on by a playful ring
Of children, lambs, and whelps, whose gamboling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.
Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.

Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entranced whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life

Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
 He who had lived through twice three centuries,
 Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees,
 In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
 Dreamed himself dimly through the traveled days
 Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
 That warmed him when he was a little one;
 Felt that true heaven, the recovered past,
 The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
 And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
 Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
 In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
 Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
 And in all these the rhythmic influence,
 Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
 Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
 Enlarging, till in tidal union led
 The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
 By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
 Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
 Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
 Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
 Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
 The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
 The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
 Till all the gazing elders rose and stood
 With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.
 Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
 Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
 Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
 The work for which he lent his furnace fire
 And diligent hammer, witting naught of this —
 This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
 Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
 With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
 And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
 It seemed the stars were shining with delight
 And that no night was ever like this night.
 All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
 That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
 Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks, that meet,
 The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
 'Twas easy following where invention trod —
 All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony —
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs!
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and traveled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth; and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honeybee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood —
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he traveled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,

The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Naught but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing, but instead, this main —
Myriads of maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

The way was weary. Many a date palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.
His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange

With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when naught besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days;
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the selfsame insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers — to hear
The selfsame cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying, "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,

Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
The morning sun was high; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry-withered grass and withered man:
That wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfillment of forgotten prayer;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened: the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole
The word was "Jubal!" . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank —
Whom no eye saw — at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb

And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
 The longing grew that they should hold him dear;
 Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
 The breathing Jubal — him, to whom their love was due.
 All was forgotten but the burning need
 To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
 That lived away from him, and grew apart,
 While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
 Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
 Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
 What though his song should spread from man's small race
 Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
 And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire? —
 Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
 Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
 This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
 This little pulse of self that, having glowed
 Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
 The light of music through the vague of sound,
 Ached with its smallness still in good that had no bound

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
 Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
 Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
 While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
 His flesh cried out to live with living men
 And join that soul which to the inward ken
 Of all the hymning train was present there.
 Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare:
 The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
 His voice's penury of tones long spent,
 He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
 To meet his kindred as they onward came
 Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
 He rushed before them to the glittering space,
 And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
 Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
 Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
 Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
 To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
 Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
 They spread along the train from front to wake
 In one great storm of merriment, while he

Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
 And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
 Of passionate music came with that dream pain
 Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing
 And all appearance is mere vanishing.
 But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
 Anger in front saw profanation near;
 Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
 For glorious power untouched by that slow death
 Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
 And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
 Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
 Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.
 Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
 In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
 And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
 He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
 As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
 That urged his body, serving so the mind
 Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
 Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
 The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
 While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
 He said within his soul, "This is the end:
 O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
 And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
 I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
 The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
 As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
 So of my mighty years naught comes to me again

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
 From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
 Enclose me all around — no, not above —
 Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
 Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
 Yea — art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
 In long-remembered summers; that calm light
 Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
 That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
 And gentlest tones were with the vision blent:
 He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
 Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
 Was but one undivided ecstasy:

The raptured senses melted into one,
 And parting life a moment's freedom won
 From in and outer, as a little child
 Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
 Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
 And knoweth naught save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
 The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
 I am the angel of thy life and death,
 Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
 Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
 Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
 Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
 Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
 Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
 Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
 Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
 In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
 Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god —
 Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
 Or thundered through the skies — aught else for share
 Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
 The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
 Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
 No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
 Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
 Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
 Was human music's self incorporate:
 Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
 Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
 And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
 With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 And on the mountains in thy wandering
 Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
 That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
 For with thy coming Melody was come.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know

From which the fleshly self falls shriveled, dead,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.
 It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
 Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
 Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
 Who found and gave new passion and new joy
 That naught but Earth's destruction can destroy.
 Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
 'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
 For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
 The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
 Was floating him the heavenly space along,
 Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
 Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
 Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
 He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
 Quitting mortality, a quenched sun wave,
 The All-creating Presence for his grave.



TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when the earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
 And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
 Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
 As the crown of his desire:

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY CANON RAWLINSON.

[GEORGE RAWLINSON: a noted English classical and Oriental scholar and historian, brother of the great explorer and scholar Sir Henry Rawlinson; born in Oxfordshire, 1815; canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His monumental works are "Seven Great Oriental Monarchies" (1862-76), the great edition of Herodotus, with his brother and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, four volumes (1858-60), and "History of Egypt," two volumes (second edition 1881). He also wrote theological works and other histories, now superseded. Died October 7, 1902.]

IRITISEN, a statuary of the eleventh dynasty, had a monument prepared for himself, pronounced to be "one of the masterpieces of Egyptian sculpture." He is represented upon it "holding in the left hand the long baton used by elders and *noblemen*, and in his right hand the *pat* or scepter." In the inscription he calls himself the "true servant" of the king Mentu-hotep, "he who is in the inmost recess of his (*i.e.* the king's) heart, and makes his pleasure all the day long." He also declares that he is "an artist, wise in his art—a man *standing above all men* by his learning." Altogether, the monument is one from which we may reasonably conclude that Iritisen occupied a position not much below that of a noble, and enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the monarch in whose reign he flourished.

Musicians seem scarcely to have attained to the same level. Music was used, in the main, as a light entertainment, enhancing the pleasures of the banquet, and was in the hands of a professional class which did not bear the best of characters. The religious ceremonies into which music entered were mostly of an equivocal character. There may perhaps have been some higher and more serious employment of it, as in funeral lamentations, in religious processions, and in state ceremonies; but on the whole it seems to have borne the character which it bears in most parts of the East at the present day—the character of an art ministering to the lower elements of human nature, and tending to corrupt men rather than to elevate them.

Dancing and music are constantly united together in the sculptures; and the musicians and dancers must, it would seem, have been very closely connected indeed, and socially have ranked almost, if not quite, upon a par. Musicians,

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sometimes, as already observed, danced as they played; and where this was not the case, dancers generally formed a part of the *troupe*, and intermixed themselves with the instrumental performers. Dancing was professed both by men and women; but women were preferred; and in the entertainments of the rich the guests were generally amused by the graceful movements of trained females, who went through the steps and figures, which they had been taught, for a certain sum of money. If we may trust the paintings, many of these professionals were absolutely without clothes, or wore only a narrow girdle, embroidered with beads, about their hips. At the best, their dresses were of so light and thin a texture as to be perfectly transparent, and to reveal rather than veil the form about which they floated. It is scarcely probable that the class which was content thus to outrage decency could have borne a better character, or enjoyed a higher social status, than the *almehs* of modern Egypt or the *nautch* girls of India.

Of learned professions in Egypt, the most important was that of the scribe. Though writing was an ordinary accomplishment of the educated classes, and scribes were not therefore so absolutely necessary as they are in most Eastern countries, yet still there were a large number of occupations for which professional penmanship was a prerequisite, and others which demanded the learning that a scribe naturally acquired in the exercise of his trade. The Egyptian religion necessitated the multiplication of copies of the "Ritual of the Dead," and the employment of numerous clerks in the registration of the sacred treasures, and the management of the sacred estates. The civil administration depended largely upon a system of registration and of official reports, which were perpetually being made to the court by the superintendents in all departments of the public service. Most private persons of large means kept bailiffs or secretaries, who made up their accounts, paid their laborers, and otherwise acted as managers of their property. There was thus a large number of lucrative posts which could only be properly filled by persons such as the scribes were, ready with the pen, familiar with the different kinds of writing, good at figures, and at the same time not of so high a class as to be discontented with a life of dull routine, if not of drudgery. The occupation of scribe was regarded as one befitting men from the middle ranks of society, who might otherwise have been blacksmiths, carpenters, small farmers, or the like.

It would seem that there were schools in the larger towns open to all who desired education. In these reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught, together with "letters" in a more extended sense ; and industry at such places of instruction was certain to be rewarded by opening to the more advanced students a variety of situations and employments. Some of these may have been of a humble character, and not over well paid ; but among them were many which to an Egyptian of the middle class seemed very desirable. The posts under government occupied by scribes included some of great importance, as those of ambassador, superintendent of storehouses, registrar of the docks, clerk of the closet, keeper of the royal library, "scribe of the double house of life." It is indicative of the high rank and position of government scribes, that in the court conspiracy which threatened the life of the third Rameses as many as six of them were implicated, while two served upon the tribunal before which the criminals were arraigned. If a person failed to obtain government appointments, they might still hope to have their services engaged by the rich corporations which had the management of the temples, or by private individuals of good means. Hence the scribe readily persuaded himself that his occupation was above all others—the only one which had nothing superior to it, but was the first and best of all human employments.

The great number of persons who practiced medicine in Egypt is mentioned by Herodotus, who further notices the remarkable fact that, besides general practitioners, there were many who devoted themselves to special branches of medical science, some being oculists, some dentists, some skilled in treating diseases of the brain, some those of the intestines, and so on. Accoucheurs also we know to have formed a separate class, and to have been chiefly, if not exclusively women. The consideration in which physicians were held is indicated by the tradition which ascribed the composition of the earliest medical works to one of the kings, as well as by the reputation for advanced knowledge which the Egyptian practitioners early obtained in foreign countries. According to a modern authority, they constituted a special subdivision of the sacerdotal order ; but this statement is open to question, though no doubt some of the priests were required to study medicine.

A third learned profession was that of the architect, which

in some respects took precedence over any other. The chief court architect was a functionary of the highest importance, ranking among the very most exalted officials. Considering the character of the duties intrusted to him, this was only natural, since the kings generally set more store upon their buildings than upon any other matter. "At the time when the construction of the Pyramids and other tombs," says Brugsch, "demanded artists of the first order, we find the place of architect intrusted to the highest dignitaries of the court of the Pharaohs. The royal architects, the *Murket*, as they were called, recruited their ranks not unfrequently from the class of princes; and the inscriptions engraved upon the walls of their tombs inform us that, almost without exception, they married either the daughters or the granddaughters of the reigning sovereigns, who did not refuse the *Murket* this honor."

Though a position of such eminence as this could belong only to one man at a time, it is evident that the luster attaching to the head of their profession would be more or less reflected upon its members. Schools of architects had to be formed in order to secure a succession of competent persons, and the chief architect of the king was only the most successful out of many aspirants, who were educationally and socially upon a par. Actual builders, of course, constituted a lower class, and are compassionated in the poem above quoted, as exposed by their trade both to disease and accident. But architects ran no such risks: and the profession must be regarded as having enjoyed in Egypt a rank and a consideration rarely accorded to it elsewhere. According to Diodorus, the Egyptians themselves said that their architects were more worthy of admiration than their kings. Such a speech could hardly have been made while the independent monarchy lasted and kings were viewed as actual gods; but it was a natural reflection on the part of those who, living under foreign domination, looked back to the time when Egypt had made herself a name among the nations by her conquests, and still more by her great works.

At the opposite extremity of the social scale were a number of contemned and ill-paid employments, which required the services of considerable numbers, whose lives must have been sufficiently hard ones. Dyers, washermen, barbers, gardeners, sandal-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, couriers, boatmen, fowlers, fishermen, are commiserated by the scribe, Tuaeuf-sakhrat, as well as farmers, laborers, stonecutters, builders,

armorers, and weavers; and though he does not often point out any sufferings peculiar to those of his own countrymen who were engaged in these occupations, we may accept his evidence as showing that, in Egypt, while they involved hard work, they obtained but small remuneration. The very existence, however, of so many employments is an indication that labor was in request; and we cannot doubt that industrious persons could support themselves and their families without much difficulty, even by these inferior trades. The Egyptians, even of the lowest class, were certainly not crushed down by penury or want; they maintained a light heart under the hardships, whatever they may have been, of their lot, and contrived to amuse themselves and to find a good deal of pleasure in existence.

If the boatman, for instance, led a laborious life, "doing beyond the power of his hands to do," he had yet spirit enough to enter into rivalry with his brother boatman, and to engage in rude contests which must have often caused him a broken head or a ducking. If the fowler and the fisherman had sometimes hard work to make a living, yet they had the excitement which attaches to every kind of sport, and from time to time were rewarded for their patient toil by "takes" of extraordinary magnitude. The dragnets and clapnets which they used to entrap their prey are frequently represented as crowded with fish or birds, as many as twenty-five of the latter being inclosed on some occasions. The fish were often of large size, so that a man could only just carry one; and though these monsters were perhaps not in very great request, they would have sufficed to furnish three or four meals to a large family. Fish were constantly dried and salted, so that the superabundance of one season supplied the deficiency of another: and even birds appear to have been subjected to a similar process, and preserved in jars, when there was no immediate sale for them.

An occupation held in especial disrepute was that of the swineherd. According to Herodotus, persons of this class were absolutely prohibited from entering an Egyptian temple, and under no circumstances would a man of any other class either give his daughter in marriage to a swineherd, or take a wife from among them. This prejudice was connected with the notion of the pig being an unclean animal, which was common to the Egyptians with the Jews, the Mohammedans, and the

Indians. If it existed to the extent asserted, the swineherds, the Pariahs of Egypt, must have approached nearly to the character of a caste, as intermarrying wholly among themselves, and despised by every other section of the population.

But if Egyptian civilization had thus its victims, it had also its favorites. There stood in Egypt, outside the entire number of those who either belonged to a profession or exercised a trade or calling, that upper class of which we have more than once spoken, owners of a large portion of the soil, and so possessed of hereditary wealth, not very anxious for official employment, though filling commonly most of the highest posts in the administration, connected in many instances more or less closely with the royal family, and bearing the rank of *suten-rech* or "princes"—a class small, compared with most others, but still tolerably numerous—one which seemed born to enjoy existence and "consume the fruits" of other men's toil and industry. Such persons, as has been said, "led a charmed life." Possessed of a villa in the country, and also commonly of a town house in the capital, the Egyptian lord divided his time between the two, now attracted by the splendors of the court, now by the simple charms of rural freedom and retirement. In either case he dwelt in a large house, amply and elegantly furnished—the floor strewn with bright-colored carpets—the rooms generally provided with abundant sofas and chairs, couches, tables, faldstools, ottomans, stands for flowers, footstools, vases, etc.—household numerous and well trained, presided over by a major-domo or steward, who relieved the great man of the trouble of domestic management. Attached to his household in some way, if not actual members of it, were "adepts in the various trades conducive to his ease and comfort"—the glass blower, the worker in gold, the potter, the tailor, the baker, the sandal-maker.

With a prudent self-restraint not often seen among orientals, he limited himself to a single wife, whom he made the partner of his cares and joys, and treated with respect and affection. No eunuchs troubled the repose of his establishment with their plots and quarrels. His household was composed in about equal proportions of male and female servants; his wife had her waiting maid or tire-woman, his children their nurse or nurses; he himself had his valet, who was also his barber. The kitchen department was intrusted to three or four cooks and scullions, who were invariably men, no women (it would

seem) being thought competent for such important duties. One, two, or more grooms had the charge of his stable, which in the early times sheltered no nobler animal than the ass, but under the New Empire was provided with a number of horses. A chariot, in which he might take an airing, pay visits, or drive a friend, was also indispensable in and after the time of the eighteenth dynasty; and the greater lords had, no doubt, several of such vehicles, with coach houses for their accommodation. Litters were perhaps used only for the aged and infirm, who were conveyed in them on the shoulders of attendants.

Egyptian men of all ranks shaved their heads and their entire faces, except sometimes a portion of the chin, from which a short square beard was allowed to depend. The barber was in attendance on the great lord every morning, to remove any hair that had grown, and trim his beard, if he wore one. The lord's wig was also under his superintendence. This consisted of numerous small curls, together sometimes with locks and plaits, fastened carefully to a reticulated groundwork, which allowed the heat of the head free escape. The dress, even of the highest class, was simple. It consisted, primarily, of the *shenti* or kilt, a short garment folded or fluted, which was worn round the loins, and fastened in front with a girdle. The material might be linen or woolen, according to the state of the weather, or the wearer's inclination. Over this the great lord invariably wore an ample robe of fine linen, reaching from the shoulders to the ankles, and provided with full sleeves, which descended nearly, if not quite, to the elbows. A second girdle, which may have been of leather, confined the outer dress about the waist. The arms and lower parts of the legs were left bare; and in the earliest times the feet were also bare, sandals being unknown; but they came into fashion at the beginning of the fifth dynasty, and thenceforward were ordinarily worn by the rich, whether men or women. They were either of leather lined with cloth, or of a sort of basket work composed of palm leaves or the stalks of the papyrus. The shape varied at different periods. Having dressed himself with the assistance of his valet, the Egyptian lord put on his ornaments, which consisted commonly of a collar of beads or a chain of gold round the neck, armlets and bracelets of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoise, round the arms, anklets of the same character round the ankles, and rings upon the fingers of both hands.

Thus attired, the lord took his *bâton* or stick, and, quitting his dressing room, made his appearance in the *salon* or eating apartment.

Meanwhile his spouse had performed her own toilet, which was naturally somewhat more elaborate than her husband's. Egyptian ladies wore their own hair, which grew in great abundance, and must have occupied the tire-woman for a considerable period. A double-toothed comb was used for combing it, and it may also have been brushed, though hairbrushes have not been discovered. Ultimately, it was separated into numerous distinct tresses, and plaited by threes into thirty or forty fine plaits, which were then gathered into three masses, one behind the head and the others at either side of the face, or else were allowed to fall in a single continuous ring round the head and shoulders. After it had been thus arranged, the hair was confined by a fillet, or by a headdress made to imitate the wings, back, and tail, and even sometimes the head, of a vulture. On their bodies some females wore only a single garment, which was a petticoat, either tied at the neck or supported by straps over the shoulders, and reaching from the neck or breast to the ankles; but those of the upper class had, first, over this, a colored sash passed twice round the waist and tied in front, and, secondly, a large loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full open sleeves reaching to the elbow. They wore sandals from the same date as the men, and had similar ornaments, with the addition of earrings. These often manifested an elegant taste, being in the form of serpents or terminating in the heads of animals or of goddesses. The application of *kohl* or stibium to the eyes seems to have formed an ordinary part of the toilet.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to follow throughout the day the husband and wife, with whose portraits we are attempting to present our readers. We do not know the hours kept by the upper classes in Egypt, nor the arrangements which prevailed respecting their meals, nor the mode in which a lady of rank employed herself from the time when her morning toilet was completed until the hour of dinner. We may conjecture that she looked after her servants, superintended the teaching of her children, amused herself in her garden, or visited and received visits from her acquaintance; but the evidence on these various points is scanty, and scarcely sufficient to justify general conclusions. It is somewhat different with respect to

the men. The sculptures show us that much of the Egyptian gentleman's day was spent in sports of various kinds; that he indulged in fishing and fowling, as well as in the chase of various wild beasts, some of which were sought as delicacies for the table, while others seem to have been attacked merely to gratify that destructive instinct which urges men to take delight in field sports.

Ponds commonly existed within the pleasure grounds attached to an Egyptian country house, and were often of considerable dimensions. Formal in shape, to suit the general character of the grounds, they were well stocked with a variety of fish, and often furnished the Egyptian noble with a morning's amusement. The sport was of a kind which in these days would not be considered exciting. Reclined upon a mat, or seated on a chair, under the shade of a tree, and with a short rod in his hand, apparently of one joint only, the lord threw his double or single line into the preserved pool, and let his bait sink to the bottom. When he felt the bite of a fish, he jerked his line out of the water, and by this movement, if the fish was securely hooked, he probably landed it; if not, he only lost his labor. Hooks were large and strong, lines coarse, fish evidently not shy; there was no fear of the tackle breaking; and if a few fish were scared by the clumsy method, there were plenty of others to take their place in a few minutes.

A less unskillful mode of pursuing the sport was by means of the fish spear. Embarking upon his pond, or the stream that fed it, in a boat of bulrushes, armed with the proper weapon, and accompanied by a young son, and by his wife or a sister, the lord would direct his gaze into the water, and when he saw a fish passing, strike at him with the barbed implement. If the fish were near at hand, he would not let go of the weapon, but if otherwise, he would throw it, retaining in his grasp a string attached to its upper extremity. This enabled him to recover the spear, even if it sank, or was carried down by the fish; and, when his aim had been true, it enabled him to get possession of his prize. Some spears had double heads, both of them barbed; and good fortune, or superior skill, occasionally secured two fish at once.

The fowling practiced by the Egyptian gentleman was very peculiar. He despised nets, made no use of hawks or falcons, and did not even, except on rare occasions, have recourse to the bow. He placed his whole dependence on a missile, which

has been called a "throw stick"—a thin, curved piece of heavy wood, from a foot and a quarter to two feet in length, and about an inch and a half broad. Gliding silently in a light boat along some piece of water, with a decoy bird stationed at the head of his vessel, trained, perhaps, to utter its note, he approached the favorite haunt of the wild fowl, which was generally a thicket of tall reeds and lotuses. Having come as close to the game as possible, with his throw stick in one hand and a second decoy bird, or even several, in the other, he watched for the moment when the wild fowl rose in a cloud above the tops of the water-plants, and then flung his weapon in among them. Supplied by a relative or an attendant with another, and again another, he made throw after throw, not ceasing till the last bird was out of reach, or his stock of throw sticks exhausted. We sometimes see as many as four sticks in the air, and another upon the point of being delivered. Skilled sportsmen seem to have aimed especially at the birds' necks, since, if the neck was struck, the bird was pretty sure to fall. This sport seems to have been an especial favorite with Egyptians of the upper class.

The chase of wild beasts involved more exertion than either fishing or fowling, and required the sportsman to go further afield. The only tolerable hunting grounds lay in the desert regions on either side of the Nile valley; and the wealthy Egyptians, who made up their minds to indulge in this pastime, had to penetrate into these dreary tracts, and probably to quit their homes for a time, and camp out in the desert. The chief objects of pursuit upon these occasions were the gazelle, the ibex, the oryx, and perhaps some other kinds of antelopes. The sportsman set out in his chariot, well provided with arrows and javelins, accompanied by a number of dogs, and attended by a crowd of menials, huntsmen, beaters, men to set the nets, provision and water carriers, and the like. A large space was commonly inclosed by the beaters, and all the game within it driven in a certain direction by them and the hounds, while the sportsman and his friends, stationed at suitable points, shot their arrows at such beasts as came within the range of the weapon, or sought to capture them by means of a long thong or cord ending in a running noose. Nets were also set at certain narrow points in the wadys or dry water courses, down which the herd, when pressed, was almost sure to pass; and men were placed to watch them, and slaughter each animal

as soon as he was entangled, before he could break his way through the obstacle and make his escape. When the district in which the hunt took place was well supplied with beasts, and the space inclosed by the beaters was large, a curiously mixed scene presented itself towards the close of the day. All the wild animals of the region, roused from their several lairs, were brought together within a narrow space, — hyenas, jackals, foxes, porcupines, even ostriches, held on their way, side by side with gazelles, hares, ibexes, and antelopes of various descriptions, — the hounds also being intermixed among them, and the hunter in his car driving at speed through the thickest of the *mêlée*, discharging his arrows right and left, and bringing down the choicest game. Attendants continually supplied fresh arrows; and the work of slaughter probably went on till night put an end to it, or till the whole of the game was killed or had made its escape.

Occasionally, instead of antelopes, wild cattle were the object of pursuit. In this case, too, dogs were used, though scarcely with much effect. The cattle were, most likely, either stalked or laid in wait for, and, when sufficiently near, were either lassoed, or else shot with arrows, the place aimed at being the junction between the neck and the head. When the lasso was employed, it was commonly thrown over one of the horns.

According to one representation, the lion was made use of in the chase of some animals, being trained to the work, as the *cheeta*, or hunting leopard, is in Persia and India. That the Egyptians tamed lions appears from several of the sculptures, and is also attested by at least one ancient writer; but the employment of them in the chase rests upon a single painting in one of the tombs at Beni Hissar.

Lions themselves, when in the wild state, were sometimes hunted by the monarchs; but it is doubtful whether any Egyptian subject, however exalted his rank, ever engaged in the exciting occupation. The lion was scarcely to be found within the limits of Egypt during any period of the monarchy, and though occasionally to be seen in the deserts upon the Egyptian borders, yet could scarcely be reckoned on as likely to cross his path by a private sportsman. The kings who were ambitious of the honor of having contended with the king of beasts, could make hunting expeditions beyond their borders, and have a whole province ransacked for the game of which they were in search. Even they, however, seem very rarely to

have aspired so high : and there is but one representation of a lion hunt in the Egyptian sculptures.

A similarly exceptional character attached to the chase of the elephant by the Egyptians. One monarch on one occasion only, when engaged in an expedition which took him deep into Asia, "hunted a hundred and twenty elephants on account of their tusks." Here a subject had the good fortune to save his royal master from an attack made upon him by the leading, or "rogue," elephant of the herd, and to capture the brute after inflicting a wound upon its trunk.

The pursuit of the hippopotamus and the crocodile was, on the contrary, a favorite and established practice with Egyptian sportsmen. The hippopotamus was hunted as injurious to the crops, on which it both fed and trampled by night, while at the same time it was valued for its hide, which was regarded as the best possible material for shields, helmets, and javelins. It appears to have been thought better to attack it in the water than upon the land, perhaps because its struggles to escape would then be, comparatively speaking, harmless. Spears, with strings attached to them, were thrown at it : and when these had taken effect, it was drawn to the surface, and its head entangled in a strong noose, by which it could be dragged ashore ; or, if this attempt failed, it was allowed to exhaust itself by repeated rushes and plunges in the stream, the hunters "playing" it the while by reels attached to the strings that held their spears, and waiting till it was spent by fatigue and loss of blood, when they wound up their reels, and brought their booty to land.

There were two modes of chasing the crocodile. Sometimes it was speared, like the hippopotamus, and was then probably killed in much the same way ; but another method was also adopted, which is thus described by Herodotus : "They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter on the bank holds a live pig, which he belabors. The crocodile, hearing its cries, makes for the sound, and encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is dispatched with ease : otherwise he gives much trouble." Very similar modes to both of these are still in use on the Nile.

It is, of course, not to be supposed that the Egyptian of high

rank was so enamored of the chase as to devote to it all the time that he spent in the country. There would be days on which he inspected his farm, his cattle stalls, his live stock, his granaries, his wine presses, his olive presses, moving from place to place, probably, on his favorite ass, and putting questions to his laborers. There would be others on which he received his steward, went through his accounts, and gave such directions as he thought necessary; others again on which his religious duties occupied him, or on which he received the general homage of his subordinates. His life would be in many ways varied. As a local magnate, he might be called upon from time to time to take part in the public business of his nome. He might have civil employment thrust upon him, since no one could refuse an office or a commission assigned him by the king. He might even find himself called upon to conduct a military expedition. But, apart from these extraordinary distractions, he would have occupations enough and to spare. Amid alternations of business and pleasure, of domestic repose and violent exercise, of town and country life, of state and simplicity, he would scarcely find his time hang heavy on his hands, or become a victim to *ennui*. An extensive literature was open to him, if he cared to read; a solemn and mysterious religion, full of awe-inspiring thoughts, and stretching on to things beyond the grave, claimed his attention; he had abundant duties, abundant enjoyments. Though not so happy as to be politically free, there was small danger of his suffering oppression. He might look forward to a tranquil and respected old age; and even in the grave he would enjoy the attentions and religious veneration of those whom he left behind him.

Among the duties continually devolving on him, the most important were those of charity and of hospitality. It was absolutely incumbent upon him, if he would pass the dread ordeal in the nether world, that during this life he should be careful "to give bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, oil to the wounded, and burial to the dead." It was also incumbent on him, in the general opinion of those with whom he lived, that he should show towards men of his own class a free and open-handed hospitality. For this purpose it was necessary that, both in the town and in the country, he should provide his friends with frequent grand entertainments. With a description of one of these we may terminate our account.

The preparations for an entertainment had to commence some days previously. Game had to be procured, professionals engaged, extra attendants hired, a stock of fresh flowers and perhaps of unguents laid in. Great activity prevailed in the kitchen; confectionery was prepared, spices pounded, macaroni made, cooking utensils scoured, the larder stored with provisions. The reception rooms were then arranged for guests, chairs being placed in rows or groups, extra carpets and mats strewn about, flowers put into the vases, and the house generally decorated. When the guests began to arrive, they were first of all received in the vestibule by attendants, who presented them with bouquets, placed garlands of lotus upon their heads, and sometimes collars of lotus round their necks, anointed their hair with unguents, and offered them wine or other beverages. At this time the visitors commonly sat on the floor, probably for the convenience of those who had to anoint and adorn them. Having received these attentions, the guests, ladies and gentlemen intermixed, passed on to the main apartment, where they were greeted by their host and hostess, and begged to take their seats on the chairs and fauteuils which had been arranged for them. Here more refreshments were handed round, more flowers offered, while the guests, generally in pairs, but sometimes in groups, conversed one with another. Music was now commonly introduced, sometimes accompanied by dancing, the performers in both arts being professionals, and the dancing girls being nearly, if not quite, naked. Sometimes, at the same party, there would be two bands, who, we may suppose, played alternately. Pet animals, dogs, gazelles, or monkeys, might be present, and the young children of the house in some instances gave animation to the scene, and enlivened the entertainment with their prattle. As it was not customary for children under ten or twelve years of age to wear any clothes, the nudity of the dancing girls might seem less strange and less indelicate.

It is possible that on some occasions the music, dancing, and light refreshments constituted the whole of the entertainment, and that the guests after a while took their departure without any formal meal being served: but more often the proceedings above described were the mere prelude to the real piece, and the more important part followed. Round tables, loaded with a great variety of delicacies, as joints of meat, geese, ducks, and waterfowl of different kinds, cakes, pastry, fruit, and the like,

are seen interspersed among the guests, to whom no doubt the dishes were handed in succession, and who must have helped themselves, as Orientals commonly do, with their hands. Knives and forks, spoons for eating with, even plates, were an unknown luxury; the guest took what his hands could manage, and after eating either dipped them in water, or wiped them with a napkin brought him by an attendant. The dishes offered him would include probably two or three kinds of fish; meat, generally beef, boiled, roasted, and dressed in various ways; venison and other game; geese, ducks, or waterfowl; vegetables in profusion, as especially lentils, endives, and cucumbers; pastry, cakes, and fruits of twenty kinds, particularly grapes and figs. To quench his thirst, he would be supplied with frequent draughts of wine or beer, the wine probably diluted with water.

Herodotus tells us that it was customary, when the feast was over, for an attendant to bring in a wooden mummied form, from a foot and a half to three feet long, painted to resemble a corpse, and to show it to each guest in turn, with the words: "Gaze here, and drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be." If the expressions used are rightly reported, we must suppose the figure brought in when the eating was ended and the drinking began, with the object of stimulating the guests to greater conviviality; but if this were so, the custom had probably lost its original significance when Herodotus visited Egypt, since it *must* (one would think) have been intended at the first to encourage seriousness, and check undue indulgence, by sobering thoughts concerning death and judgment to come. The Egyptians were too much inclined to the pleasures of the table, and certainly required no stimulus to drinking. Both gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently indulged to excess. The custom mentioned by Herodotus, and alluded to also by Plutarch, can only have proceeded from the priests, who doubtless wished, as guardians of the public morality, to check the intemperance which they were unable to prevent altogether.

After the banquet was entirely ended, music and singing were generally resumed, and sometimes tumblers or jugglers, both male and female, were introduced, and feats of agility were gone through with much dexterity and grace. The women played with three balls at a time, keeping two constantly in the air; or made somersaults backwards; or sprang

off the ground to the height of several feet. The men wrestled, or pirouetted, or stood on their heads, or walked up each other's backs, or performed other tricks, and feats of strength. Occasionally, games seem to have been played. As the kings themselves in their leisure hours did not disdain to play draughts with their favorites, so it may be presumed that the Egyptian lord and his guest would sometimes relieve the tedium of a long evening by the same or some similar amusement. Chess does not appear to have been known; but a game resembling draughts, one like the modern *morra*, and several which cannot be identified, certainly were; and, though there is more evidence of their being in favor with the lower than with the higher orders, yet it can scarcely be supposed that the royal example was not imitated by many among the nobles.

In conclusion it may be observed that Egyptian society under the Pharaohs, if in many respects it was not so advanced in cultivation and refinement as that of Athens in the time of Pericles, was in some points both more moral and more civilized. Neither the sculptures nor the literary remains give any indication of the existence in Egypt of that degrading vice which in Greece tainted all male society from the highest grade to the lowest, and constituted "a great national disease," or "moral pestilence." Nor did courtesans, though occasionally they attained to a certain degree of celebrity among the Egyptians, ever exercise that influence which they did in Greece over art, literature, and even politics. The relations of the sexes were decidedly on a better footing in Egypt than at Athens, or most other Greek towns. Not only was polygamy unknown to the inhabitants of the Nile valley, and even licensed concubinage confined to the kings, but woman took her proper rank as the friend and companion of man, was never secluded in a harem, but constantly made her appearance alike in private company and in the ceremonies of religion, possessed equal rights with man in the eye of the law, was attached to temples in a quasi-sacerdotal character, and might even ascend the throne and administer the government of the country. Women were free to attend the markets and shops; to visit and receive company both male and female; to join in the most sacred religious services; to follow the dead to the grave; and to perform their part in the sepulchral sacrifices.

In arrangements with respect to education they seem also to have attained a point not often reached by the nations of

antiquity. If the schools wherein scribes obtained their instruction were really open to all, and the career of scribe might be pursued by any one, whatever his birth, then it must be said that Egypt, notwithstanding the general rigidity of her institutions, provided an open career for talent, such as scarcely existed elsewhere in the old world, and such as few modern communities can be said even yet to furnish. It was always possible under despotic governments that the capricious favor of the sovereign should raise to a high, or even to the highest, position the lowest person in the kingdom. But in Egypt, alone of all ancient States, does a system seem to have been established, whereby persons of all ranks, even the lowest, were invited to compete for the royal favor, and, by distinguishing themselves in the public schools, to establish a claim for employment in the public service. That employment once obtained, their future depended on themselves. Merit secured promotion; and it would seem that the efficient scribe had only to show himself superior to his fellows, in order to rise to the highest position but one in the empire.



THE EGYPTIAN HUSBANDMAN.

BY CHARLES ROLLIN.

[CHARLES ROLLIN: A French historian; born January, 1661. He was Professor of Rhetoric at the College du Plessis and later at the College du France. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. He published in 1727 a work on the Study of Belles-Lettres; in 1738 a History of Rome; and from 1730 to 1738 his still famous and readable "Ancient History." He died in 1741. He is an excellent gossip and story-teller, of unbounded credulity; and it is diverting to find his sole bit of skepticism excited, in the following passage, by a real and commonplace fact.]

HUSBANDMEN, shepherds, and artificers formed the three classes of lower life in Egypt, but were nevertheless had in very great esteem, particularly husbandmen and shepherds. The body politic requires a superiority and subordination of its several members; for as in the natural body the eye may be said to hold the first rank, yet its luster does not dart contempt upon the feet, the hands, or even on those parts which are less honorable; in like manner, among the Egyptians, the priests, soldiers, and scholars were distinguished by particular honors; but all professions, to the meanest, had their share in

the public esteem, because the despising of any man, whose labors, however mean, were useful to the state, was thought a crime.

A better reason than the foregoing might have inspired them at the first with these sentiments of equity and moderation, which they so long preserved. As they all descended from Ham, their common father, the memory of their still recent origin, occurring to the minds of all in those first ages, established among them a kind of equality, and stamped, in their opinion, a nobility on every person derived from the common stock. Indeed, the difference of conditions, and the contempt with which persons of the lowest rank are treated, are owing merely to the distance from the common root, which makes us forget, that the meanest plebeian, when his descent is traced back to the source, is equally noble with the most elevated rank and title.

Be that as it will, no profession in Egypt was considered as groveling or sordid. By this means arts were raised to their highest perfection. The honor which cherished them mixed with every thought and care for their improvement. Every man had his way of life assigned him by the laws, and it was perpetuated from father to son. Two professions at one time, or a change of that which a man was born to, were never allowed. By this means, men became more able and expert in employments which they had always exercised from their infancy; and every man, adding his own experience to that of his ancestors, was more capable of attaining perfection in his particular art. Besides, this wholesome institution, which had been established anciently throughout Egypt, extinguished all irregular ambition, and taught every man to sit down contented with his condition, without aspiring to one more elevated, from interest, vainglory, or levity.

From this source flowed numberless inventions for the improvement of all the arts, and for rendering life more commodious, and trade more easy. I could not believe that Diodorus was in earnest in what he relates concerning the Egyptian industry, viz.: that this people had found out a way, by an artificial fecundity, to hatch eggs without the sitting of the hen; but all modern travelers declare it to be a fact, which certainly is worthy our curiosity and is said to be practiced in some places of Europe. Their relations inform us, that the Egyptians stow eggs in ovens, which are heated to such a

temperature, and with such just proportion to the natural warmth of the hen, that the chickens produced from these means are as strong as those which are hatched the natural way. The season of the year proper for this operation is from the end of December to the end of April, the heat in Egypt being too violent in the other months. During these four months, upwards of three hundred thousand eggs are laid in these ovens, which, though they are not all successful, nevertheless produce vast numbers of fowls at an easy rate. The art lies in giving the ovens a due degree of heat, which must not exceed a fixed proportion. About ten days are bestowed in heating these ovens, and very near as much time in hatching the eggs. It is very entertaining, say these travelers, to observe the hatching of these chickens, some of which show at first nothing but their heads, others but half their bodies, and others again come quite out of the egg; these last, the moment they are hatched, make their way over the unhatched eggs, and form a diverting spectacle. Corneille le Bruyn, in his *Travels*, has collected the observations of other travelers on this subject. Pliny likewise mentions it; but it appears from him, that the Egyptians, anciently, employed warm dung, not ovens, to hatch eggs.

I have said, that husbandmen particularly, and those who took care of flocks, were in great esteem in Egypt, some parts of it excepted, where the latter were not suffered. It was, indeed, to these two professions that Egypt owed its riches and plenty. It is astonishing to reflect what advantages the Egyptians, by their art and labor, drew from a country of no great extent, but whose soil was made wonderfully fruitful by the inundations of the Nile, and the laborious industry of the inhabitants. It will be always so with every kingdom whose governors direct all their actions to the public welfare. The culture of lands, and the breeding of cattle, will be an inexhaustible fund of wealth in all countries where these profitable callings are supported and encouraged by maxims of state policy. [This was a topical allusion to the doctrines of the "Physiocrats," the French economic reformers of the mid-18th century, who held that as all wealth is derived from agricultural surplus, agriculture should bear all the taxes and receive compensating state favors. The government eagerly adopted the first proposition, forgot the second, and gave the Revolution another impetus.]

THE PRECEPTS OF PTAH-HOTEP.—THE OLDEST BOOK YET DISCOVERED.

About 2500 B.C.

BE not arrogant because of that which thou knowest; deal with the ignorant as with the learned; for the barriers of art are not closed, no artist being in possession of the perfection to which he should aspire.

If thou findest a disputant while he is hot, and if he is superior to thee in ability, lower the hands, bend the back, do not get into a passion with him. As he will not let thee destroy his words, it is utterly wrong to interrupt him; that proclaims that thou art incapable of keeping thyself calm, when thou art contradicted.

If then thou hast to do with a disputant while he is hot, imitate one who does not stir. Thou hast the advantage over him if thou keepest silence when he is uttering evil words. "The better of the two is he who is impassive," say the bystanders, and thou art right in the opinion of the great.

If thou findest a disputant while he is hot, do not despise him because thou art not of the same opinion. Be not angry against him when he is wrong; away with such a thing. He fights against himself; require him not further to flatter thy feelings. Do not amuse thyself with the spectacle which thou hast before thee; it is odious, mean, [the part] of a despicable soul.

If thou hast, as leader, to decide on the conduct of a great number of men, seek the most perfect manner of doing so, that thy own conduct may be without reproach. Justice is great, invariable, and assured; it has not been disturbed since the age of Osiris. To throw obstacles in the way of the laws, is to open the way before violence. Shall that which is below gain the upper hand, if the unjust does not attain to the place of justice? even he who says: I take for myself, of my own free will; but says not: I take by virtue of my authority. The limitations of justice are invariable.

Inspire not men with fear, else God will fight against thee in the same manner. If any one asserts that he lives by such means [extortion by threats], God will take away the bread from his mouth; if any one asserts that he enriches himself

thereby, God says : I may take these riches to myself. If any one asserts that he beats others, God will end by reducing him to impotence. Let no one inspire men with fear, this is the will of God. Let one provide sustenance for them in the lap of peace ; it will then be that they will freely give what has been torn from them by terror.

If thou art among the persons seated at meat in the house of a greater man than thyself, take that which he gives thee, bowing to the ground. Regard that which is placed before thee, but point not at it ; regard it not frequently ; he is a blameworthy person who departs from this rule. Speak not to the great man more than he requires, for one knows not what may be displeasing to him. Speak when he invites thee and thy word will be pleasing.

As for the great man who has plenty of means of existence, his conduct is as he himself wishes. He does that which pleases him ; if he desires to repose, he realizes his intention. The great man stretching forth his hand does that to which other men do not attain. But as the means of existence are under the will of God, one cannot rebel against it.

If thou art one of those who bring the messages of one great man to another, conform thyself exactly to that wherewith he has charged thee : perform for him the commission as he hath enjoined thee. Beware of altering in speaking the offensive words which one great person addresses to another : he who perverts the truthfulness of his way, in order to repeat only what produces pleasure in the words of every man, great or small, is a detestable person.¹

If thou abasest thyself in obeying a superior, thy conduct is entirely good before God. Knowing who ought to obey and who ought to command, do not lift up thy heart against him. As thou knowest that in him is authority, be respectful towards him as belonging to him.

Be active, during the time of thy existence, doing more than is commanded. Do not spoil the time of thy activity ; he is a blameworthy person who makes a bad use of his moments. Do not lose the daily opportunity of increasing that which thy house possesses. Activity produces riches, and riches do not endure when it slackens.

If thou art employed in the *larit*, stand or sit rather than walk about. Lay down rules for thyself from the first : not to absent thyself even when weariness overtakes thee. Keep an

eye on him who enters announcing that what he asks is secret ; what is intrusted to thee is above appreciation, and all contrary argument is a matter to be rejected.

If thou art a leader of peace, listen to the discourse of the petitioner. Be not abrupt with him ; that would trouble him. Say not to him : "Thou hast [already] recounted this." Indulgence will encourage him to accomplish the object of his coming. As for being abrupt with the complainant because he described what passed when the injury was done, instead of complaining of the injury itself, let it not be ! The way to obtain a clear explanation is to listen with kindness.

If thou desirest to excite respect within the house thou enterest, keep thyself from making advances to a woman, for there is nothing good in so doing. There is no prudence in taking part in it, and thousands of men destroy themselves in order to enjoy a moment, brief as a dream, while they gain death, so as to know it. It is a villainous intention that of a man who thus excites himself ; if he goes on to carry it out, his mind abandons him. For as for him who is without repugnance for such an act, there is no good sense at all in him.

If thou desirest that thy conduct should be good and preserved from all evil, keep thyself from every attack of bad humor. It is a fatal malady which leads to discord, and there is no longer any existence for him who gives way to it. For it introduces discord between fathers and mothers, as well as between brothers and sisters ; it causes the wife and the husband to hate each other ; it contains all kinds of wickedness, it embodies all kinds of wrong.

Be not of an irritable temper as regards that which happens beside thee ; grumble not over thy own affairs. Be not of an irritable temper in regard to thy neighbors ; better is a compliment to that which displeases than rudeness. It is wrong to get into a passion with one's neighbors, to be no longer master of one's words. When there is only a little irritation, one creates for oneself an affliction for the time when one will again be cool.

If thou art wise, look after thy house ; love thy wife without alloy. Fill her stomach, clothe her back, these are the cares to be bestowed on her person. Caress her, fulfill her desires during the time of her existence ; it is a kindness which does honor to its possessor. Be not brutal ; tact will influence her better than violence. Behold to what she aspires, at what

she aims, what she regards. It is that which fixes her in thy house; if thou repellst her, it is an abyss. Open thy arms for her, respondent to her arms; call her, display to her thy love.

Treat thy dependants well, in so far as it belongs to thee: it belongs to those whom God has favored. As we do not know the events which may happen to-morrow, he is a wise person by whom one is well treated. When there comes the necessity of showing zeal, it will then be the dependants themselves who say, "Come on, come on," if good treatment has not quitted the place; if it has quitted it, the dependants are defaulters.

Do not repeat any extravagance of language; do not listen to it; it is a thing which has escaped from a hasty mouth. If it is repeated, look towards the earth without hearing it; say nothing in regard to it. Cause him who speaks to thee to know what is just, even him who provokes to injustice; cause that which is just to be done, cause it to triumph. As for that which is hateful according to the law, condemn it by unveiling it.

If thou art a wise man, sitting in the council of thy lord, direct thy thought towards that which is wise. Be silent rather than scatter thy words. When thou speakest, know that which can be brought against thee. To speak in the council is an art, and speech is criticised more than any other labor; it is contradiction which puts it to the proof.

If thou art powerful, respect knowledge and calmness of language. Command only to direct; to be absolute is to run into evil. Let not thy heart be haughty, neither let it be mean. Do not let thy orders remain unsaid, and cause thy answers to penetrate; but speak without heat, assume a serious countenance. As for the vivacity of an ardent heart, temper it; the gentle man penetrates all obstacles. He who agitates himself all the day long has not a good moment; and he who amuses himself all the day long keeps not his fortune.

Disturb not a great man; weaken not the attention of him who is occupied.

Compose thy face even in trouble: these are the people who succeed in what they desire.

Teach others to render homage to a great man. If thou gatherest the crop for him among men, cause it to return fully to its owner, at whose hands is thy subsistence. But the gift

of affection is worth more than the provisions with which thy back is covered. Cause those about thee to be loving and obedient.

If thou art a son [deputy] of the guardians deputed to watch over the public tranquillity, execute thy commission without knowing [asking the reason], and speak with firmness. Substitute not for that which the instructor has said, what thou believest to be his intention. The great use words as it suits them : thy part is to transmit rather than to comment upon.

If thou art annoyed at a thing, if thou art tormented by some one who is acting within his right, get out of his sight, and remember him no more when he has ceased to address thee. [That is, bear no rancor after having been deservedly blamed.]

If thou hast become great after having been little, if thou hast become rich after having been poor, when thou art at the head of the city know how not to take advantage of the fact that thou hast reached the first rank, harden not thy heart because of thy elevation : thou art become only the steward of the good things of God. Put not behind thee the neighbor who is like unto thee ; be unto him as a companion.

Bend thy back before thy superior. Thou art attached to the palace of the king ; thy house is established in its fortune, and thy profits are as is fitting. Yet a man is annoyed at having an authority above himself, and passes the period of life in being vexed thereat. "Do not plunder the house of thy neighbors, seize not by force the goods which are beside thee." Exclaim not then against that which thou hearest, and do not feel humiliated. It is necessary to reflect when one is hindered by it that the pressure of authority is felt also by one's neighbor.¹

If thou aimest at polished manners, call not him whom thou accostest [loudly?]. converse with him especially in such a way as not to annoy him. Enter on a discussion with him only after having left him time to saturate his mind with the subject of the conversation. If he lets his ignorance display itself, and if he gives thee an opportunity to disgrace him, treat him with courtesy rather ; proceed not to drive him into a corner ; do

¹ This sheds a curious light on the difficulties of early government. As in all times of feudal turbulence, the officers of State, chiefly great nobles, are aggrieved at the king's hindering them from laying hands on anything they choose.

not [suggest?] the word to him; answer not in a crushing manner; crush him not; worry him not; in order that in his turn he may not return to the subject, but depart to the profit of thy conversation.

Let thy countenance be cheerful during the time of thy existence. When we see one departing from the storehouse who has entered in order to bring his share of provision, with his face contracted, it shows that his stomach is empty and that authority is offensive to him. Let not that happen to thee.

Recognize those who are faithful to thee when thou art in low estate. Thy merit then is worth more than those who did thee honor. Look only at that which is a man's own. That is of more importance than his high rank; for this is a matter which passes from one to another. The merit of one's son is advantageous to the father, and that which he really is is worth more than the remembrance of his father's rank.

Distinguish from the workman the superintendent who directs, for manual labor is little elevated; the inaction of the hands is honorable. If a man is not in the evil way, that which places him there is the want of subordination to authority.

If thou takest a wife, let her be more contented than any of her fellow-citizens. She will be attached to thee doubly, if her chain is pleasant. Do not repel her; grant that which pleases her; it is to her contentment that she appreciates thy direction.

As for the man without experience who listens not, he effects nothing whatsoever. He sees knowledge in ignorance, profit in loss; he commits all kinds of error, always accordingly choosing the contrary of what is praiseworthy. He lives on that which is mortal.

Let thy thoughts be abundant, let thy mouth be under restraint, and thou shalt argue with the great. Put thyself in unison with the ways of thy master. Apply thyself while thou speakest; speak only of perfect things.

Do that which thy master bids thee. What he tells us, let it be fixed in our heart; to satisfy him greatly, let us do for him more than he has prescribed. Verily a good son [pupil], who does better than he has been told, is one of the gifts of God.

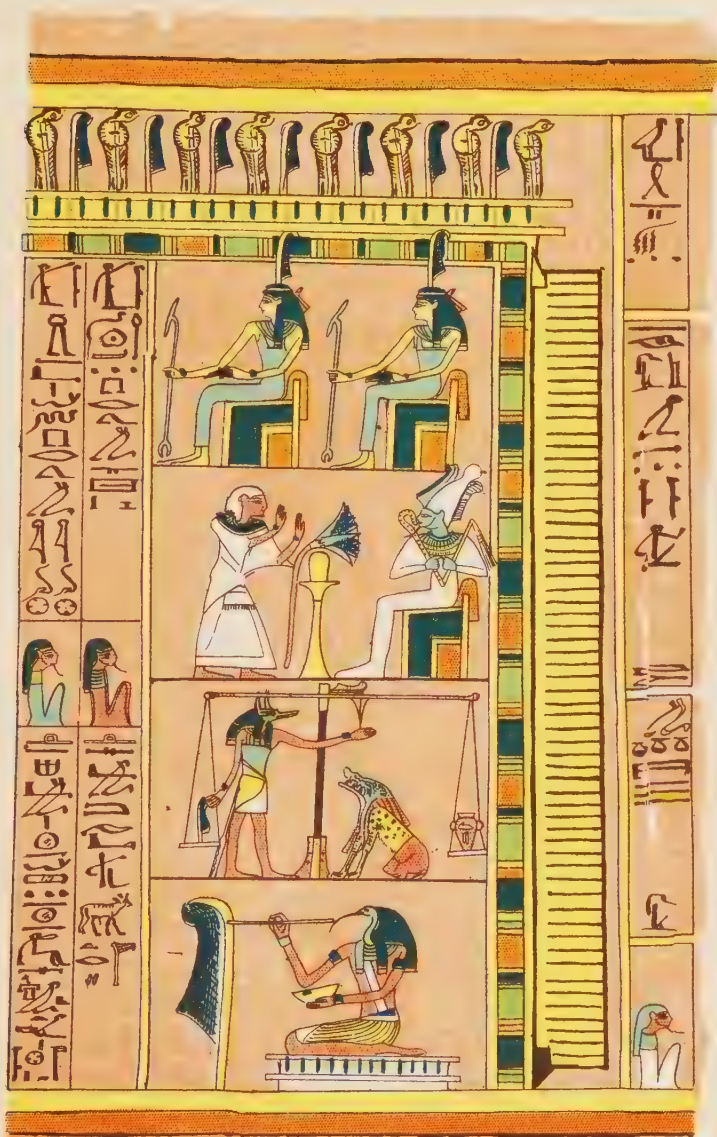
THE EGYPTIAN JUDGMENT DAY.

(From the "Book of the Dead," edited by F. A. Wallis Budge.)

THOUGH the chapters of the "Book of the Dead" represent beliefs belonging to various periods of the long life of the Egyptian nation, and opinions held by several schools of thought in Egypt, the object of them all was to benefit the deceased. They were intended to give him the power to have and to enjoy life everlasting, to give him everything which he required in the life beyond the grave, to insure his victory over his foes, to procure for him the power of going whithersoever he pleased, and when and how he pleased, to preserve the mummy intact, and finally to enable his soul to enter into the bark of Rā or into whatever abode of the blessed had been conceived of by him.

The Judgment Scene consists of three parts: Introduction, Negative Confession, and Concluding Text. The Introduction was said by the deceased at the entrance to the Hall of double Maāti, the Negative Confession was recited by him before the forty-two gods who sat in judgment upon him in this hall, and the Concluding Text was uttered by him when he had passed the ordeal of judgment and was beginning his new life. It is probable that these three texts were originally merely versions each of the other, but in the eighteenth dynasty they are all copied together into papyri. The deceased first asserted that he had not committed certain sins; he next addressed forty-two gods by their names, and declared before each that he had not committed the special sin which it was the duty of the god to punish; and lastly he makes a third confession, the first part of which is practically in the same words as a portion of the Introduction. The Introduction provided the passwords which enabled him to enter the hall, and the Concluding Text provided those which enabled him to go forth from it. It is impossible to say when or how this beautiful chapter, with its lofty conceptions of morality, grew; but although the form in which these are set forth is not older than the eighteenth dynasty, the ideas themselves belong to a period which is as old as the rule of the kings of the third dynasty.

From the Negative Confession we see that the pious Egyptian abhorred fraud, theft, deceit, robbery with violence, iniquity



THE TWO GODDESSES OF LAW ; ANI ADORING OSIRIS ; THE TRIAL OF THE CONSCIENCE ; TOOTH AND THE FEATHER OF THE LAW.

of every kind, adultery, unchastity and sins of wantonness, manslaughter, murder, incitement to murder, and that he delighted in showing he had wronged none in any way. He neither purloined the things which belonged to his god, nor did he slay the sacred animals; he thought not lightly of the god of his city, and he never cursed him. He honored his king, and he neither wasted his neighbor's plowed lands nor defiled his running stream. He spake not haughtily, he behaved not insolently, he multiplied not his speech overmuch, he abused no man, he attacked no man, he swore not at all, he stirred not up strife, he terrified no man, he was not a man of wrath, he spake evil of none, and he never pried into matters to make mischief. He judged not hastily, he defrauded not his neighbor in the market, he shut not his ears to the words of right and truth, he sought not honors, he never gave way to anger except for a proper cause, and he sought not to enrich himself at the expense of his neighbors. It is difficult to give the exact shades of meaning of many of the words in this Confession, but the general sense is thoroughly well made out; the Egyptian code of morals, as may be seen from the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter, was the grandest and most comprehensive of those now known to have existed among the nations of antiquity.

The reader will seek, and seek in vain, for many of the attributes of the prayers of Christian nations, and it is a noticeable fact that the Egyptian had no conception of repentance;¹ at the Judgment which took place in the Hall of Osiris, he based his claim for admission into the kingdom of that god upon the fact that he had not committed certain sins, and that he had feared God and honored the king, and had given bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and a boat to him that had suffered shipwreck on the Nile.

THE INTRODUCTION.

The following shall be said when the overseer of the palace, the Chancellor in chief, Nu, triumphant, cometh forth into the Hall of double Maâti, so that we may be separated from every sin which he

¹ This seems to us an entire misconception: the Negative Confession is so sweeping a denial of all wrong that no soul could ever make it truthfully if it were not understood to mean, "Or if I have done any of these things, I repent them utterly." Otherwise not a soul would ever have passed the hall. — ED. WESTMINSTER LIBRARY.

hath done and may behold the Faces of the Gods. The Osiris Nu, triumphant, saith:—

"Homage to thee, O Great God, thou Lord of double Maāti, I have come to thee, O my Lord, and I have brought myself hither that I may behold thy beauties. I know thee, and I know thy name, and I know the names of the two and forty gods who exist with thee in this Hall of double Maāti, who live as warders of sinners, and who feed upon their blood on the day when the lives of men are taken into account in the presence of the God Un-nefer; in truth ·Rekliti-merti-neb-Maāti' [*i.e.* "twin sisters with two eyes, ladies of double Maāti"] is thy name. In truth I have come to thee, and I have brought Maāti [*i.e.* right and truth] to thee, and I have destroyed wickedness for thee.

"I have not done evil to mankind.

"I have not oppressed the members of my family.

"I have not wrought evil in the place of right and truth.

"I have had no knowledge of worthless men.

"I have not wrought evil.

"I have not made to be the first consideration of each day that excessive labor should be performed for me.

"I have not brought forward my name for exaltation to honors.

"I have not ill treated servants. I have not thought scorn of God.

"I have not defrauded the oppressed one of his property.

"I have not done that which is an abomination unto the gods.

"I have not caused harm to be done to the servant by his chief.

"I have not caused pain.

"I have made no man to suffer hunger.

"I have made no one to weep.

"I have done no murder.

"I have not given the order for murder to be done for me.

"I have not inflicted pain upon mankind.

"I have not defrauded the temples of their oblations.

"I have not purloined the cakes of the gods.

"I have not carried off the cakes offered to the khus.

"I have not committed fornication.

"I have not polluted myself in the holy places of the god or any city, nor diminished from the bushel.

"I have neither added to nor filched away land.

"I have not encroached upon the fields of others.

"I have not added to the weights of the scales [to cheat the seller]. I have not misread the pointer of the scales [to cheat the buyer]. I have not carried away the milk from the mouths of children.

"I have not driven away the cattle which were upon their pastures.

"I have not snared the feathered fowl of the preserves of the gods.

"I have not caught fish with bait made of fish of their kind.

"I have not turned back the water at the time when it should flow.

"I have not cut a cutting in a canal of running water.

"I have not extinguished a fire [or light] when it should burn.

"I have not violated the times of offering the chosen meat offerings.

"I have not driven off the cattle from the property of the gods.

"I have not repulsed God in his manifestations.

"I am pure. I am pure. I am pure. I am pure.

"My purity is the purity of that great Bennu which is in the city of Sutenhnen [Heracleopolis]; for behold, I am the nose of the God of the winds, who maketh all mankind to live on the day when the Eye [Uchat] of Rā is full in Annu [Heliopolis] at the end of the second month of the season Pert [*i.e.* the season of growing] [in the presence of the divine lord of this earth]. I have seen the Eye of Rā when it was full in Annu; therefore let not evil befall me in this land and in this Hall of double Maāti; because I, even I, know the names of these gods who are therein, and who are the followers of the great god."

TEXT: The scribe Bebensī, triumphant, saith:—

1. "Hail, thou whose strides are long, who comest forth from Annu [Heliopolis], I have not done iniquity.

2. "Hail, thou who art embraced by flame, who comest forth from Kher-āba, I have not robbed with violence.

3. "Hail, thou divine Nose [Fenti], who comest forth from Khemennu [Hermopolis], I have not done violence [to any man].

4. "Hail, thou who eatest shades, who comest forth from the place where the Nile riseth, I have not committed theft.

5. "Hail, Neha-hāu, who comest forth from Re-stau, I have not slain man or woman.

6. "Hail, thou double Lion-god, who comest forth from heaven, I have not made light the bushel.

7. "Hail, thou whose two eyes are like flint, who comest forth from Sekhem [Letopolis], I have not acted deceitfully.

8. "Hail, thou flame, who comest forth as thou goest back, I have not purloined the things which belong unto God.

9. "Hail, thou Crusher of bones, who comest forth from Sutenhnen [Heracleopolis], I have not uttered falsehood.

10. "Hail, thou who makest the flame to wax strong, who comest forth from Het-ka-Ptah [Memphis], I have not carried away food.

11. "Hail, Qerti [*i.e.* the two sources of the Nile], who come forth from Amentet, I have not uttered evil words.

12. "Hail, thou whose teeth shine, who comest forth from Tashe [*i.e.* the Fayyûn], I have attacked no man.

13. "Hail, thou who dost consume blood, who comest forth from the house of slaughter. I have not killed the beasts [which are the property of God].

14. "Hail, thou who dost consume the entrails, who comest forth from the nâbet chamber, I have not acted deceitfully.

15. "Hail, thou God of Right and Truth, who comest forth from the city of double Maâti, I have not laid waste the lands which have been plowed (?).

16. "Hail, thou who goest backwards, who comest forth from the city of Bast [Bubastis], I have never pried into matters [to make mischief].

17. "Hail, Āati, who comest forth from Annu [Heliopolis], I have not set my mouth in motion [against any man].

18. "Hail, thou who art doubly evil, who comest forth from the nome of Āti, I have not given way to wrath concerning myself without a cause.

19. "Hail, thou Serpent Uamemti, who comest forth from the house of slaughter, I have not defiled the wife of a man.

20. "Hail, thou who lookest upon what is brought to him, who comest forth from the Temple of Amsu, I have not committed any sin against purity.

21. "Hail, Chief of the divine Princes, who comest forth from the city of Nehatu, I have not struck fear [into any man].

22. "Hail, Khemiu [*i.e.* Destroyer], who comest forth from the Lake of Kau, I have not encroached upon [sacred times and seasons].

23. "Hail, thou who orderest speech, who comest forth from Urit, I have not been a man of anger.

24. "Hail, thou Child, who comest forth from the Lake of Heq-ât, I have not made myself deaf to the words of right and truth.

25. "Hail, thou disposer of speech, who comest forth from the city of Unes, I have not stirred up strife.

26. "Hail, Basti, who comest forth from the Secret city, I have made [no man] to weep.

27. "Hail, thou whose face is [turned] backwards, who comest forth from the Dwelling. I have not committed acts of impurity, neither have I lain with men.

28. "Hail, Leg of fire, who comest forth from Ākhekh, I have not eaten my heart [nursed rancor].

29. "Hail, Kenemti, who comest forth from [the city of] Kenemet, I have abused [no man].

30. "Hail, thou who bringest thine offering, who comest forth from the city of Sau [Sais], I have not acted with violence.

31. "Hail, thou god of faces, who comest forth from the city of Tchefet, I have not judged hastily.

32. "Hail, thou who givest knowledge, who comest forth from Unth, I have not . . . , and I have not taken vengeance upon the god.

33. "Hail, thou lord of two horns, who comest forth from Satiu, I have not multiplied speech overmuch.

34. "Hail, Nefer-Tem, who comest forth from Het-ka-Ptah [Memphis], I have not acted with deceit, and I have not worked wickedness.

35. "Hail, Tem-Sep, who comest forth from Tattu, I have not uttered curses [on the king].

36. "Hail, thou whose heart doth labor, who comest forth from the city of Tebti, I have not fouled (?) water.

37. "Hail, Ahi of the water, who comest forth from Nu, I have not made haughty my voice.

38. "Hail, thou who givest commands to mankind, who comest forth from Sau (?), I have not cursed the god.

39. "Hail, Neheb-nefert, who comest forth from the Lake of Nefer (?) I have not behaved with insolence.

40. "Hail, Neheb-kau who comest forth from [thy] city, I have not sought for distinctions.

41. "Hail, thou whose head is holy, who comest forth from [thy] habitations, I have not increased my wealth, except with such things as are [justly] mine own possessions.

42. "Hail, thou who bringest thine own arm, who comest forth from Aukert [underworld], I have not thought scorn of the god who is in my city."

ADDRESS TO THE GODS OF THE UNDERWORLD.

TEXT. [Then shall the heart which is righteous and sinless say:—]

The overseer of the palace, the Chancellor in chief, Nu, triumphant, saith:—

"Homage to you, O ye gods who dwell in the Hall of double Maāti, I, even I, know you, and I know your names. Let me not fall under your knives of slaughter, and bring ye not forward my wickedness unto the god in whose train ye are; and let not evil hap come upon me by your means. O declare ye me right and true in the presence of Neb-er-tcher, because I have done that which is right and true in Ta-mera [Egypt]. I have not cursed God, and let not evil hap come on me through the king who dwelleth in my day.

"Homage to you, O ye gods, who dwell in the Hall of double Maāti, who are without evil in your bodies, and who live upon right and truth, and who feed yourselves upon right and truth in the presence of the god Horus, who dwelleth in his divine Disk: de

liver ye me from the god Baba who feedeth upon the entrails of the mighty ones upon the day of the great judgment. O grant ye that I may come to you, for I have not committed faults, I have not sinned, I have not done evil, I have not borne false witness; therefore let nothing [evil] be done unto me.

"I live upon right and truth, and I feed upon right and truth. I have performed the commandments of men [as well as] the things whereat are gratified the gods, I have made the god to be at peace [with me by doing] that which is his will. I have given bread to the hungry man, and water to the thirsty man, and apparel to the naked man, and a boat to the [shipwrecked] mariner. I have made holy offerings to the gods, and sepulchral meals to the khus. Be ye then my deliverers, be ye then my protectors, and make ye not accusation against me in the presence of [the great god].

"I am clean of mouth and clean of hands; therefore let it be said unto me by those who shall behold me, 'Come in peace; come in peace,' for I have heard that mighty word which the spiritual bodies [sahu] spake unto the Cat in the House of Hapt-re. I have been made to give evidence before the god Hra-f-ha-f [*i.e.* he whose face is behind him], and he hath given a decision [concerning me]. I have seen the things over which the persea tree spreadeth [its branches] within Re-stau. I am he who hath offered up prayers to the gods and who knowest their persons. I have come and I have advanced to make the declaration of right and truth, and to set the balance upon what supporteth it within the region of Aukert.

"Hail, thou who art exalted upon thy standard, thou lord of the Atefu crown, whose name is proclaimed as 'Lord of the winds,' deliver thou me from thy divine messengers who cause dire deeds to happen, and who cause calamities to come into being, and who are without coverings for their faces, for I have done that which is right and true for the Lord of right and truth. I have purified myself and my breast with libations, and my hinder parts with the things which make clean, and my inner parts have been in the pool of right and truth. There is no single member of mine which lacketh right and truth."



THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

By MATHILDE BLIND.

[1847-1896.]

WHERE the mummied Kings of Egypt, wrapped in linen fold on fold,
Couched for ages in their coffins, crowned with crowns of dusky gold,
Lie in subterranean chambers, biding to the day of doom,
Counterfeit life's hollow semblance in each mazy mountain tomb,

Grisly in their gilded coffins, mocking masks of skin and bone,
Yet remain in change unchanging, balking Nature of her own ;

Mured in mighty Mausoleums, walled in from the night and day,
Lo, the mortal Kings of Egypt hold immortal Death at bay.

For — so spake the Kings of Egypt — those colossal ones whose hand
Held the peoples from Pitasa to the Kheta's conquered land ;

Who, with flash and clash of lances and war chariots, stormed and won
Many a town of stiff-necked Syria to high-towering Askalon :

“ We have been the faithful stewards of the deathless gods on high ;
We have built them starry temples underneath the starry sky.

“ We have smitten rebel nations, as a child is whipped with rods :
We the living incarnation of imperishable gods.

“ Shall we suffer Death to trample us to nothingness ? and must
We be scattered, as the whirlwind blows about the desert dust ?

“ No ! Death shall not dare come near us, nor Corruption shall not lay
Hands upon our sacred bodies, incorruptible as day.

“ Let us put a bit and bridle, and rein in Time's headlong course ;
Let us ride him through the ages as a master rides his horse.

“ On the changing earth unchanging let us bide till Time shall end,
Till, reborn in blest Osiris, mortal with Immortal blend.”

Yea, so spake the Kings of Egypt, they whose lightest word was law,
At whose nod the far-off nations cowered, stricken dumb with awe.

And Fate left the haughty rulers to work out their monstrous doom ;
And, embalmed with myrrh and ointments, they were carried to the
tomb ;

Through the gate of Bab-el-Molouk, where the sulphur hills lie bare,
Where no green thing casts a shadow in the noon's tremendous glare ;

Where the unveiled Blue of heaven in its bare intensity
Weighs upon the awe-struck spirit with the world's immensity ;

Through the Vale of Desolation, where no beast or bird draws breath,
To the Coffin Hills of Tuat — the Metropolis of Death,

Down—down—down into the darkness, where, on either hand,
dread fate

In the semblance of a serpent, watches by the dolorous gate;

Down—down—down into the darkness, where no gleam of sun or
star

Sheds its purifying radiance from the living world afar;

Where in labyrinthine windings, darkly hidden, down and down,—
Proudly on his marble pillow, with old Egypt's double crown,

And his mien of cold commandment, grasping still his staff of state,
Rests the mightiest of the Pharaohs, whom the world surnamed the
great.

Swathed in fine Sidonian linen, crossed hands folded on the breast,
There the mummied Kings of Egypt lie within each painted chest.

And upon their dusky foreheads Pleiades of flaming gems,
Glowing through the nether darkness, flash from luminous diadems.

Where is Memphis? Like a Mirage, melted into empty air:
But these royal gems yet sparkle richly on their raven hair.

Where is Thebes in all her glory, with her gates of beaten gold?
Where Syenê, or that marvel, Heliopolis of old?

Where is Edfu? Where Abydos? Where those pillared towns of
yore

Whose auroral temples glittered by the Nile's thick-peopled shore?

Gone as evanescent cloudlands, Alplike in the afterglow;
But these Kings hold fast their bodies of four thousand years ago.

Sealed up in their Mausoleums, in the bowels of the hills,
There they hide from dissolution and Death's swiftly grinding mills.

Scattering fire, Uraeus serpents guard the Tombs' tremendous gate;
While Troth holds the trembling balance, weighs the heart and seals
its fate.

And a multitude of mummies in the swaddling clothes of death,
Ferried o'er the sullen river, on and on still hasteneth.

And around them and above them, blazoned on the rocky walls,
Crowned with stars, enlaced by serpents, in divine processions,

Ibis-headed, jackal-featured, vulture-hooded, pass on high,
Gods on gods through Time's perspectives — pilgrims of Eternity.

There, revealed by fitful flashes, in a gloom that may be felt,
Wild Chimeras flash from darkness, glittering like Orion's belt.

And on high, o'er shining waters, in their barks the gods sail by,
In the Sunboat and the Moonboat, rowed across the rose-hued sky.

Night, that was before Creation, watches sphinxlike, starred with eyes,
And the hours and days are passing, and the years and centuries.

But these mummied Kings of Egypt, pictures of a perished race,
Lie, of busy Death forgotten, face by immemorial face.

Though the glorious sun above them, burning on the naked plain,
Clothes the empty wilderness with the golden, glowing grain;

Though the balmy Moon above them, floating in the milky Blue,
Fills the empty wilderness with a silver fall of dew;

Though life comes and flies unresting, like the shadow which a dove
Casts upon the Sphinx, in passing, for a moment from above;—

Still these mummied Kings of Egypt, wrapped in linen, fold on fold,
Bide through ages in their coffins, crowned with crowns of dusky gold.

Had the sun once brushed them lightly, or a breath of air, they must
Instantaneously have crumbled into evanescent dust.

Pale and passive in their prisons, they have conquered, chained to
death;
And their lineaments look living now as when they last drew breath.

Have they conquered? Oh, the pity of those Kings within their tombs,
Locked in stony isolation in those petrifying glooms!

Motionless where all is motion in a rolling Universe,
Heaven, by answering their prayer, turned it to a deadly curse.

Left them fixed where all is fluid in a world of star-winged skies;
Where, in myriad transformations, all things pass and nothing dies;

Nothing dies but what is tethered, kept when Time would set it free,
To fulfill Thought's yearning tension upward through Eternity.

THE EPIC OF PENTAUR.

ON THE EXPLOITS OF RAMESES II., ABOUT B.C. 1400.

(Translated by Heinrich Brugsch-Bey, in "Egypt of the Pharaohs.")

[HEINRICH KARL BRUGSCH, a celebrated Egyptologist, was born in Berlin: Germany, February 18, 1827. He early became an enthusiast on Egyptian antiquities, visited Egypt twice to study them, and founded in 1864 at Leipzig a periodical devoted to them. He was professor at Göttingen, 1868-1869, when by invitation of the Khedive he took the headship of the School of Egyptology in Cairo, and was given the titles of Bey and Pasha. In 1881 he succeeded Mariette as keeper of the Museum at Boulak; later in the same year he returned to Berlin to lecture on Egyptology, and was made director of the Egyptian Museum there. He had been a member of the embassy to Persia in 1860. He died September 10, 1894. His works include: "Egyptian Monuments," 1857 and 1862-1866; "History of Egypt," 1859, 1877, revised more than once since and still valuable; "Hieroglyphic-demotic Dictionary," 1867-1882; "The Exodus and the Egyptian Monuments," 1875; "Geographical Dictionary of Ancient Egypt," 1879-1880.]

BEGINNING of the victory of king Ramses Miamun — may he live forever! — which he obtained over the people of the Khita, of Naharain, of Malunna, of Pidasa, of the Dardani, over the people of Masa, of Karkisha, of Qasuatan, of Qarkemish, of Kati, of Anaugas, over the people of Akerith and Mushanath.

The youthful king with the bold hand has not his equal. His arms are powerful, his heart is firm, his courage is like that of the god of war, Monthu, in the midst of the fight. He leads his warriors to unknown peoples. He seizes his weapons, and is a wall, their [his warriors'] shield in the day of battle. He seizes his bow, and no man offers opposition. Mightier than a hundred thousand united together goes he forwards. His courage is firm like that of a bull. He has smitten all peoples who had united themselves together. No man knows the thousands of men who stood against him. A hundred thousand sank before his glance. Terrible is he when his war cry resounds; bolder than the whole world; he is as the grim lion in the valley of the gazelles. His command will be performed. No one dares to speak against him. Wise is his counsel. Complete are his decisions, when he wears the royal crown Atef and declares his will, a protector of his people. His heart is like a mountain of iron. Such is king Ramses Miamun.

After the king had armed his people and his chariots, and in like manner the Shardonians, which were once his prisoners, then was the order given them for the battle. The king took his way downwards, and his people and his chariots accompanied him, and followed the best road on their march. . . .

Now had the miserable king of the hostile Khita, and the many peoples which were with him, hidden themselves in an ambush to the northwest of the city of Kadesh, while Pharaoh was alone, no other was with him. The legion of Amom advanced behind him. The legion of Phra went into the ditch on the territory which lies to the west of the town of Shabatuna, divided by a long interval from the legion of Ptah in the midst [marching] towards the town of Arnama. The legion of Sutekh marched on by their roads. And the king called together all the chief men of his warriors. Behold, they were at the lake of the land of the Amorites. At the same time the miserable king of Khita was in the midst of his warriors which were with him. But his hand was not so bold as to venture on battle with Pharaoh. Therefore he drew away the horsemen and the chariots which were numerous as the sand. And they stood three men on each war chariot, and there were assembled in one spot the best heroes of the army of Khita, well appointed with all weapons for the fight.

They did not dare to advance. They stood in ambush to the northwest of the town of Kadesh. Then they went out from Kadesh, on the side of the south, and threw themselves into the midst of the legion of Pra-Hormakhu, which gave way, and was not prepared for the fight. Then Pharaoh's warriors and chariots gave way before them. And Pharaoh had placed himself to the north of the town of Kadesh, on the west side of the river Arunatha. Then they came to tell the king. Then the king arose, like his father Month; he grasped his weapons and put on his armor, just like Baal in his time. And the noble pair of horses which carried Pharaoh, and whose name was "Victory in Thebes," they were from the court of King Ramses Miamun. When the king had quickened his course, he rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Khita, all alone, no other was with him. When Pharaoh had done this, he looked behind him and found himself surrounded by 2500 pairs of horses, and his retreat was beset by the bravest heroes of the king of the miserable Khita, and by all the numerous peoples which were with him, of Arathu, of Masu, of Pidasa, of Kesh-

kesh, of Malunna, of Qazauadana, of Khilibu, of Akerith, of Kadesh, and of Leka. And there were three men on each chariot, and they were all gathered together.

[Thus spake the king : —]

“ And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the chariots, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle. . . .

“ I hurled the dart with my right hand, I fought with my left hand. I was like Baal in his time before their sight. I had found 2500 pairs of horses; I was in the midst of them; but they were dashed in pieces before my horses. Not one of them raised his hand to fight; their courage was sunken in their breasts, their limbs gave way, they could not hurl the dart, nor had they the courage to thrust with the spear. I made them fall into the waters just as the crocodiles fall in. They tumbled down on their faces one after another. I killed them at my pleasure, so that not one looked back behind him, nor did another turn round. Each one fell, he raised himself not up again.

“ There stood still the miserable king of Khita in the midst of his warriors and his chariots, to behold the fight of the king. He was all alone; not one of his warriors, not one of his chariots was with him. There he turned round for fright before the king. Thereupon he sent the princes in great numbers, each of them with his chariot, well equipped with all kinds of offensive weapons: the king of Arathu and him of Masa, the king of Malunna and him of Leka, the king of the Dardani and him of Keshkesh, the king of Qarqamash and him of Khilibi. There were altogether the brothers of the king of Khita united in one place, to the number of 2500 pairs of horses. They forthwith rushed right on, their countenance directed to the flame of fire [*i.e.* my face].

“ I rushed down upon them. Like Monthu was I. I let them taste my hand in the space of a moment. I dashed them down, and killed them where they stood. Then cried out one of them to his neighbor, saying: ‘ This is no man. Ah! woe to us! He who is in our midst is Sutekh, the glorious: Baal is in all his limbs. Let us hasten and flee before him. Let us save our lives; let us try our breath.’ ”

As soon as any one attacked him, his hand fell down and every limb of his body. They could not aim either the bow or

the spear. They only looked at him as he came on in his headlong career from afar. The king was behind them like a griffin.

[Thus spake the king:—]

"I struck them down; they did not escape me. I lifted up my voice to my warriors and to my charioteers, and spake to them, 'Halt! stand! take courage, my warriors, my charioteers! Look upon my victory. I am alone, but Amon is my helper, and his hand is with me.'

"When Menna, my charioteer, beheld with his eyes how many pairs of horses surrounded me, his courage left him, and his heart was afraid. Evident terror and great fright took possession of his whole body. Immediately he spake to me: 'My gracious lord, thou brave king, thou guardian of the Egyptians in the day of battle, protect us. We stand alone in the midst of enemies. Stop, to save the breath of life for us. Give us deliverance, protect us, O King Ramses Miamun.'"

Then spake the king to his charioteer: "Halt! stand! take courage, my charioteer. I will dash myself down among them as the sparrow hawk dashes down. I will slay them, I will cut them in pieces, I will dash them to the ground in the dust. Why then is such a thought in thy heart? These are unclean ones for Amon, wretches who do not acknowledge the god."

And the king hurried onwards. He charged down upon the hostile hosts of Khita. For the sixth time, when he charged upon them [says the king]: "There was I like to Baal behind them in his time, when he has strength. I killed them; none escaped me."

[The king gives his officers a tongue lashing for leaving him in the lurch. The next morning the battle is renewed.]

"The diadem of the royal snake adorned my head. It spat fire and glowing flame in the face of my enemies. I appeared like the sun god at his rising in the early morning. My shining beams were a consuming fire for the limbs of the wicked. They cried out to one another, 'Take care, do not fall! For the powerful snake of royalty, which accompanies him, has placed itself on his horse. It helps him. Every one who comes in his way and falls down there comes forth fire and flame to consume his body.'"

And they remained afar off, and threw themselves down on the earth to entreat the king in the sight [of his army]. And the king had power over them and slew them without their

being able to escape. As bodies tumbled before his horses, so they lay there stretched out all together in their blood.

Then the king of the hostile people of Khita sent a messenger to pray piteously to the great name of the king, speaking thus : "Thou art Ra-Hormakhu. Thou art Sutekh the glorious, the son of Nut, Baal in his time. Thy terror is upon the land of Khita, for thou hast broken the neck of Khita forever and ever."

Thereupon he allowed his messenger to enter. He bore a writing in his hand with the address, "To the great double name of the king":—

"May this suffice for the satisfaction of the heart of the holiness of the royal house, the Sun-Horus, the mighty Bull, who loves justice, the great lord, the protector of his people, the brave with his arm, the rampart of his life guards in the day of battle, the king Ramses Miamun.

"The servant speaks, he makes known to Pharaoh, my gracious lord, the beautiful son of Ra-Hormakhu, as follows:—

"Since thou art the son of Amon, from whose body thou art sprung, so has he granted to thee all the peoples together.

"The people of Egypt and the people of Khita ought to be brothers together as thy servants. Let them be at thy feet. The sun god Ra has granted thee the best [people]. Do us no injury, glorious spirit, whose anger weighs upon the people of Khita.

"Would it be good if thou shouldst wish to kill thy servants, whom thou hast brought under thy power? Thy look is terrible, and thou art not mildly disposed. Calm thyself. Yesterday thou camest and hast slain hundreds of thousands. Thou comest to-day, and none will be left remaining [to serve thee].

"Do not carry out thy purpose, thou mighty king. Better is peace than war. Give us freedom."

Then the king turned back in a gentle humor, like his father Monthu in his time, and Pharaoh assembled all the leaders of the army and of the chariot fighters and of the life guards. And when they were all assembled together in one place, they were permitted to hear the contents of the message which the great king of Khita had sent to him. [When they had heard] these words, which the messenger of the king of Khita had brought as his embassy to Pharaoh, then they answered and spake thus to the king:—

"Excellent, excellent is that ! Let thy anger pass away, O great lord our king ! He who does not accept peace must offer it. Who would content thee in the day of thy wrath ?"

Then the king gave order to listen to the words of him, and he let his hands rest, in order to return to the south. Then the king went in peace to the land of Egypt with his princes, with his army, and his charioteers, in serene humor, in the sight of his [people]. All countries feared the power of the king, as of the lord of both the worlds. It had protected his own warriors. All peoples came at his name, and their kings fell down to pray before his beautiful countenance. The king reached the city of Ramses Miamun, the great worshiper of Ra-Hormakhu, and rested in his palace in the most serene humor, just like the sun on his throne. And Amon came to greet him, speaking thus to him : " Be thou blessed, thou our son, whom we love, Ramses Miamun ! May they [the gods] secure to him without end many thirty-years' feasts of jubilee forever on the chair of his father Tum, and may all lands be under his feet ! "

[The cowering terror of the " miserable king of the Khitas " would seem to have been overdrawn, as an alliance was concluded between him and Rameses on exactly equal terms (including a mutual extradition treaty), and cemented by a royal marriage.]



THE MIRAGE IN EGYPT.

By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

BENEATH the sand-storm, John the Pilgrim prays ;
 But when he rises, lo ! an Eden smiles,
 Green cedarn slopes, meadows of camomiles,
 Claspt in a silvery river's winding maze.
 " Water, water ! Blessed be God ! " he says,
 And totters gasping toward those happy isles.
 Then all is fled ! Over the sandy piles
 The bald-eyed vultures come and stand and gaze.
 " God heard me not," says he ; " blessed be God,"
 And dies. But as he nears the Pearly Strand,
 Heav'n's outer coast where waiting angels stand,
 He looks below. " Farewell, thou hooded clod,
 Brown corpse the vultures tear on bloody sand,
 God heard my prayer for life — blessed be God ! "

CONSPIRACY AND SORCERY

By GEORG EBERS.

From "Uarda."

[GEORG MORITZ EBERS: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred." Died in 1898.]

THE house of the charioteer Mena resembled the neighboring estate of Paaker, though the buildings were less new, the gay paint on the pillars and walls was faded, and the large garden lacked careful attention. In the vicinity of the house only, a few well-kept beds blazed with splendid flowers, and the open colonnade, which was occupied by Katuti and her daughter, was furnished with royal magnificence.

The elegantly carved seats were made of ivory, the tables of ebony, and they, as well as the couches, had gilt feet. The artistically worked Syrian drinking vessels on the sideboard, tables, and consoles were of many forms; beautiful vases full of flowers stood everywhere; rare perfumes rose from alabaster cups, and the foot sank in the thick pile of the carpets which covered the floor. And over the apparently careless arrangement of these various objects there reigned a peculiar charm, an indescribably fascinating something.

Stretched at full length on a couch, and playing with a silky-haired white cat, lay the fair Nefert, — fanned to coolness by a negro girl, — while her mother Katuti nodded a last farewell to her sister Setchem and to Paaker.

Both had crossed this threshold for the first time for four years; that is, since the marriage of Mena with Nefert, and the old enmity seemed now to have given way to heartfelt reconciliation and mutual understanding.

After the pioneer and his mother had disappeared behind the pomegranate shrubs at the entrance of the garden, Katuti turned to her daughter and said: —

“Who would have thought it yesterday? I believe Paaker loves you still.”

Nefert colored, and exclaimed softly, while she hit the kitten gently with her fan,—

“Mother!”

Katuti smiled.

She was a tall woman, of noble demeanor, whose sharp but delicately cut features and sparkling eyes could still assert some pretensions to feminine beauty. She wore a long robe, which reached below her ankles; it was of costly material, but dark in color, and of a studied simplicity. Instead of the ornaments in bracelets, anklets, ear and finger rings, in necklaces and clasps, which most of the Egyptian ladies—and indeed her own sister and daughter—were accustomed to wear, she had only fresh flowers, which were never wanting in the garden of her son-in-law. Only a plain gold diadem, the badge of her royal descent, always rested, from early morning till late at night, on her high brow—for a woman too high, though nobly formed—and confined the long, blue black hair, which fell unbraided down her back, as if its owner contemned the vain labor of arranging it artistically. But nothing in her exterior was unpremeditated, and the unbejeweled wearer of the diadem, in her plain dress, and with her royal figure, was everywhere sure of being observed, and of finding imitators of her dress, and indeed of her demeanor.

And yet Katuti had long lived in need; ay, at the very hour when we first make her acquaintance she had little of her own, but lived on the estate of her son-in-law as his guest, and as the administrator of his possessions; and before the marriage of her daughter she had lived with her children in a house belonging to her sister Setchem.

She had been the wife of her own brother, who had died young, and who had squandered the greatest part of the possessions which had been left to him by the new royal family, in an extravagant love of display.

When she became a widow, she was received as a sister, with her children, by her brother-in-law, Paaker's father. She lived in a house of her own, enjoyed the income of an estate assigned to her by the old Mohar, and left to her son-in-law the care of educating her son, a handsome and overbearing lad, with all the claims and pretensions of a youth of distinction.

Such great benefits would have oppressed and disgraced the proud Katuti, if she had been content with them and in every way agreed with the giver. But this was by no means the case; rather, she believed that she might pretend to a more brilliant outward position, felt herself hurt when her heedless son while he attended school was warned to work more seriously, as he would by and by have to rely on his own skill and his own strength. And it had wounded her when occasionally her brother-in-law had suggested economy, and had reminded her, in his straightforward way, of her narrow means, and the uncertain future of her children.

At this she was deeply offended, for she ventured to say that her relatives could never, with all their gifts, compensate for the insults they heaped upon her; and thus taught them by experience that we quarrel with no one more readily than with the benefactor whom we can never repay for all the good he bestows on us.

Nevertheless, when her brother-in-law asked the hand of her daughter for his son, she willingly gave her consent.

Nefert and Paaker had grown up together, and by this union she foresaw that she could secure her own future and that of her children.

Shortly after the death of the Mohar, the charioteer Mena had proposed for Nefert's hand, but would have been refused if the king himself had not supported the suit of his favorite officer. After the wedding, she retired with Nefert to Mena's house, and undertook, while he was at the war, to manage his great estates, which, however, had been greatly burdened with debt by his father.

Fate put the means into her hands of indemnifying herself and her children for many past privations, and she availed herself of them to gratify her innate desire to be esteemed and admired; to obtain admission for her son, splendidly equipped, into a company of chariot warriors of the highest class; and to surround her daughter with princely magnificence.

When the regent, who had been a friend of her late husband, removed into the palace of the Pharaohs, he made her advances, and the clever and decided woman knew how to make herself at first agreeable, and finally indispensable, to the vacillating man.

She availed herself of the circumstance that she, as well as he, was descended from the old royal house to pique his ambi-

tion, and to open to him a view, which, even to think of, he would have considered forbidden as a crime, before he became intimate with her.

Ani's suit for the hand of the Princess Bent-Anat was Katuti's work. She hoped that the Pharaoh would refuse, and personally offend the regent, and so make him more inclined to tread the dangerous road which she was endeavoring to smooth for him. The dwarf Nemu was her pliant tool.

She had not initiated him into her projects by any words; he, however, gave utterance to every impulse of her mind in free language, which was punished only with blows from a fan, and, only the day before, had been so audacious as to say that if the Pharaoh were called Ani instead of Rameses, Katuti would be not a queen but a goddess, for she would then have not to obey, but rather to guide, the Pharaoh, who indeed himself was related to the immortals.

Katuti did not observe her daughter's blush, for she was looking anxiously out at the garden gate, and said:—

"Where can Nemu be? There must be some news arrived for us from the army."

"Mena has not written for so long," Nefert said softly. "Ah! here is the steward."

Katuti turned to the officer, who had entered the veranda through a side door.

"What do you bring?" she asked.

"The dealer Abscha," was the answer, "presses for payment. The new Syrian chariot and the purple cloth——"

"Sell some corn," ordered Katuti.

"Impossible, for the tribute to the temples is not yet paid, and already so much has been delivered to the dealers that scarcely enough remains over for the maintenance of the household and for sowing."

"Then pay with beasts."

"But, madam," said the steward, sorrowfully, "only yesterday we again sold a herd to the Mohar; and the water wheels must be turned, and the corn must be thrashed, and we need beasts for sacrifice, and milk, butter, and cheese for the use of the house, and dung for firing."

Katuti looked thoughtfully at the ground.

"It must be," she said presently. "Ride to Hermonthis, and say to the keeper of the stud that he must have ten of Mena's golden bays driven over here."

"I have already spoken to him," said the steward, "but he maintains that Mena strictly forbade him to part with even one of the horses, for he is proud of the stock. Only for the chariot of the lady Nefert ——"

"I require obedience," said Katuti, decidedly, and cutting short the steward's words, "and I expect the horses to-morrow."

"But the stud master is a daring man, whom Mena looks upon as indispensable, and he ——"

"I command here, and not the absent," cried Katuti, enraged, "and I require the horses in spite of the former orders of my son-in-law."

Nefert, during this conversation, pulled herself up from her indolent attitude. On hearing the last words she rose from her couch, and said, with a decision which surprised even her mother:—

"The orders of my husband must be obeyed. The horses that Mena loves shall stay in their stalls. Take this armlet that the king gave me; it is worth more than twenty horses."

The steward examined the trinket, richly set with precious stones, and looked inquiringly at Katuti. She shrugged her shoulders, nodded consent, and said:—

"Abscha shall hold it as a pledge till Mena's booty arrives. For a year your husband has sent nothing of importance."

When the steward was gone, Nefert stretched herself again on her couch and said, wearily:—

"I thought we were rich."

"We might be," said Katuti, bitterly; but as she perceived that Nefert's cheeks were again glowing, she said amiably: "Our high rank imposes great duties on us. Princely blood flows in our veins, and the eyes of the people are turned on the wife of the most brilliant hero in the king's army. They shall not say that she is neglected by her husband. How long Mena remains away!"

"I hear a noise in the court," said Nefert. "The regent is coming."

Katuti turned again toward the garden.

A breathless slave rushed in, and announced that Bent-Amat, the daughter of the king, had dismounted at the gate, and was approaching the garden with the Prince Rameri. . . .

Katuti looked down reflectively. Then she said, "The regent certainly likes very well to pass his hours of leisure

with me, gossiping or playing draughts, but I do not know that I should dare to speak to him of so grave a matter."

"Marriage projects are women's affairs," said Bent-Anat, smiling.

"But the marriage of a princess is a state event," replied the widow. "In this case, it is true, the uncle only courts his niece, who is dear to him, and who he hopes will make the second half of his life the brightest. Ani is kind and without severity. Thou wouldst win in him a husband who would wait on thy looks, and bow willingly to thy strong will."

Bent-Anat's eyes flashed, and she hastily exclaimed: "That is exactly what forces the decisive, irrevocable 'no' to my lips. Do you think that because I am as proud as my mother, and resolute like my father, that I wish for a husband whom I could govern and lead as I would? How little you know me! I will be obeyed by my dogs, my servants, my officers, if the gods so will it, by my children. Abject beings, who will kiss my feet, I meet on every road, and can buy by the hundred, if I wish it, in the slave market. I may be courted twenty times, and reject twenty suitors, but not because I fear that they might bend my pride and my will; on the contrary, because I feel them increased. The man to whom I could wish to offer my hand must be of a loftier stamp, must be greater, firmer, and better than I; and I will flutter after the mighty wing strokes of his spirit, and smile at my own weakness, and glory in admiring his superiority."

Katuti listened to the maiden with the smile by which the experienced love to signify their superiority over the visionary.

"Ancient times may have produced such men," she said. "But if in these days thou thinkest to find one, thou wilt wear the lock of youth till thou art gray. Our thinkers are no heroes, and our heroes are no sages. Here come thy brother and Nefert."

"Will you persuade Ani to give up his suit?" said the princess, urgently.

"I will endeavor to do so, for thy sake," replied Katuti. Then, turning half to the young Rameri and half to his sister, she said:—

"The chief of the House of Seti, Ameni, was in his youth such a man as thou paintest, Bent-Anat. Tell us, thou son of Rameses, that art growing up under the young sycamores, which shall some day overshadow the land—whom dost thou

esteem the highest among thy companions? Is there one among them who is conspicuous above them all for a lofty spirit and the strength of intellect?"

The young Rameri looked gayly at the speaker, and said, laughing:—

"We are all much alike, and do more or less willingly what we are compelled, and by preference everything we ought not."

"A mighty soul—a youth who promises to be a second Snefru, a Thotmes, or even an Ameni? Dost thou know none such in the House of Seti?" asked the widow.

"Oh, yes!" cried Rameri, with eager certainty.

"And he is ——?" asked Katuti.

"Pentaur, the poet," exclaimed the youth. Bent-Anat's face glowed with scarlet color, while her brother went on to explain.

"He is noble and of a lofty soul, and all the gods dwell in him when he speaks. Formerly we used to go to sleep in the lecture hall; but his words carry us away, and if we do not take in the full meaning of his thoughts, yet we feel that they are genuine and noble."

Bent-Anat breathed quicker at these words, her eyes hung on the boy's lips.

"You know him, Bent-Anat," continued Rameri. "He was with you at the paraschites' house, and in the temple court when Ameni pronounced you unclean. He is as tall and handsome as the god Menth, and I feel that he is one of those whom we can never forget when once we have seen them. Yesterday, after you had left the temple, he spoke as he never spoke before; he poured fire into our souls. Do not laugh, Katuti; I feel it burning still. This morning we were informed that he had been sent from the temple, who knows where—and had left us a message of farewell. It was not thought at all necessary to communicate the reason to us; but we know more than the masters think. He did not reprove you strongly enough, Bent-Anat, and therefore he is driven out of the House of Seti. We have agreed to combine to ask for him to be recalled; Anana is drawing up a letter to the chief priest, which we shall all subscribe. It would turn out badly for one alone, but they cannot be at all of us at once. Very likely they will have the sense to recall him. If not, we shall all complain to our fathers, and they are not the meanest in the land."

As soon as Bent-Anat had quitted Mena's domain, the dwarf Nemu entered the garden with a letter, and briefly related his adventures ; but in such a comical fashion that both the ladies laughed, and Katuti, with a lively gayety, which was usually foreign to her, while she warned him, at the same time praised his acuteness. She looked at the seal of the letter, and said, —

“This is a lucky day ; it has brought us great things, and the promise of greater things in the future.”

Nefert came close up to her and said imploringly, “Open the letter, and see if there is nothing in it from him.”

Katuti unfastened the wax, looked through the letter with a hasty glance, stroked the cheek of her child, and said, —

“Perhaps your brother has written for him ; I see no line in his handwriting.”

Nefert on her side glanced at the letter, but not to read it, only to seek some trace of the well-known handwriting of her husband.

Like all the Egyptian women of good family she could read, and during the first two years of her married life she had often — very often — had the opportunity of puzzling, and yet rejoicing, over the feeble signs which the iron hand of the charioteer had scrawled on the papyrus for her whose slender fingers could guide the reed pen with firmness and decision.

She examined the letter, and at last said, with tears in her eyes : —

“Nothing ! I will go to my room, mother.”

Katuti kissed her and said, “Hear first what your brother writes.”

But Nefert shook her head, turned away in silence, and disappeared into the house.

Katuti was not very friendly to her son-in-law, but her heart clung to her handsome, reckless son, the very image of her lost husband, the favorite of women, and the gayest youth among the young nobles who composed the chariot guard of the king.

How fully he had written to-day — he who wielded the reed pen so laboriously.

This really was a letter ; while usually he only asked in the fewest words for fresh funds for the gratification of his extravagant tastes.

This time she might look for thanks, for not long since he must have received a considerable supply, which she had

abstracted from the income of the possessions intrusted to her by her son-in-law.

She began to read.

The cheerfulness with which she had met the dwarf was insincere, and had resembled the brilliant colors of the rainbow, which gleam over the stagnant waters of a bog. A stone falls into the pool, the colors vanish, dim mists rise up, and it becomes foul and cloudy.

The news which her son's letter contained fell, indeed, like a block of stone on Katuti's soul.

Our deepest sorrows always flow from the same source as might have filled us with joy, and those wounds burn the fiercest which are inflicted by a hand we love.

The further Katuti went in the lamentably incorrect epistle — which she could only decipher with difficulty — which her darling had written to her, the paler grew her face, which she several times covered with the trembling hands, from which the letter dropped.

Nemu squatted on the earth near her, and followed all her movements.

When she sprang forward with a heart-piercing scream, and pressed her forehead to a rough palm trunk, he crept up to her, kissed her feet, and exclaimed, with a depth of feeling that overcame even Katuti, who was accustomed to hear only gay or bitter speeches from the lips of her jester : —

“Mistress ! lady ! what has happened ?”

Katuti collected herself, turned to him, and tried to speak ; but her pale lips remained closed, and her eyes gazed dimly into vacancy as though a catalepsy had seized her.

“Mistress ! Mistress !” cried the dwarf again, with growing agitation. “What is the matter ? shall I call thy daughter ?”

Katuti made a sign with her hand, and cried feebly, “The wretches ! the reprobates !”

Her breath began to come quickly, the blood mounted to her cheeks and her flashing eyes ; she trod upon the letter, and wept so loud and passionately that the dwarf, who had never before seen tears in her eyes, raised himself timidly, and said in mild reproach, “Katuti !”

She laughed bitterly, and said with a trembling voice :

“Why do you call my name so loud ; it is disgraced and degraded. How the nobles and the ladies will rejoice ! Now envy can point at us with spiteful joy — and a minute ago I

was praising this day! They say one should exhibit one's happiness in the streets, and conceal one's misery; on the contrary, on the contrary! Even the gods should not know of one's hopes and joys, for they too are envious and spiteful!"

Again she leaned her head against the palm tree.

"Thou speakest of shame, and not of death," said Nemu, "and I learned from thee that one should give nothing up for lost excepting the dead."

These words had a powerful effect on the agitated woman. Quickly and vehemently she turned upon the dwarf, saying:—

"You are clever, and faithful too, so listen! but if you were Amon himself there is nothing to be done——"

"We must try," said Nemu, and his sharp eyes met those of his mistress.

"Speak," he said, "and trust me. Perhaps I can be of no use; but that I can be silent thou knowest."

"Before long the children in the streets will talk of what this tells me," said Katuti, laughing with bitterness, "only Nefert must know nothing of what has happened—nothing, mind; what is that? the regent coming! quick, fly; tell him I am suddenly taken ill, very ill; I cannot see him, not now! No one is to be admitted—no one, do you hear?"

The dwarf went.

When he came back after he had fulfilled his errand, he found his mistress still in a fever of excitement.

"Listen," she said; "first the smaller matter, then the frightful, the unspeakable. Rameses loads Mena with marks of his favor. It came to a division of the spoils of war, for the year; a great heap of treasure lay ready for each of his followers, and the charioteer had to choose before all the others."

"Well?" said the dwarf.

"Well!" echoed Katuti. "Well! how did the worthy householder care for his belongings at home, how did he seek to relieve his indebted estate? It is disgraceful, hideous! He passed by the silver, the gold, the jewels, with a laugh; and took the captive daughter of the Danaid princes, and led her into his tent."

"Shameful!" muttered the dwarf.

"Poor, poor Nefert!" cried Katuti, covering her face with her hands.

"And what more?" asked Nemu, hastily.

"That," said Katuti, "that is—but I will keep calm—quite calm and quiet. You know my son. He is heedless, but he loves me and his sister more than anything in the world. I, fool as I was, to persuade him to economy, had vividly described our evil plight, and after that disgraceful conduct of Mena he thought of us and of our anxieties. His share of the booty was small, and could not help us. His comrades threw dice for the shares they had obtained—he staked his to win more for us. He lost—all—all—and at last against an enormous sum, still thinking of us, and only of us, he staked the mummy of his dead father. He lost. If he does not redeem the pledge before the expiration of the third month, he will fall into infamy, the mummy will belong to the winner, and disgrace and ignominy will be my lot and his."

Katuti pressed her hands on her face, the dwarf muttered to himself, "The gambler and hypocrite!"

When his mistress had grown calmer, he said:—

"It is horrible, yet all is not lost. How much is the debt?"

It sounded like a heavy curse, when Katuti replied, "Thirty Babylonian talents!"

The dwarf cried out, as if an asp had stung him, "Who dared to bid against such a mad stake?"

"The Lady Hathor's son, Antef," answered Katuti, "who has already gambled away the inheritance of his fathers in Thebes."

"He will not remit one grain of wheat of his claim," cried the dwarf. "And Mena?"

"How could my son turn to him after what has happened? The poor child implores me to ask the assistance of the regent."

"Of the regent?" said the dwarf, shaking his big head. "Impossible?"

"I know, as matters now stand; but his place, his name."

"Mistress," said the dwarf, and deep purpose rang in the words, "do not spoil the future for the sake of the present. If thy son loses his honor under King Rameses, the future king, Ani, may restore it to him. If the regent now renders you all an important service, he will regard you as amply paid when our efforts have succeeded, and he sits on the throne. He lets himself be led by thee now because thou hast no need of his help, and dost seem to work only for his sake, and for his elevation. As soon as thou hast appealed to him, and he has assisted thee, all thy confidence and freedom will be gone, and the more difficult he finds it to raise so large a sum of

money at once, the angrier he will be to think that thou art making use of him. Thou knowest his circumstances."

"He is in debt," said Katuti. "I know that."

"Thou shouldst know it," cried the dwarf, "for thou thyself hast forced him to enormous expenses. He has won the people of Thebes with dazzling festive displays; as guardian of Apis he gave a large donation to Memphis; he bestowed thousands on the leaders of the troops sent into Ethiopia, which were equipped by him; what his spies cost him at the camp of the king thou knowest. He has borrowed sums of money from most of the rich men in the country, and that is well, for so many creditors are so many allies. The regent is a bad debtor; but the King Ani, they reckon, will be a grateful payer."

Katuti looked at the dwarf in astonishment.

"You know men!" she said.

"To my sorrow!" replied Nemu. "Do not apply to the regent, and before thou dost sacrifice the labor of years, and thy future greatness, and that of those near to thee, sacrifice thy son's honor."

"And my husband's and my own?" exclaimed Katuti. "How can you know what that is! Honor is a word that the slave may utter, but whose meaning he can never comprehend; you rub the weals that are raised on you by blows; to me every finger pointed at me in scorn makes a wound like an ash-wood lance with a poisoned tip of brass. Oh, ye holy gods! who can help us?"

The miserable woman pressed her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of her own disgrace.

The dwarf looked up at her compassionately, and said, in a changed tone:—

"Dost thou remember the diamond which fell out of Nefert's handsomest ring? We hunted for it, and could not find it. Next day, as I was going through the room, I trod on something hard; I stooped down and found the stone. What the noble organ of sight, the eye, overlooked, the callous despised sole of the foot found; and perhaps the small slave, Nemu, who knows nothing of honor, may succeed in finding a mode of escape which is not revealed to the lofty soul of his mistress!"

"What are you thinking of?" asked Katuti.

"Escape," answered the dwarf. "Is it true that thy sister Setchem has visited thee, and that you are reconciled?"

"She offered me her hand, and I took it!"

"Then go to her. Men are never more helpful than after a reconciliation. The enmity they have driven out seems to leave, as it were, a freshly healed wound which must be touched with caution; and Setchem is of thy own blood, and kind-hearted."

"She is not rich," replied Katuti. "Every palm in her garden comes from her husband, and belongs to her children."

"Paaker, too, was with you?"

"Certainly only by the entreaty of his mother—he hates my son-in-law."

"I know it," muttered the dwarf, "but if Nefert would ask him?"

The widow drew herself up indignantly. She felt that she had allowed the dwarf too much freedom, and ordered him to leave her alone.

Nemu kissed her robe and asked, timidly:—

"Shall I forget that thou hast trusted me, or am I permitted to consider further as to thy son's safety?"

Katuti stood for a moment undecided, then she said:—

"You were clever enough to find what I carelessly dropped; perhaps some god may show you what I ought to do. Now leave me."

"Wilt thou want me early to-morrow?"

"No."

"Then I will go to the Necropolis, and offer a sacrifice."

"Go!" said Katuti, and went toward the house with the fatal letter in her hand.

Nemu stayed behind alone; he looked thoughtfully at the ground, murmuring to himself:—

"She must not lose her honor; not at present, or indeed all will be lost. What is this honor? We all come into the world without it, and most of us go to the grave without knowing it, and very good folks notwithstanding. Only a few who are rich and idle weave it in with the homely stuff of their souls, as the Kuschites do their hair with grease and oils, till it forms a cap of which, though it distfigures them, they are so proud that they would rather have their ears cut off than the monstrous thing. I see, I see—but before I open my mouth I will go to my mother. She knows more than twenty prophets."

Before the sun had risen the next morning, Nemu got himself ferried over the Nile, with the small white ass which Mena's

deceased father had given him many years before. He availed himself of the cool hour which precedes the rising of the sun for his ride through the Necropolis.

Well acquainted as he was with every stock and stone, he avoided the highroads which led to the goal of his expedition, and trotted toward the hill which divides the valley of the royal tombs from the plain of the Nile.

Before him opened a noble amphitheater of lofty limestone peaks, the background of the stately terrace-temple which the proud ancestress of two kings of the fallen family, the great Hatasu, had erected to their memory, and to the Goddess Hathor.

Nemu left the sanctuary to his left, and rode up the steep hill path which was the nearest way from the plain to the valley of the tombs.

Below him lay a bird's eye view of the terrace building of Hatasu, and before him, still slumbering in cool dawn, was the Necropolis with its houses and temples and colossal statues, the broad Nile glistening with white sails under the morning mist; and, in the distant east, rosy with the coming sun, stood Thebes and her gigantic temples.

But the dwarf saw nothing of the glorious panorama that lay at his feet; absorbed in thought, and stooping over the neck of his ass, he let the panting beast climb and rest at its pleasure.

When he had reached half the height of the hill, he perceived the sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer to him.

The vigorous walker had soon reached him, and bid him good morning, which he civilly returned.

The hill path was narrow, and when Nemu observed that the man who followed him was a priest, he drew up his donkey on a level spot, and said reverently:—

“Pass on, holy father; for thy two feet carry thee quicker than my four.”

“A sufferer needs my help,” replied the leech Nebsecht, Pentaur's friend, whom we have already seen in the House of Seti, and by the bed of the paraschites' daughter; and he hastened on so as to gain on the slow pace of the rider.

Then rose the glowing disk of the sun above the eastern horizon, and from the sanctuaries below the travelers rose up the pious, many-voiced chant of praise.

Nemu slipped off his ass, and assumed an attitude of prayer; the priest did the same; but while the dwarf devoutly fixed his

eyes on the new birth of the Sun god from the eastern range, the priest's eyes wandered to the earth, and his raised hand fell to pick up a rare fossil shell which lay on the path.

In a few minutes Nebsecht rose, and Nemu followed him.

"It is a fine morning," said the dwarf; "the holy fathers down there seem more cheerful to-day than usual."

The surgeon laughed assent. "Do you belong to the Necropolis?" he said. "Who here keeps dwarfs?"

"No one," answered the little man. "But I will ask thee a question. Who that lives here behind the hill is of so much importance that a leech from the House of Seti sacrifices his night's rest for him?"

"The one I visit is mean, but the suffering is great," answered Nebsecht.

Nemu looked at him with admiration, and muttered:—

"That is noble, that is ——" but he did not finish his speech; he struck his brow, and exclaimed:—

"You are going, by the desire of the Princess Bent-Anat, to the child of the parashites that was run over. I guessed as much. The food must have an excellent aftertaste, if a gentleman rises so early to eat it. How is the poor child doing?"

There was so much warmth in these last words that Nebsecht, who had thought the dwarf's reproach uncalled for, answered, in a friendly tone:—

"Not so badly; she may be saved."

"The gods be praised!" exclaimed Nemu, while the priest passed on.

Nebsecht went up and down the hillside at a redoubled pace, and had long taken his place by the couch of the wounded Uarda in the hovel of the parashites, when Nemu drew near to the abode of his Mother Hekt, from whom Paaker had received the philter.

The old woman sat before the door of her cave.

Near her lay a board, fitted with crosspieces, between which a little boy was stretched in such a way that they touched his head and his feet.

Hekt understood the art of making dwarfs; playthings in human form were well paid for, and the child on the rack, with his pretty little face, promised to be a valuable article.

As soon as the sorceress saw some one approaching she stooped over the child, took him up, board and all, in her arms, and carried him into the cave. Then she said sternly:—

"If you move, little one, I will flog you ; now let me tie you."

"Don't tie me," said the child ; "I will be good, and lie still."

"Stretch yourself out," ordered the old woman, and tied the child with a rope to the board. "If you are quiet, I'll give you a honey cake by and by, and let you play with the young chickens."

The child was quiet, and a soft smile of delight and hope sparkled in his pretty eyes. His little hand caught the dress of the old woman, and with the sweetest coaxing tone, which God bestows on the innocent voices of children, he said : —

"I will be as still as a mouse, and no one shall know that I am here ; but if you give me the honey cake you will untie me for a little, and let me go to Uarda."

"She is ill — what do you want there ?"

"I would take her the cake," said the child, and his eyes glistened with tears.

The old woman touched the child's chin with her finger, and some mysterious power prompted her to bend over him to kiss him. But before her lips had touched his face she turned away, and said, in a hard tone : —

"Lie still ! by and by we will see." Then she stooped, and threw a brown sack over the child. She went back into the open air, greeted Nemu, entertained him with milk, bread, and honey, gave him news of the girl who had been run over, for he seemed to take her misfortune very much to heart, and finally asked : —

"What brings you here ? The Nile was still narrow when you last found your way to me, and now it has been falling some time [beginning of November]. Are you sent by your mistress, or do you want my help ? All the world is alike. No one goes to see any one else unless he wants to make use of him. What shall I give you ?"

"I want nothing," said the dwarf, "but —"

"You are commissioned by a third person," said the witch, laughing. "It is the same thing. Whoever wants a thing for some one else only thinks of his own interest."

"May be," said Nemu. "At any rate your words show that you have not grown unwise since I saw you last — and I am glad of it, for I want your advice."

"Advice is cheap. What is going on out there ?" Nemu related to his mother shortly, clearly, and without reserve,

what was plotting in his mistress' house, and the frightful disgrace with which she was threatened through her son.

The old woman shook her gray head thoughtfully several times ; but she let the little man go on to the end of his story without interrupting him. Then she asked, and her eyes flashed as she spoke :—

“And you really believe that you will succeed in putting the sparrow on the eagle's perch — Ani on the throne of Rameses !”

“The troops fighting in Ethiopia are for us,” cried Nemu. “The priests declare themselves against the king, and recognize in Ani the genuine blood of Ra.”

“That is much,” said the old woman.

“And many dogs are the death of the gazelle,” said Nemu, laughing.

“But Rameses is not a gazelle to run, but a lion,” said the old woman, gravely. “You are playing a high game.”

“We know it,” answered Nemu. “But it is for high stakes — there is much to win.”

“And all to lose,” muttered the old woman, passing her fingers round her scraggy neck. “Well, do as you please — it is all the same to me who it is sends the young to be killed, and drives the old folks' cattle from the field. What do they want with me ?”

“No one has sent me,” answered the dwarf. “I come of my own free fancy to ask you what Katuti must do to save her son and her house from dishonor.”

“Hm !” hummed the witch, looking at Nemu while she raised herself on her stick. “What has come to you that you take the fate of these great people to heart as if it were your own ?”

The dwarf reddened, and answered hesitatingly, “Katuti is a good mistress, and, if things go well with her, there may be windfalls for you and me.”

Hekt shook her head doubtfully.

“A loaf for you, perhaps, and a crumb for me !” she said. “There is more than that in your mind, and I can read your heart as if you were a ripped-up raven. You are one of those who can never keep their fingers at rest, and must knead everybody's dough ; must push, and drive and stir something. Every jacket is too tight for you. If you were three feet taller, and the son of a priest, you might have gone far. Tigh you will

go, and high you will end ; as the friend of a king — or on the gallows.”

The old woman laughed ; but Nemu bit his lips, and said : —

“If you had sent me to school, and if I were not the son of a witch, and a dwarf, I would play with men as they played with me ; for I am cleverer than all of them, and none of their plans are hidden from me. A hundred roads lie before me, when they don't know whether to go out or in ; and where they rush heedlessly forward I see the abyss that they are running to.”

“And nevertheless you come to me ?” said the old woman, sarcastically.

“I want your advice,” said Nemu, seriously. “Four eyes see more than one, and the impartial looker-on sees clearer than the player ; besides, you are bound to help me.”

The old woman laughed loud in astonishment. “Bound !” she said, “I ? and to what, if you please ?”

“To help me,” replied the dwarf, half in entreaty, and half in reproach. “You deprived me of my growth, and reduced me to a cripple.”

“Because no one is better off than you dwarfs,” interrupted the witch.

Nemu shook his head, and answered sadly : —

“You have often said so — and perhaps for many others, who are born in misery like me — perhaps — you are right ; but for me — you have spoiled my life ; you have crippled not my body only, but my soul, and have condemned me to sufferings that are nameless and unutterable.”

The dwarf's big head sank on his breast, and with his left hand he pressed his heart.

The old woman went up to him kindly.

“What ails you ?” she asked. “I thought it was well with you in Mena's house.”

“You thought so ?” cried the dwarf. “You who show me as in a mirror what I am, and how mysterious powers throng and stir in me ? You made me what I am by your arts ; you sold me to the treasurer of Rameses, and he gave me to the father of Mena, his brother-in-law. Fifteen years ago ! I was a young man then, a youth like any other, only more passionate, more restless and fiery than they. I was given as a plaything to the young Mena, and he harnessed me to his little chariot, and dressed me out with ribbons and feathers, and flogged me

when I did not go fast enough. How the girl — for whom I would have given my life — the porter's daughter, laughed when I, dressed up in motley, hopped panting in front of the chariot, and the young lord's whip whistled in my ears, wringing the sweat from my brow, and the blood from my broken heart. Then Mena's father died, the boy went to school, and I waited on the wife of his steward, whom Katuti banished to Hermonthis. That was a time! The little daughter of the house made a doll of me, laid me in the cradle, and made me shut my eyes and pretend to sleep, while love and hatred, and great projects were strong within me. If I tried to resist they beat me with rods; and when once, in a rage, I forgot myself, and hit little Mertitefs hard, Mena, who came in, hung me up in the storeroom to a nail by my girdle, and left me to swing there; he said he had forgotten to take me down again. The rats fell upon me: here are the scars, these little white spots here — look! They perhaps will some day wear out, but the wounds that my spirit received in those hours have not yet ceased to bleed. Then Mena married Nefert, and, with her, his mother-in-law Katuti came into the house. She took me from the steward, I became indispensable to her; she treats me like a man, she values my intelligence and listens to my advice — therefore I will make her great, and with her, and through her, I will wax mighty. If Ani mounts the throne, we will guide him — you, and I, and she! *Rameses must fall, and with him Mena, the boy who degraded my body and poisoned my soul!* ”

During this speech the old woman had stood in silence opposite the dwarf. Now she sat down on her rough wooden seat, and said, while she proceeded to pluck a lapwing: —

“Now I understand you; you wish to be revenged. You hope to rise high, and I am to whet your knife, and hold the ladder for you. Poor little man! There, sit down — drink a gulp of milk to cool you, and listen to my advice. Katuti wants a great deal of money to escape dishonor. She need only pick it up — it lies at her door.”

The dwarf looked at the witch in astonishment.

“The Mohar Paaker is her sister Setchem's son, is he not?”

“As you say.”

“Katuti's daughter Nefert is the wife of your master Mena, and another would like to tempt the neglected little hen into his yard.”

“You mean Paaker, to whom Nefert was promised before she went after Mena.”

"Paaker was with me the day before yesterday."

"With you?"

"Yes, with me, with old Hekt — to buy a love philter. I gave him one, and as I was curious I went after him, saw him give the water to the little lady, and found out her name."

"And Nefert drank the magic drink?" asked the dwarf, horrified.

"Vinegar and turnip juice," laughed the old witch. "A lord who comes to me to win a wife is ripe for anything. Let Nefert ask Paaker for the money, and the young scapegrace's debts are paid."

"Katuti is proud, and repulsed me severely when I proposed this."

"Then she must sue to Paaker herself for the money. Go back to him, make him hope that Nefert is inclined to him, tell him what distresses the ladies, and if he refuses, but only if he refuses, let him see that you know something of the little dose."

The dwarf looked meditatively on the ground, and then said, looking admiringly at the old woman, "That is the right thing."

"You will find out the lie without my telling you," mumbled the witch; "your business is not perhaps such a bad one as it seemed to me at first. Katuti may thank the ne'er-do-well who staked his father's corpse. You don't understand me? Well, if you are really the sharpest of them all over there, what must the others be?"

"You mean that people will speak well of my mistress for sacrificing so large a sum for the sake ——"

"Whose sake? why speak well of her?" cried the old woman, impatiently. "Here we deal with other things, with actual facts. There stands Paaker — there the wife of Mena. If the Mohar sacrifices a fortune for Nefert, he will be her master, and Katuti will not stand in his way; she knows well enough why her nephew pays for her. But some one else stops the way, and that is Mena. It is worth while to get him out of the way. The charioteer stands close to the Pharaoh, and the noose that is flung at one may easily fall round the neck of the other too. Make the Mohar your ally, and it may easily happen that your rat bites may be paid for with mortal wounds, and Rameses who, if you marched against him openly, might blow you to the ground, may be hit by a lance thrown

from an ambush. When the throne is clear, the weak legs of the regent may succeed in clamoring up to it with the help of the priests. Here you sit—open-mouthed; and I have told you nothing that you might not have found out for yourself.”

“You are a perfect cask of wisdom!” exclaimed the dwarf.

“And now you will go away,” said Hekt, “and reveal your schemes to your mistress and the regent, and they will be astonished at your cleverness. To-day you still know that I have shown you what you have to do; to-morrow you will have forgotten it; and the day after to-morrow you will believe yourself possessed by the inspiration of the nine great gods. I know that; but I cannot give anything for nothing. You live by your smallness, another makes his living with his hard hands, I earn my scanty bread by the thoughts of my brain. Listen! when you have half won Paaker, and Ani shows himself inclined to make use of him, then say to him that I may know a secret—and I do know one, I alone—which may make the Mohar the sport of his wishes, and that I may be disposed to sell it.”

“That shall be done! certainly, mother,” cried the dwarf. “What do you wish for?”

“Very little,” said the old woman. “Only a permit that makes me free to do and to practice whatever I please, unmolested even by the priests, and to receive an honorable burial after my death.”

“The regent will hardly agree to that; for he must avoid everything that may offend the servants of the gods.”

“And do everything,” retorted the old woman, “that can degrade Rameses in their sight. Ani, do you hear, need not write me a new license, but only renew the old one granted to me by Rameses when I cured his favorite horse. They burnt it with my other possessions, when they plundered my house, and denounced me and my belongings for sorcery. The permit of Rameses is what I want, nothing more.”

“You shall have it,” said the dwarf. “Good-by; I am charged to look into the tomb of our house, and see whether the offerings for the dead are regularly set out; to pour out fresh essences and have various things renewed. When Sechet has ceased to rage and it is cooler, I shall come by here again, for I should like to call on the paraschites and see how the poor child is.”

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S
EXHIBITION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

[English: 1779-1849; joint author with his brother James of "Rejected
Addresses."]

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;

Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —
Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,

Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, — what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, — we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead!

Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quittest thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

SETNA AND THE MAGIC BOOK.

FROM THE EGYPTIAN; TRANSLATED BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

THE mighty King User-maat-ra (Rameses the Great) had a son named Setna Kha-em-uast, who was a great scribe and very learned in all the ancient writings. And he heard that the magic book of Thoth—by which a man may enchant heaven and earth, and know the language of all birds and beasts—was buried in the cemetery of Memphis. And he went to search for it with his brother An-he-hor-eru; and when they found the tomb of the king's son, Na-nefer-ka-ptah, son of the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Mer-neb-ptah, Setna opened it and went in.

Now in the tomb was Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and with him was the *ka* of his wife, Ahura; for though she was buried at Koptos, her *ka* dwelt at Memphis with her husband, whom she loved. And Setna saw them seated before their offerings, and the book lay between them. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to Setna, "Who are you that break into my tomb in this way?" He said, "I am Setna, son of the great King User-maat-ra, living forever; and I come for that book which I see between you." And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, "It cannot be given to you." Then said Setna, "But I will carry it away by force." Then Ahura said to Setna: "Do not take this book, for it will bring trouble on you as it has upon us. Listen to what we have suffered for it."

AHURA'S TALE.

"We were the two children of the King Mer-neb-ptah, and he loved us very much, for he had no others; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah was in his palace as heir over all the land. And when we were grown, the king said to the queen, 'I will marry Na-nefer-ka-ptah to the daughter of a general, and Ahura to the son of another general.' And the queen said, 'No, he is the heir: let him marry his sister, like the heir of a king; none other is fit for him.' And the king said, 'That is not fair: they had better be married to the children of the general.' And the queen said, 'It is you who are not dealing rightly with me.' And the king answered: 'If I have no more than these two children, is it right that they should

marry one another? I will marry Na-nefer-ka-ptah to the daughter of an officer, and Ahura to the son of another officer. It has often been done so in our family.'

"And at a time when there was a great feast before the king, they came to fetch me to the feast. And I was very troubled, and did not behave as I used to do. And the king said to me, 'Ahura, have you sent some one to me about this sorry matter, saying, "Let me be married to my elder brother?"' I said to him, 'Well, let me marry the son of an officer, and he marry the daughter of another officer, as it often happens so in our family.' I laughed and the king laughed. And the king told the steward of the palace, 'Let them take Ahura to the house of Na-nefer-ka-ptah to-night, and all kinds of good things with her.' So they brought me as a wife to the house of Na-nefer-ka-ptah; and the king ordered them to give me presents of silver and gold and things from the palace.

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah passed a happy time with me, and received all the presents from the palace, and we loved one another. And when I expected a child, they told the king, and he was most heartily glad; and he sent me many things, and a present of the best silver and gold and linen. And when the time came, I bore this little child that is before you. And they gave him the name of Mer-ab, and registered him in the book of the 'House of life.'

"And when my brother Na-nefer-ka-ptah went to the cemetery of Memphis, he did nothing on earth but read the writings that are in the catacombs of the kings, and the tablets of the 'House of life,' and the inscriptions that are seen on the monuments; and he worked hard on the writings. And there was a priest there called Nesi-ptah; and as Na-nefer-ka-ptah went into a temple to pray, it happened that he went behind this priest, and was reading the inscriptions that were on the chapels of the gods. And the priest mocked him and laughed. So Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to him, 'Why are you laughing at me?' And he replied, 'I was not laughing at you, or if I happened to do so, it was at your reading writings that are worthless. If you wish so much to read writings, come to me, and I will bring you to the place where the book is which Thoth himself wrote with his own hand, and which will bring you to the gods. When you read but two pages in this, you will enchant the heaven, the earth, the

abyss, the mountains, and the sea; you shall know what the birds of the sky and the crawling things are saying; you shall see the fishes of the deep, for a divine power is there to bring them up out of the depth. And when you read the second page, if you are in the world of ghosts, you will become again in the shape you were in on earth. You will see the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, and the full moon.'

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, 'By the life of the king! tell me of anything you want done and I'll do it for you, if you will only send me where this book is.' And the priest answered Na-nefer-ka-ptah, 'If you want to go to the place where the book is, you must give me a hundred pieces of silver for my funeral, and provide that they shall bury me as a rich priest.' So Na-nefer-ka-ptah called his lad and told him to give the priest a hundred pieces of silver; and he made them do as he wished, even everything that he asked for. Then the priest said to Na-nefer-ka-ptah: 'This book is in the middle of the river at Koptos, in an iron box; in the iron box is a bronze box; in the bronze box is a sycamore box; in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box; in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box; in the silver box is a golden box, and in that is the book. It is twisted all round with snakes and scorpions and all the other crawling things around the box in which the book is; and there is a deathless snake by the box.' And when the priest told Na-nefer-ka-ptah, he did not know where on earth he was, he was so much delighted.

"And when he came from the temple, he told me all that had happened to him. And he said, 'I shall go to Koptos, for I must fetch this book; I will not stay any longer in the north.' And I said, 'Let me dissuade you, for you prepare sorrow, and you will bring me into trouble in the Thebaid.' And I laid my hand on Na-nefer-ka-ptah to keep him from going to Koptos, but he would not listen to me; and he went to the king and told the king all that the priest had said. The king asked him, 'What is it that you want?' and he replied, 'Let them give me the royal boat with its belongings, for I will go to the south with Ahura and her little boy Mer-ab, and fetch this book without delay.' So they gave him the royal boat with its belongings; and we went with him to the haven, and sailed from there up to Koptos.

"Then the priests of Isis of Koptos and the high priest of Isis came down to us without waiting to meet Na-nefer-

ka-ptah and their wives also came to me. We went into the temple of Isis and Harpokrates; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah brought an ox, a goose, and some wine, and made a burnt offering and a drink offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. They brought us to a very fine house with all good things; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah spent four days there, and feasted with the priests of Isis of Koptos, and the wives of the priests of Isis also made holiday with me.

"And the morning of the fifth day came; and Na-nefer-ka-ptah called a priest to him, and made a magic cabin that was full of men and tackle. He put the spell upon it, and put life in it, and gave them breath, and sank it in the water. He filled the royal boat with sand, and took leave of me, and sailed from the haven: and I sat by the river at Koptos that I might see what would become of him. And he said, 'Workmen, work for me, even at the place where the book is.' And they toiled by night and by day; and when they had reached it in three days, he threw the sand out, and made a shoal in the river. And then he found on it entwined serpents and scorpions and all kinds of crawling things around the box in which the book was; and by it he found a deathless snake around the box. And he laid the spell upon the entwined serpents and scorpions and all kinds of crawling things which were around the box, that they should not come out. And he went to the deathless snake, and fought with him, and killed him; but he came to life again and took a new form. He then fought again with him a second time; but he came to life again and took a third form. He then cut him in two parts and put sand between the parts, that he should not appear again.

"Na-nefer-ka-ptah then went to the place where he found the box. He uncovered a box of iron and opened it; he found then a box of bronze and opened that; then he found a box of sycamore wood and opened that; again, he found a box of ivory and ebony and opened that; yet he found a box of silver and opened that; and then he found a box of gold; he opened that and found the book in it. He took the book from the golden box, and read a page of spells from it. He enchanted the heaven and the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; he knew what the birds of the sky, the fish of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. He read another page of the spells, and saw the sun shining in the sky,

with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; he saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. He then read the speli upon the workmen that he had made, and taken from the haven, and said to them, 'Work for me back to the place from which I came.' And they toiled night and day, and so he came back to the place where I sat by the river Koptos; I had not drunk nor eaten anything, and had done nothing on earth, but sat like one who is gone to the grave.

"I then told Na-nefer-ka-ptah that I wished to see this book for which we had taken so much trouble. He gave the book into my hands; and when I read a page of the spells in it, I also enchanted heaven and earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; I also knew what the birds of the sky, the fishes of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. I read another page of the spells, and I saw the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; I saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. As I could not write, I asked Na-nefer-ka-ptah, who was a good writer and a very learned one; he called for a new piece of papyrus, and wrote on it all that was in the book before him. He dipped it in beer, and washed it off in the liquid; for he knew that if it were washed off and he drank it, he would know all that there was in the writing.

"We returned back to Koptos the same day, and made a feast before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. We then went to the haven and sailed, and went northward of Koptos. And as we went on Thoth discovered all that Na-nefer-ka-ptah had done with the book; and Thoth hastened to tell Ra, and said, 'Now know that my book and my revelation are with Na-nefer-ka-ptah, son of the King Mer-neb-ptah. He has forced himself into my place, and robbed it, and seized my box with the writings, and killed my guards who protected it.' And Ra replied to him, 'He is before you; take him and all his kin.' He sent a power from heaven with the command, 'Do not let Na-nefer-ka-ptah return safe to Memphis with all his kin.' And after this hour, the little boy Mer-ab, going out from the awning of the royal boat, fell into the river. He called on Ra, and everybody who was on the bank raised a cry. Na-nefer-ka-ptah went out of the cabin, and read the spell over him; he brought his body up because a divine power brought him to

the surface. He read another spell over him, and made him tell of all what happened to him, and of what Thoth had said before Ra.

"We turned back with him to Koptos. We brought him to the Good House; we fetched the people to him, and made one embalm him; and we buried him in his coffin in the cemetery of Koptos like a great and noble person.

"And Na-nefer-ka-ptah, my brother, said, 'Let us go down; let us not delay, for the king has not yet heard of what has happened to him, and his heart will be sad about it.' So we went to the haven, we sailed, and did not stay to the north of Koptos. When we were come to the place where the little boy Mer-ab had fallen in the water, I went out from the awning of the royal boat, and I fell into the river. They called Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and he came out from the cabin of the royal boat; he read a spell over me, and brought my body up, because a divine power brought me to the surface. He drew me out, and read the spell over me, and made me tell him of all that had happened to me, and of what Thoth had said before Ra. Then he turned back with me to Koptos; he brought me to the Good House, he fetched the people to me, and made one embalm me, as great and noble people are buried, and laid me in the tomb where Mer-ab, my young child, was.

"He turned to the haven, and sailed down, and delayed not in the north of Koptos. When he was come to the place where we fell into the river, he said to his heart, 'Shall I not better turn back again to Koptos, that I may lie by them? For, if not, when I go down to Memphis, and the king asks after his children, what shall I say to him? Can I tell him, "I have taken your children to the Thebaid and killed them, while I remained alive, and I have come to Memphis still alive?"' Then he made them bring him a linen cloth of striped byssus; he made a band and bound the book firmly, and tied it upon him. Na-nefer-ka-ptah then went out of the awning of the royal boat and fell into the river. He cried on Ra, and all those who were on the bank made an outcry, saying, 'Great woe! sad woe! Is he lost, that good scribe and able man that has no equal?'

"The royal boat went on without any one on earth knowing where Na-nefer-ka-ptah was. It went on to Memphis, and they told all this to the king. Then the king went down to the royal boat in mourning, and all the soldiers and high priests

and priests of Ptah were in mourning, and all the officials and courtiers. And when he saw Na-nefer-ka-ptah, who was in the inner cabin of the royal boat, — from his rank of high scribe, — he lifted him up. And they saw the book by him; and the king said, ‘Let one hide this book that is with him.’ And the officers of the king, the priests of Ptah, and the high priest of Ptah, said to the king: ‘Our Lord, may the king live as long as the sun! Na-nefer-ka-ptah was a good scribe, and a very skillful man.’ And the king had him laid in his Good House to the sixteenth day, and then had him wrapped to the thirty-fifth day, and laid him out to the seventieth day, and then had him put in his grave in his resting place.

“I have now told you the sorrow which has come upon us because of this book for which you ask, saying, ‘Let it be given to me.’ You have no claim to it; and, indeed, for the sake of it, we have given up our life on earth.”

* * * * *

And Setna said to Ahura, “Give me the book which I see between you and Na-nefer-ka-ptah; for if you do not, I will take it by force.” Then Na-nefer-ka-ptah rose from his seat and said, “Are you Setna, to whom my wife has told of all these blows of fate, which you have not suffered? Can you take this book by your skill as a good scribe? If, indeed, you can play games with me, let us play a game, then, of fifty-two points.” And Setna said, “I am ready,” and the board and its pieces were put before him. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah won a game from Setna; and he put the spell upon him, and defended himself with the game board that was before him, and sunk him into the ground above his feet. He did the same at the second game, and won it from Setna, and sunk him into the ground to his waist. He did the same at the third game, and made him sink into the ground up to his ears. Then Setna struck Na-nefer-ka-ptah a great blow with his hand. And Setna called his brother An-he-hor-eru and said to him, “Make haste and go up upon earth, and tell the king all that has happened to me, and bring me the talisman of my father Ptah and my magic books.”

And he hurried up upon the earth, and told the king all that had happened to Setna. The king said, “Bring him the talisman of his father Ptah, and his magic books.” And An-he-hor-eru hurried down into the tomb; he laid the talisman on Setna, and he sprang up again immediately. And then

Setna reached out his hand for the book, and took it. Then—as Setna went out from the tomb—there went a Light before him, and Darkness behind him. And Ahura wept at him, and she said: “Glory to the King of Darkness! Hail to the King of Light! all power is gone from the tomb.” But Na-nefer-ka-ptah said to Ahura, “Do not let your heart be sad: I will make him bring back this book, with a forked stick in his hand, and a fire pan on his head.” And Setna went out from the tomb, and it closed behind him as it was before.

Then Setna went to the king, and told him everything that had happened to him with the book. And the king said to Setna, “Take back the book to the grave of Na-nefer-ka-ptah, like a prudent man, or else he will make you bring it with a forked stick in your hand, and a fire pan on your head.” But Setna would not listen to him; and when Setna had unrolled the book he did nothing on earth but read it to everybody.

[Here follows a story of how Setna, walking in the court of the temple of Ptah, met Tabubua, a fascinating girl, daughter of a priest of Bast, of Ankhtau; how she repelled his advances, until she had beguiled him into giving up all his possessions, and slaying his children. At the last she gives a fearful cry and vanishes, leaving Setna bereft of even his clothes. This would seem to be merely a dream, by the disappearance of Tabubua, and by Setna finding his children alive after it all; but on the other hand he comes to his senses in an unknown place, and is so terrified as to be quite ready to make restitution to Na-nefer-ka-ptah. The episode, which is not creditable to Egyptian society, seems to be intended for one of the vivid dreams which the credulous readily accept as half realities.]

So Setna went to Memphis, and embraced his children for that they were alive. And the king said to him, “Were you not drunk to do so?” Then Setna told all things that had happened with Tabubua and Na-nefer-ka-ptah. And the king said, “Setna, I have already lifted up my hand against you before, and said, ‘He will kill you if you do not take back the book to the place you took it from.’ But you have never listened to me till this hour. Now, then, take the book to Na-nefer-ka-ptah, with a forked stick in your hand, and a fire pan on your head.”

So Setna went out from before the king, with a forked stick in his hand, and a fire pan on his head. He went down to the tomb in which was Na-nefer-ka-ptah. And Ahura said to him,

"It is Ptah, the great god, that has brought you back safe." Na-nefer-ka-ptah laughed, and he said, "This is the business that I told you before." And when Setna had praised Na-nefer-ka-ptah, he found it as the proverb says, "The sun was in the whole tomb." And Ahura and Na-nefer-ka-ptah besought Setna greatly. And Setna said, "Na-nefer-ka-ptah, is it aught disgraceful (that you lay on me to do)?" And Na-nefer-ka-ptah said, "Setna, you know this, that Ahura and Mer-ab, her child, behold! they are in Koptos; bring them here into this tomb, by the skill of a good scribe. Let it be impressed upon you to take pains, and to go to Koptos to bring them here." Setna then went out from the tomb to the king, and told the king all that Na-nefer-ka-ptah had told him.

The king said, "Setna, go to Koptos and bring back Ahura and Mer-ab." He answered the king, "Let one give me the royal boat and its belongings." And they gave him the royal boat and its belongings, and he left the haven, and sailed without stopping till he came to Koptos.

And they made this known to the priests of Isis at Koptos and to the high priest of Isis; and behold they came down to him, and gave him their hand to the shore. He went up with them and entered into the temple of Isis of Koptos and of Harpokrates. He ordered one to offer for him an ox, a goose, and some wine, and he made a burnt offering and a drink offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. He went to the cemetery of Koptos with the priests of Isis and the high priest of Isis. They dug about for three days and three nights, for they searched even in all the catacombs which were in the cemetery of Koptos; they turned over the steles of the scribes of the "double house of life," and read the inscriptions that they found on them. But they could not find the resting place of Ahura and Mer-ab.

Now Na-nefer-ka-ptah perceived that they could not find the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab. So he raised himself up as a venerable, very old ancient, and came before Setna. And Setna saw him, and Setna said to the ancient, "You look like a very old man, do you know where is the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab?" The ancient said to Setna, "It was told by the father of the father of my father to the father of my father, and the father of my father has told it to my father; the resting place of Ahura and of her child Mer-ab is in a mound south of the town of Pehemato." And Setna said to the ancient, "Perhaps we may do damage to

Pehemeto, and you are ready to lead one to the town for the sake of that." The ancient replied to Setna: "If one listens to me, shall he therefore destroy the town of Pehemato! If they do not find Ahura and her child Mer-ab under the south corner of their town, may I be disgraced." They attended to the ancient, and found the resting place of Ahura and her child Mer-ab under the south corner of the town of Pehemato. Setna laid them in the royal boat to bring them as honored persons, and restored the town of Pehemato as it originally was. And Na-nefer-ka-ptah made Setna to know that it was he who had come to Koptos, to enable them to find out where the resting place was of Ahura and her child Mer-ab.

So Setna left the haven in the royal boat, and sailed without stopping, and reached Memphis with all the soldiers who were with him. And when they told the king, he came down to the royal boat. He took them as honored persons, escorted to the catacombs, in which Na-nefer-ka-ptah was, and smoothed down the ground over them.

This is the completed writing of the tale of Setna Kha-em-uast- and Na-nefer-ka-ptah, and his wife Ahura, and their child Mer-ab. It was written in the 35th year, the month Tybi.



MYCERINUS.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD: English poet, essayist, and critic; born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He was professor of poetry at Oxford, 1857-1867. He was government inspector of schools for nearly forty years. His earliest published works were his prize poems, "Alaric at Rome," written at Rugby, and "Cromwell," written at Oxford. His poetical works include "The Strayed Reveler, and Other Poems" (1848); "Empedocles on Etna" (1853); "Merope," a tragedy (1857); "New Poems" (1868). His prose essays include "Lectures on Celtic Literature," and "Lectures on Translating Homer," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," and "Discourses on America."]

"After Chephren, Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt. He abhorred his father's courses, and judged his subjects more justly than any of their kings had done. To him there came an oracle from the city of Buto to the effect that he was to live but six years longer, and to die in the seventh year from that time."—HERODOTUS.

"Not by the justice that my father spurned,
Not for the thousands whom my father slew,
Altars unfed and temples overturned,
Cold hearts and thankless tongues, where thanks are due;
Fell this dread voice from lips that cannot lie,
Stern sentence of the Powers of Destiny.

“I will unfold my sentence and my crime.
My crime, — that, wrapt in reverential awe,
I sate obedient, in the fiery prime
Of youth, self-governed, at the feet of Law;
Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
By contemplation of diviner things.

“My father loved injustice, and lived long;
Crowned with gray hairs he died, and full of sway.
I loved the good he scorned, and hated wrong —
The gods declare my recompense to-day.
I looked for life more lasting, rule more high;
And when six years are measured, lo, I die!

“Yet surely, O my people, did I deem
Man’s justice from the all-just gods was given;
A light that from some upper fount did beam,
Some better archetype, whose seat was heaven;
A light that, shining from the blest abodes,
Did shadow somewhat of the life of gods.

“Mere phantoms of man’s self-tormenting heart,
Which on the sweets that woo it dares not feed!
Vain dreams, which quench our pleasures, then depart,
When the duped soul, self-mastered, claims its meed:
When, on the strenuous just man, Heaven bestows,
Crown of his struggling life, an unjust close!

“Seems it so light a thing, then, austere powers,
To spurn man’s common lure, life’s pleasant things?
Seems there no joy in dances crowned with flowers,
Love free to range, and regal banquetings?
Bend ye on these indeed an unmoved eye,
Not gods, but ghosts, in frozen apathy?

“Or is it that some force, too stern, too strong,
Even for yourselves to conquer or beguile,
Bears earth and heaven and men and gods along,
Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?
And the great powers we serve, themselves may be
Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

“Or in mid-heaven, perhaps, your golden cars,
Where earthly voice climbs never, wing their flight,
And in wild hunt, through mazy tracts of stars,
Sweep in the sounding stillness of the night?
Or in deaf ease, on thrones of dazzling sheen,
Drinking deep draughts of joy, ye dwell serene?

"Oh, wherefore cheat our youth, if thus it be,
Of one short joy, one lust, one pleasant dream?
Stringing vain words of powers we cannot see,
Blind divinations of a will supreme;
Lost labor! when the circumambient gloom
But hides, if gods, gods careless of our doom?"

"The rest I give to joy. Even while I speak,
My sand runs short; and as yon star-shot ray,
Hemmed by two banks of cloud, peers pale and weak,
Now, as the barrier closes, dies away, —
Even so do past and future intertwine,
Blotting this six years' space, which yet is mine.

"Six years, — six little years, — six drops of time!
Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,
And old men die, and young men pass their prime,
And languid pleasure fade and flower again,
And the dull gods behold, ere these are flown,
Revels more deep, joy keener than their own.

"Into the silence of the groves and woods
I will go forth; though something would I say, —
Something, — yet what, I know not: for the gods
The doom they pass revoke not nor delay;
And prayers and gifts and tears are fruitless all,
And the night waxes, and the shadows fall.

"Ye men of Egypt, ye have heard your king!
I go, and I return not. But the will
Of the great gods is plain; and ye must bring
Ill deeds, ill passions, zealous to fulfill
Their pleasure, to their feet; and reap their praise, —
The praise of gods, rich boon! and length of days."

— So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn;
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake,
And turning, left them there: and with brief pause.
Girt with a throng of revelers, bent his way
To the cool region of the groves he loved. . . .

So six long years he reveled, night and day.
And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound
Sometimes from the grove's center echoes came,
To tell his wondering people of their king;
In the still night, across the steaming flats,
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie;
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God nath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE EGYPTIAN, BY P. LE PAGE RENOUF

(From "Records of the Past.")

THERE were two brothers (children), of one mother and of one father. Anpu was the name of the elder, Bata that of the younger.

Anpu had a house and a wife, and his younger brother was like a son to him. He it was who . . . clothes for him. He followed after his cattle . . . he who did the plowing . . . did all the labors of the fields.

Behold, his younger brother was so good a laborer that there was not his equal in the whole land. . . . But when the days had multiplied after this the younger brother was with his cattle according to his daily wont, he took them to his house every evening; he was laden with all the herbs of the field. . . .

(The elder brother) sat with his wife and ate and drank (whilst the younger was in) the stable with his cattle. But when the day dawned . . . he rose before his elder brother, took bread to the field and called the (laborers) to eat in the field.

He followed after his cattle and they told him where the best grasses were. He understood all that they said and he took them to the place where the best herbage was which they wanted.

And the cattle which was before him became exceedingly beautiful, and they multiplied exceedingly. And when the time for plowing came, his elder brother said to him, "Let us take our teams for plowing, because the land has made its appearance. The time is excellent for plowing it. So do thou come with seed, for we shall accomplish the plowing." . . . So said he.

And the younger brother proceeded to do whatever his elder told him. . . . But when the day dawned they went to the field with their . . . and worked at their tillage and they enjoyed themselves exceedingly at their work.

But when the days had multiplied after this they were in the field . . . (the elder brother) sent his junior, saying, "Go and fetch seed for us from the village."

And the younger brother found the wife of the elder sitting at her toilet. And he said to her, "Arise and give me seed that I may go back to the field, because my elder brother wishes me to return without delay."

And she said to him, "Go, open the bin, and take thyself whatever thou wilt; my hair would fall by the way."

The youth entered his stable; he took a large vessel, for he wished to take a great deal of seed, and he loaded himself with grain and went out with it.

And she said to him, "How much have you on . . .". And he said to her, "Two measures of barley and three of wheat; in all five, which are on my arm."

And she spoke to him, saying, "What strength there is in thee! indeed, I observe thy vigor every day." Her heart knew him. . . . She seized upon him and said to him: "Come, let us lie down for an instant. Better for thee . . . beautiful clothes."

The youth became like a panther with fury on account of the shameful discourse which she had addressed to him. And she was alarmed exceedingly.

He spoke to her, saying: "Verily, I have looked upon thee in the light of a mother and thy husband in that of a father to me. (For he is older than I, as much as if he had begotten me.) What a great abomination is this which thou hast mentioned to me. Do not repeat it again to me, and I will not speak of it to any one. Verily, I will not let anything of it come forth from my mouth to any man."

He took up his load and went forth to the field. He came to his elder brother, and they accomplished the task of their labor.

But when the time of evening had come, the elder brother returned to his house. His younger brother behind his cattle . . . loaded with all things of the field. He led his cattle before him to lie down in their stable. . . .

Behold, the wife of his elder brother was alarmed at the discourse which she had held. She . . . She made herself like one who has suffered violence from a man, for she wished to say to her husband, "It is thy younger brother who has done me violence."

Her husband returned home at evening according to his daily wont. He came to his house, and he found his wife lying as if murdered by a ruffian.

She did not pour water upon his hand according to her wont, she did not light the lamp before him, his house was in darkness. She was lying uncovered.

Her husband said to her, "Who has been conversing with thee?"

She said, "No one has conversed with me except thy younger brother; when he came to fetch seed for thee, he found me sitting alone, and he said to me, 'Come, and let us lie down for an instant . . .'; that is what he said to me.

"But I did not listen to him. 'Behold, am I not thy mother, and thy elder brother is he not like a father to thee?' that is what I said to him, and he got alarmed and did me violence that I might not make a report to thee; but if thou lettest him live, I shall kill myself. Behold he was come . . ."

And the elder brother became like a panther . . . he made his dagger sharp, and took it in his hand. And the elder brother put himself behind the door of his stable to kill his younger brother on his return at evening to bring his cattle to the stable.

But when the sun set, he loaded himself with all the herbs of the field, according to his daily wont. And he came, and the first cow entered into the stable, and it said to its keeper: "Verily, thy elder brother is standing before thee with his dagger to slay thee. Betake thyself from before him."

He heard the speech of the first ox; the next one entered and it spoke in the same way. He looked under the door of the stable, and he saw the two feet of his elder brother, who was standing behind the door with a dagger in his hand.

He laid down his load upon the ground and betook himself to flight, his elder brother following him with his dagger.

The younger brother invoked the Sun god Horus of the two horizons, saying, "My good Lord, it is thou who distinguishest wrong from right!"

The Sun god stopped to listen to all his wailings. And the Sun god made a large stream, which was full of crocodiles, between him and his elder; one of them was on one bank and one upon the other.

And the elder brother struck his hand twice (with rage) at not killing him: he did.

And the younger brother called to him from the bank, saying:—

"Stop till daybreak, and when the sun's disk comes forth, I shall have an explanation with thee in its presence to give the . . . of the truth, for I have never done wrong to thee, but I will never live in the places wherein thou art. I am going to the mountain of the Cedar."

But when the day dawned, the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, came forth, and each of them saw the other.

The young man spoke to his elder brother, saying: "What is this, thy coming to kill me wrongfully? Hearest thou not what my mouth speaketh? Verily, I am thy younger brother, in very deed, and thou wert to me as a father, and thy wife as a mother.

"Behold, is it not because thou didst send me to fetch seed for us thy wife said to me, 'Come, let us lie down for an instant;' but see, she has turned it to thee the wrong way."

And he made him understand what had happened with reference to himself with his wife. He swore by the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, saying, "Thy intent is to slay me wrongfully, thou art with thy dagger, . . ." and he took a sharp knife, cut off his phallus and threw it into the water, and the fish swallowed it.

But he became faint and swooned away. And his elder brother felt compassion exceedingly. And he stood weeping and crying, not being able to pass over to the place where his younger brother was, on account of the crocodiles.

But the younger brother called to him, saying: "Behold, thou didst imagine a crime: thou didst not imagine that it was a virtuous action or a thing which I had done for thee.

"Now return to thy house, and do thou look after thy cattle thyself; for I will no longer remain in a place where thou art. I go to the mountain of the Cedar.

"But as to what thou shalt do for me, and thy coming to look after me, thou shalt learn, namely, things will happen to me.

"I shall take my heart and place it in the top of the flower of the Cedar, and when the Cedar is cut down, it will fall to the ground.

"Thou shalt come to seek it. If thou art seven years in the search of it, let not thy heart be depressed; and when thou hast found it, thou shalt place it in a cup of cold water; oh, then I shall live (once more) and fling back a reply to an attack.

"And this thou shalt learn, namely, that the things have happened to me. When thou shalt take a jug of beer into thy hand and it turns into froth, then delay not; for to thee of a certainty is the issue coming to pass."

Then he departed to the mountain of the Cedar, and the elder brother returned to his house. He put his hand upon his head and smeared it with dust; and when he came to his house he slew his wife and flung her to the dogs. But he continued mourning for his younger brother.

But when the days had multiplied after this, the younger brother was at the mountain of the Cedar. There was no one with him, and his time was spent in hunting the animals of the country. He returned at evening to lie down under the Cedar, on the top of whose flowers his heart lay.

But when the days had multiplied after this, he built with his hands a dwelling on the mountain of the Cedar, which was filled with all the good things which the possessor of a house desires.

And having gone out of his dwelling, he met the company of the gods, who were going forth to do their will in their land of Egypt.

The divine company spoke by one of them, who said to him: —

"Ho! Bata, Bull of the divine company! dost thou remain alone, and abandonest thou thy country on account of the wife of Anpu, thy elder brother? Behold, his wife is slain, because thou hast flung back replies to all the attacks made upon thee."

Their hearts pitied him exceedingly. And the Sun god, Horus of both horizons, said to Chnum, "Oh, make a wife for Bata, that he may not remain alone."

And Chnum made him a companion, who as she sat was more beautiful in her limbs than any woman in the whole earth; the whole godhead was in her.

The seven Hathors came to see her, and they said with one mouth that she would die a violent death. And he loved her exceedingly, and she remained in his house whilst he spent his time in hunting the animals of the country and bringing the game to her.

And he said to her, "Do not go out, lest the Sea carry thee off, and I may not know how to rescue thee from him, because I am a woman even as thou art; for my heart is on

the top of the flower of the Cedar, and if any one finds it, I shall be overcome by him." And he revealed to her his heart in all its height.

And when the days had multiplied after this, Bata went out to hunt the animals after his daily wont, and the young woman went out to take a turn under the Cedar, which was near her house.

And the Sea beheld her and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and she betook herself to flight before it and entered into her house.

And the Sea cried to the Cedar, saying, "O that I could seize upon her!" And the Cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the Sea carried it to Egypt, and deposited it in the place where the washers of the King were.

And the odor of the lock grew into the clothes of the King. And a quarrel arose among the royal washers on account of the overpowering odor in the clothes of the King. The quarrel continued among them day after day, so that they no longer knew what they were doing.

And the Chief of the washers of the King went out to the waterside, and his heart was exceedingly oppressed on account of the quarrels in which he was every day involved.

And he stopped and stayed at the spot in the midst of which lay the fragrant lock in the water. And he stooped down and picked it up, and he found the odor of it delicious, exceedingly, and he took it to the King.

And it was carried to the doctors, the magicians of the King. They said to the King, "The lock belongs to a daughter of the Sun god, Horus of both horizons; the essence of the whole godhead is in her.

"But the whole earth is in obeisance before thee; send, therefore, envoys to every place to seek her; but as for the envoy who is for the mountain of the Cedar, send out with him troops in great numbers to bring her."

His Majesty replied, "Good exceedingly is that which ye have said to us!" And the envoys were sent.

But when the days had multiplied after this, the troops that went to every place returned to give their reports to His Majesty, but those returned not who had gone to the mountain of the Cedar; Bata had slain them.

One of them returned to tell the tale to His Majesty. And His Majesty once more sent out troops, many bowmen and also

cavalry to fetch her; and there was a woman with them, into whose hand one had given all the most beautiful trinkets for a woman.

And the woman came with her into Egypt, and rejoicing was made for her throughout the whole land. And His Majesty loved her exceedingly, and she was raised to the dignity of a Princess.

And it was said to her that she should reveal the ways of her husband; and she said to His Majesty, "Cause the Cedar to be cut down, and he will be destroyed."

And troops were sent out with their swords to cut down the Cedar. They came to the Cedar, and cut down the flower upon which lay the heart of Bata. He fell dead in an instant.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, the Cedar was cut down; and Anpu, the elder brother of Bata, entered his house. He sat down and washed his hand; and there was given to him a jug of beer, but this turned into froth. Another jug was then given him of wine, but this at once became troubled.

Thereupon he took his staff and his sandals, likewise his clothes and his instruments of labor; and he betook himself to a journey toward the mountain of the Cedar.

He came to the dwelling of his younger brother and found him lying dead upon the floor. He wept when he saw his younger brother lying in the state of death; and he went out to seek for his brother's heart under the Cedar where he used to lie in the evening.

Three years he sought without finding. But when the fourth year was come, his heart longed to return to Egypt, and he said, "I will go to-morrow." Such was his intention.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, he continued to walk under the Cedar, occupied with his search, and he returned in the evening.

He looked after his search once more, and found a pod. He examined under it; and behold, there was the heart of his younger brother. He brought a vessel of cold water, dropped the heart into it, and sat down according to his daily wont.

But when the night was come, the heart absorbed the water. Bata trembled in all his limbs and continued looking at his elder brother, but his heart was faint.

Then Anpu took the vessel of cold water which his brother's heart was in. And when the latter had drunk it

up, his heart rose in its place, and he became as he had been before. Each embraced the other, and each one of them held conversation with his companion.

And Bata said to his elder brother, "Behold, I am about to become a great Bull with all the sacred marks, but with an unknown history.

"Do thou sit upon my back, and when the Sun god rises we shall be in the place where my wife is. (Answer whether thou wilt take me there?) For there will be given to thee all good things, yea, thou shalt be loaded with silver and gold for bringing me to the King, for I shall become a great marvel, and there will be rejoicing for me in the whole land. Then do thou return to thy village."

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, Bata had assumed the form which he had mentioned to his elder brother. And Anpu, his elder brother, sat upon his back at dawn of day.

And he arrived at the place which had been spoken of, and information was given to His Majesty, who inspected him, and rejoiced exceedingly, and celebrated a festival above all description, a mighty marvel, and rejoicings for it were made throughout the whole land.

And there was brought silver and gold for the elder brother, who stayed in his village. But to (the Bull) there were given many attendants and many offerings; and the King loved him exceedingly above all men in the whole land.

But when the days had multiplied after this, he entered the sanctuary, and stood in the very place where the Princess was. And he spoke to her, saying, "Look upon me; I am alive indeed."

And she said to him, "And who then art thou?" And he said to her: "I am Bata. Thou gavest information for the cutting down of the Cedar to the King as to where I was, that I might no longer live. But look upon me, for I am really alive. I am a Bull."

And the Princess was frightened exceedingly at the speech which her husband addressed to her. And he went out of the sanctuary.

But when the King sat down to make a holiday with her, and as she was at the table of His Majesty and he was exceedingly gracious to her, she said to him, "Come, swear to me by God that you will grant whatever I ask."

And he granted all that she asked, saying, "Let me eat the liver of the Bull, for you have no need of him."

So spake she to him, and it grieved him exceedingly that she spake it, and the heart of His Majesty was exceedingly troubled.

But when the dawn of the next day appeared, there was celebrated a great festival with offerings to the Bull.

But one of the Chief Royal Officers of His Majesty was made to go and slay the Bull. And as they were killing him and he was in the hands of the attendants, he shook his neck, and two drops of blood fell upon the two doorposts of His Majesty: one was on the one side of the great staircase of His Majesty, the other upon the other side; and they grew up into two mighty Persea trees, each of which stood alone.

And they went and told His Majesty, saying: "Two mighty Persea trees have sprung up as a great omen of good fortune to His Majesty during the night, near the great staircase of His Majesty; and there is rejoicing for them through the whole land, and offerings are made to them."

And when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty was wearing the collar of lapis lazuli with a wreath of all kinds of flowers upon his neck. He was in his brazen chariot, and he went forth from the royal palace to see the Persea trees.

And the Princess went out on a two-horsed car behind the King. And His Majesty sat under one of the Perseas, and (the Tree) said to his wife: "Ho! thou false one! I am Bata; I am living still; I have transformed myself. Thou gavest information to the King of where I was that I might be slain. I then became a Bull, and thou didst cause me to be slain."

And when the days had multiplied after this, the Princess was in the good graces of His Majesty, and he showed her favor. And she said to him, "Come, swear to me by God, saying, 'Whatever the Princess shall ask me, I will consent to it.'"

And he consented to all that she said. And she said, "Cause the two Persea trees to be cut down, and let them be made into beautiful planks." And he consented to all that she said.

And when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty made cunning workmen come to cut down the two Persea trees of the King; and there stood by looking on the royal spouse,

the Princess. And there flew a splinter, and it entered into the mouth of the Princess; and she perceived that she had conceived . . . all that she desired.

And when the days had multiplied after this, she brought forth a male child, and they went to the King and said to him, "There is born to thee a male child."

And the child was brought, and there were given to it a nurse and waiting woman; and rejoicings were made through the whole land. They sat down to make a holiday (and they gave him his name), and His Majesty at once loved him exceedingly and raised him to the dignity of Prince of Æthiopia.

But when the days had multiplied after this, His Majesty made him hereditary Prince of the whole land.

And when the days had multiplied after this, and he had completed many years as hereditary Prince . . . His Majesty flew up to heaven; and (the Prince) said, "Let the Princes and Nobles of His Majesty be summoned, and I shall inform them of all the events which have happened to me. . . ." His wife was brought to him, and he had a reckoning with her in presence of them, and they spoke their speech.

And his elder brother was brought to him, and he made him hereditary Prince of the whole land. And he reigned for thirty years as King of Egypt.

And when he had completed (those) thirty years of life, his elder brother arose in his place, on the day of his death.



JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

By CHARLES J. WELLS.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 30, page 342.]

Enter JOSEPH.

Joseph —

Madam, so please —

Phruzanor —

I'll hear thee by and by.

Myrah, depart; yet stay, and first arrange

My sandal, that unseemly doth escape.

Higher still there, where the transparent silk

Tapers towards the ankle. Have a care;

Let me not have to chide this fault again.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Joseph —

Madam, I have a message from my lord.

Phraaxanor —

Put that to rest. Give me that golden box,
'Tis filled with precious spikenard, queen of scents.

[*She spills it on his head.*]

Joseph —

Madam, what must I say? My state is low,
Yet you do treat me as you might my lord
When he besought your hand.

Phraaxanor —

Must I get up,
And cast myself in thy sustaining arms,
To sink thee to a seat? — Come, sit thou here.
Now I will neighbor thee and tell thee why
I cast that ointment on thee.

Joseph —

I did not

Desire it.

Phraaxanor — You did ask me for it.

Joseph —

Madam!

Phraaxanor —

You breathed upon me as you did advance,
And sweets do love sweets for an offering.
My breath is sweet and subtle, yet I dared
Not put my lips half close enough to thine
To render back the favor; so I say
The obligation did demand as much —
Why, what amaze is now upon thy face —
Will nothing please?

Joseph —

Madam, your arm — pray move.

Phraaxanor —

You peevish bird — like a sick eagle I
Could fain devour, but may not.

Joseph —

I beseech you,

If you respect your place, or my fair name,
Undo your prisoning arms and let me go.

Phraaxanor —

Tremble to fear the woman you might love.

Joseph —

Indeed, I would far sooner honor her.

Phraaxanor —

Cold, cold, still cold; I eye you like to one
That dieth in my arms: beware you chill
Me too: you do a wrong, and herein court
Much danger. I would risk the world for you;
But blow me cold with your sharp frosty breath,
And these same arms that gird you round about
May turn to bitter chains. We are most dear
In our affections; in vengeance most resolved.

Joseph —

Madam, I have a spirit beyond fear.
God knows the duty that I owe your lord
Would break my heart did I commit this sin.
But, madam, hear the reason that I have,
Why my lord's honor dearer is than life.
I do remember me, when first I came
Into this land of Egypt, fugitive,
Forlorn, and wretched, bruised at the heart,
An iron collar round about my neck,
Degrading mark of bitter servitude,
Stalled in the press of slaves upon the mart,
Brimful of misery unto the crown,
Forlorn, cast out, abandoned, and bereaved,
A certain man did look into my face,
As though to penetrate my very soul.
By slow degrees conviction worked on him,
And through my sufferings he read my heart,
And all his features melted at the sight.
A sacred pity stole into his eyes,
That dwelt on me in gentle tenderness.
Oh ! balm of sweetness, what a holy joy
Poured like a flood into my thousand wounds
Of soul and body's sore affliction.
Whereof I languished in my pilgrimage !
With his own hands he drew my collar off,
Nor bartered with the merchant for my price.
He took me to his house, put me in trust,
Justly and wisely kept his eyes on me,
Weighing with care my actions and desert,
And by degrees received me to his breast,
O'erloaded me with benefits, and changed
A chain of iron for a chain of gold,
A wolfskin kirtle for a purple cloak,
A life of wretchedness for one of peace,
A broken heart to love and tenderness.
This man, so full of human charities.
Had many precious treasures, which he gave
To me in trust, but far above the rest
Was one in which all others were absorbed,
As in a holy consecrated shrine,
Source of his life, his honor's nourishment,
The loss of which would be a fell decree
Of shame, despair, and infamy, and death.
Madam, this honored, honorable man
Was noble Potiphar, your lord and mine.

Need I add more? —

I pray you let us talk on common things.

Phraaxanor —

Neither am I not beautiful, perhaps, —

Set up to be the universal fool.

Why, here's a waste of party-colored words —

High-sounding phrases, empty eloquence.

"My lord! my lord!" It scenteth of reproach.

Sir, have a care — blood waits on insult, ha!

One way or other I will have your heart.

Joseph [*aside*] —

This wondrous creature is of faultless mold,

And grace plays o'er the movement of her limbs,

Her marvelous beauty irresistible,

A double charm, abandons languishment,

In soft repose hints at oblivion.

In motion her imperious dignity,

At secret hours, might dictate to the king.

A most unscrupulous voluptuousness

Mars Nature in her marvelous qualities;

A fascinating monster, fatal equally

In action or reaction of her love;

Fair flower of poisonous perfume born to kill.

Never the demon had an agency

Where he had nought to do in work that's done.

[*Aloud.*]

Take pity on yourself, on me, on him, —

On me, for you would hate me mortally

When once you were awakened from this dream,

To see the hideous monster you had made.

So utterly impossible this seems,

That I am prone to think it is a feint

To try my truth and prove my honesty.

Phraaxanor —

Ah! 'tis a feint that burns my body up,

And stirs my spirit like a raging sea.

Think you to pay in words? — deeds — deeds!

For I can tell you that you have in hand

One who will have no debts.

Joseph —

It is enough.

'Tis time this hopeless contest had an end.

I have borne this besieging patiently,

Still hoping to arouse your modesty.

Oh! do not force the loathing which lies hid

Within my gall to rush into my face.

Phrazanor —

This is the greatest blessing that you shun.

Joseph —

Or the worst sin.

Phrazanor —

Oh! weigh not with such scales.

Joseph —

Oh! madam, have a care.

Phrazanor —

Listen, or else

I'll set my little foot upon thy neck; —

Thou art like a beautiful and drowsy snake,

Cold, and inanimate, and coiled around

Upon a bank of rarest sun-blown flowers.

My eye shall be the renovating sun —

Joseph —

Madam, forbear; I'm sick to think of it.

Phrazanor —

You overdo this art, for Nature sure

Never did put disgust upon a lip

So near a woman's: an empoisoned cup

Might curdle all the features of thy face;

But this same blandishment upon my brow

Could never chase the color from thy cheeks.

Joseph —

Love, being forced, so sickeneth the sense,

That dull monotony is nothing to it. —

A pallid appetite is sweeter far

Than shockèd modesty and fierce distaste.

Phrazanor —

You are too dead a weight.

Joseph —

Why, let me go.

Phrazanor —

My arms are faint; smile thou, they're ribs of steel.

Joseph —

The sun ne'er shinèd in a pitch-black night.

Phrazanor —

Oh! ignorant boy, it is the secret hour

The sun of love doth shine most goodly fair.

Contemptible darkness never yet did dull

The splendor of love's palpitating light.

At love's slight curtains, that are made of sighs,

Though e'er so dark, silence is seen to stand

Like to a flower closèd in the night;

Or like a lovely image drooping down

With its fair head aslant and finger raised,

And mutely on its shoulder slumbering.

Pulses do sound quick music in Love's ear,
 And blended fragrance in his startled breath
 Doth hang the hair with drops of magic dew.
 All outward thoughts, all common circumstance,
 Are buried in the dimple of his smile :
 And the great city like a vision sails
 From out the closing doors of the hushed mind.
 His heart strikes audibly against his ribs
 As a dove's wing doth freak upon a cage,
 Forcing the blood athro' the cramped veins
 Faster than dolphins do o'ershoot the tide
 Coursed by the yawning shark. Therefore I say
 Night-blooming Cereus, and the star flower sweet,
 The honeysuckle, and the eglantine,
 And the ringed vinous tree that yields red wine,
 Together with all intertwining flowers,
 Are plants most fit to ramble o'er each other,
 And form the bower of all-precious Love,
 Shrouding the sun with fragrant bloom and leaves
 From jealous interception of Love's gaze. —
 This is Love's cabin in the light of day —
 But oh ! compare it not with the black night, —
 Delay, thou sun, and give me instant night —
 Its soft, mysterious, and secret hours ;
 The whitest clouds are pillows to bright stars,
 Ah ! therefore shroud thine eyes.

Joseph —

Madam, for shame ! —

Phraxanor —

Henceforth, I'll never knit with glossèd bone,
 But interlace my fingers among thine,
 And ravel them, and interlace again,
 So that no work that's done content the eye,
 That I may never weary in my work.

Joseph —

Would that my lord were come !

Phraxanor —

Thy hair shall be

The silken trophy of the spirit of Love,
 Where I will lap, fair chains, my wreathèd arms.

Joseph —

What's to be done ? Madam, give way, I pray you.

Phraxanor —

Beware ! you'll crack my lace.

Joseph —

You will be hurt.

Phraxanor —

Oh ! for some savage strength !

Joseph —

Away! Away!

Phraaxanor —

So, you are loose — I pray you kill me — do!

Joseph —

Let me pass out at door.

Phraaxanor —

I have a mind

You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave.

Joseph —

Are you a lady, madam?

Phraaxanor —

I was so, but I am a dragon now:
My nostrils are stuffed full of splenetic fire;
My tongue is turned into a furious sting,
With which I'll strike you — Ha! be sure I will.

Joseph —

Madam, I did desire you no offense.

Phraaxanor —

Death and perdition, no!

Joseph —

Your love is lost on me,

And I refused your offer; which was wise.

Phraaxanor —

Oh! was it so? have you so much scorn left?
Unload it in my lap — let me have all,
That I may hate with cause. Malice is proud,
Nor yields to trifles — nay, despise me more.

Joseph —

I ne'er despised the lady of my lord, —
Only her vice.

Phraaxanor —

My lord — my lord — canst thou
Not mouth that word distinctly from my lady?
My lord! — He surely shall be paid full home
That honors lords above a lady's love.
Thou hast no lord but me, — I am thy lord:
And thou shalt find it, too, — fool that I was
To stoop my stateliness to such a calf
Because he bore about a panther's hide.
That is not blood which fainteth in thy veins,
But only infant milk. Thou minion!
Bought up for drudgery with idle gold,
How dar'st thou look or wink thy traitorous eye,
Much less to think, when I command thy will?
Oh, impudence! to scorn a noble dame!
Were't not that royalty has kissed my hand
I'd surely strike thee.

Joseph —

Madam! be temperate.

Phraxanor —

Who bade thee speak, impudent slave? beware!
 I'll have thee whipped. — Oh! I am mad to think
 That ever I should bring myself to scorn
 For such a stubborn minion as thou art.
 Ha! — thou mere shadow — wretched atomy! —
 Filled full of nothing — making a brave show,
 Like to a robe blown with the boastful wind —
 Thou worse than ice, for that melts to the sun —
 Disgrace to Egypt and her feverish air;
 Thou shalt not stay in Egypt.

Joseph —

I grieve at that.

Phraxanor —

I am changed. Thou shalt stay here — and since I see
 There is no spirit of life in all this show,
 Only a cheat unto the sanguine eye,
 Thou shalt be given to the leech's hands
 To study causes on thy bloodless heart
 Why men should be like geese. — A pretty pass
 I've brought my dauntless spirit to. These knees,
 That ne'er did bend but to pluck suitors up,
 And put them out of hope — Oh! I am mad —
 These feet by common accident have trod
 On better necks than e'er bowed to the king;
 And must I tie them in a band of list
 Before a slave like thee?



KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.

BY HON. ROBERT CURZON.

[ROBERT CURZON, son of the Baroness de la Zouche, was born in 1810, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Entering the diplomatic service, he became private secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; in this capacity he obtained access to the monasteries and religious houses of the Levant, and collected many valuable manuscripts and books. "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant" appeared in 1848. This was followed by "Armenia; a Residence at Erzeroum," published in 1854. He died in August, 1873.]

IN the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as

well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage: but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back in our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the neck of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade;

but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshéa, he commanded that the king of hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe?—and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his counselors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so."

And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well,

and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird: and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head, and all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass," and he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweler, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweler told him that they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird lime was made in every town, and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trapmakers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden

throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him: "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.



GONE IN THE WIND.

BY FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, German poet and Orientalist, was born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788, and was professor of Oriental languages at Erlangen 1826-1841, and at Berlin 1841-1848. After resigning his position at the latter place, he lived at Neusses, near Coburg, and there died January 31, 1866. He recast in German verse several of the famous books of the East, among them the "Abu Seid" of Hariri and the "Nal and Damajanti" from the Mahābhārata. His original poems include: "Geharnischte Sonnette" ("Mailed Sonnets," 1814), inspired by the national movement of 1813, and "Liebesfrühling" ("Love's Spring," 1822).

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, May 1, 1803. As a boy he was a copyist and attorney's clerk, and worked at the former trade intermittently all his life. Extreme poverty, overwork, bohemian irregularity and exposure, and opium, made him a physical wreck; and he died of cholera June 20, 1849. Several partial editions of his poems have been published. The bulk of them, and his best work, are translations.]

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
 Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind,
 Vanish the glories and pomps of earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
 Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;

Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed,
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure? a phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? an almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and Affluence? Firmans and Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;
Woe to the miners for Truth — where the Lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,
Raving of Knowledge, — and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of Glory, — like me, — for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and — strewn in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

CLASSIC CHINESE POEMS.

(From the Shi-King : translated by William Jennings.)

A CHALLENGE.

[This is a parallel, from the woman's side, to George Wether's "Shall I, pining
in despair."]

IF, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Tsin;
But if thou be of other mind,
Is there none else my love would win?
O craziest of crazy boys!

Ay, if thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Wei;
But if thy thoughts are else inclined,
Is there none other gallant nigh?
O craziest of crazy boys!

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

I picked and picked the mouse ears,
Nor gained one basket load;
My heart was with my husband:
I flung them on the road.

I climbed yon rugged mountain,
My ponies all broke down;
I filled my golden goblet
Long anxious thought to drown.

I climbed yon lofty ridges,
With my ponies black and bay;
I filled for me my horn cup
Long torture to allay.

I climbed yon craggy uplands,
My steeds grew weak and ill;
My footmen were exhausted;—
And here I sorrow still!

LAMENT OF A DISCARDED WIFE.

When east winds blow unceasingly,
 They bring but gloominess and rain.
 Strive, strive to live unitedly,
 And every angry thought restrain.
 Some plants we gather for their leaves,
 But leave the roots untouched beneath;
 So, while unsullied was my name,
 I should have lived with you till death.

With slow, slow step I took the road,
 My inmost heart rebelling sore,
 You came not far with me, indeed,
 You only saw me to the door.
 Who calls the lettuce bitter fare,
 The cress is not a whit more sweet.
 Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
 Well pleased, as when fond brothers meet.

The Wei, made turbid by the king,
 Grows limpid by the islets there.
 There, feasting with your new-found bride
 For me no longer now you care.
 Yet leave to me my fishing dam;
 My wicker nets, remove them not.
 My person spurned — some vacant hour
 May bring compassion for my lot.

Where ran the river full and deep,
 With raft or boat I paddled o'er;
 And where it flowed in shallower stream,
 I dived or swam from shore to shore.
 And what we had, or what we lost,
 For that I strained my every nerve;
 When other folks had loss, I'd crawl
 Upon my knees, if aught 'twould serve.

And you can show me no kind care,
 Nay, treated like a foe am I!
 My virtue stood but in your way,
 Like traders' goods that none will buy.
 Once it was feared we could not live;
 In your reverses then I shared:

And now, when fortune smiles on you,
To very poison I'm compared.

I have laid by a goodly store, —
For winter's use it was to be ; —
Feast on there with your new-found bride, —
I was for use in poverty !
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
When you came nestling to my side !

COMRADES IN WAR TIME.

How say we have no clothes ?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew, —
We'll fight as one, we two !

How say we have no clothes ?
One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide, —
We'll do it, side by side !

How say we have no clothes ?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armor and arms prepare, —
The toils of war we'll share.

TRUST THY LAST FRIEND AGAINST THE WORLD.

A babbling current fails
To float a load of thorns away, —
Of brothers, few are left us now,
Yet we remain, myself and thou :
Believe not others' tales,
Others will lead thee far astray.

The babbling current fails
To float the firewood fagots far. —
Of brothers there are left but few,
Yet I and thou remain, we two :
Believe not others' tales,
For verily untrue they are !

THE DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN.

BY CONFUCIUS.

(Translated by James Legge, in "Chinese Classics.")

CHAPTER I. 1. What Heaven has conferred is called the Nature; an accordance with this nature is called THE PATH of duty; the regulation of this path is called INSTRUCTION.

2. The path may not be left for an instant. If it could be left, it would not be the path. On this account, the superior man does not wait till he sees things, to be cautious, nor till he hears things, to be apprehensive.

3. There is nothing more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute. Therefore the superior man is watchful over himself, when he is alone.

4. While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of EQUILIBRIUM. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of Harmony. This Equilibrium is the great root from which grow all the human actings in the world, and this HARMONY is the universal path which they all should pursue.

5. Let the states of Equilibrium and harmony exist in perfection, and a happy order will prevail throughout heaven and earth, and all things will be nourished and flourish.

Chapter II. 1. Chung-ne said, "The superior man embodies the course of the Mean; the mean man acts contrary to the course of the Mean.

2. "The superior man's embodying the course of the Mean is because he is a superior man, and so always maintains the Mean. The mean man's acting contrary to the course of the Mean is because he is a mean man, and has no caution."

Chapter III. The Master said: "Perfect is the virtue which is according to the Mean! Rare have they long been among the people, who could practice it!"

Chapter IV. 1. The Master said, "I know how it is that the path of the Mean is not walked in: The Knowing go beyond it, and the stupid do not come up to it. I know how it is that the path of the Mean is not understood: The men of

talents and virtue go beyond it, and the worthless do not come up to it.

2. "There is no body but eats and drinks. But they are few who can distinguish flavors."

Chapter V. The Master said, "Alas! How is the path of the Mean untrodden!"

Chapter VI. The Master said: "There was Shun: He indeed was greatly wise! Shun loved to question others, and to study their words, though they might be shallow. He concealed what was bad in them, and displayed what was good. He took hold of their two extremes, determined the Mean, and employed it in his government of the people. It was by this that he was Shun!"

Chapter VII. The Master said: "Men all say, 'We are wise;' but being driven forward and taken in a net, a trap, or a pitfall, they know not how to escape. Men all say, 'We are wise;' but happening to choose the course of the Mean, they are not able to keep it for a round month."

Chapter VIII. The Master said, "This was the manner of Hwuy: he made choice of the Mean, and whenever he got hold of what was good, he clasped it firmly, as if wearing it on his breast, and did not lose it."

Chapter IX. The Master said, "The empire, its States, and its families may be perfectly ruled; dignities and emoluments may be declined; naked weapons may be trampled under the feet; but the course of the Mean cannot be attained to."

Chapter X. 1. Tsze-loo asked about energy.

2. The Master said, "Do you mean the energy of the South, the energy of the North, or the energy which you should cultivate yourself?"

3. "To show forbearance and gentleness in teaching others: and not to revenge unreasonable conduct: this is the energy of Southern regions, and the good man makes it his study.

4. "To lie under arms; and meet death without regret: this is the energy of Northern regions, and the forceful make it their study.

5. "Therefore, the superior man cultivates a friendly harmony, without being weak. How firm is he in his energy! He stands erect in the middle, without inclining to either side. How firm is he in his energy! When good principles prevail in the government of his country, he does not change from what he was in retirement. How firm he is in his energy! When

bad principles prevail in the country, he maintains his course to death without changing. How firm is his energy ! ”

Chapter XI. 1. The Master said, “To live in obscurity, and yet practice wonders, in order to be mentioned with honor in future ages ; this is what I do not do.

2. “The good man tries to proceed according to the right path, but when he has gone halfway, he abandons it : I am not able *so* to stop.

3. “The superior man accords with the course of the Mean. Though he may be well unknown, unregarded by the world, he feels no regret. It is only the sage who is able for this.”

Chapter XII. 1. The way which the superior man pursues, reaches wide and far, and yet is secret.

2. Common men and women, however ignorant, may intermeddle with the knowledge of it ; yet in its utmost reaches, there is that which even the sage does not know. Common men and women, however much below the ordinary standard of character, can carry it into practice ; yet in its utmost reaches there is that which even the sage is not able to carry into practice. Great as heaven and earth are, men still find some things in them with which to be dissatisfied. Thus it is, that were the superior man to speak of his way in all its greatness, nothing in the world would be found able to embrace it, and were he to speak of it in its minuteness, nothing in the world would be found able to split it.

3. It is said in the Book of Poetry, “The hawk flies up to heaven ; the fishes leap in the deep.” This expresses how this way is seen above and below.

4. The way of the superior man may be found, in its simple elements, in the intercourse of common men and women ; but in its utmost reaches it shines brightly through heaven and earth.

Chapter XIII. 1. The Master said : “The path is not far from man. When men try to pursue a course, which is far from the common indications of consciousness, this course cannot be considered the PATH.

2. “In the Book of Poetry, it is said, ‘In hewing an ax handle, the pattern is not far off.’ We grasp one ax handle to hew the other, and yet, if we look askance from the one to the other, we may consider them as apart. Therefore, the superior man governs men, according to their nature, with what is proper to them ; and as soon as they change what is wrong, he stops.

3. "When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like, when done to yourself, do not do to others.

4. "In the way of the superior man there are four things, to not one of which have I as yet attained: To serve my father, as I would require my son to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my prince, as I would require my minister to serve me; to this I have not attained. To serve my elder brother, as I would require my younger brother to serve me; to this I have not attained. To set the example in behaving to a friend, as I would require him to behave to me; to this I have not attained. Earnest in practicing the ordinary virtues, and careful in speaking about them, if, in his practice, he has anything defective, the superior man dares not but exert himself; and if, in his words, he has any excess, he dares not allow himself such license. Thus his words have respect to his actions, and his actions have respect to his words; is it not just an entire sincerity which marks the superior man?"

Chapter XIV. 1. The superior man does what is proper to the station in which he is; he does not desire to go beyond this.

2. In a position of wealth and honor, he does what is proper to a position of wealth and honor. In a poor and low position, he does what is proper to a poor and low position. Situated among barbarous tribes, he does what is proper to a situation among barbarous tribes. In a position of sorrow and difficulty, he does what is proper to a position of sorrow and difficulty. The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not himself.

3. In a high situation, he does not treat with contempt his inferiors. In a low situation, he does not court the favor of his superiors. He rectifies himself, and seeks for nothing from others, so that he has no dissatisfactions. He does not murmur against heaven, nor grumble against men.

4. Thus it is that the superior man is quiet and calm, waiting for the appointments of Heaven; while the mean man walks in dangerous paths, looking for lucky occurrences.

5. The Master said: "In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target, he turns round and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself."

Chapter XV. 1. The way of the superior man may be

compared to what takes place in traveling, when to go to a distance we must first traverse the space that is near, and in ascending a height, when we must begin from the lower ground.

2. It is said in the Book of Poetry: "Happy union with wife and children is like the music of lutes and harps. When there is concord among brethren, the harmony is delightful and enduring. Thus may you regulate your family, and enjoy the pleasure of your wife and children."

3. The Master said, "In such a state of things, parents have entire complacence!"

Chapter XVI. 1. The Master said, "How abundantly do spiritual beings display the powers that belong to them!"

2. "We look for them, but do not see them; we listen to, but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things, and there is nothing without them.

3. "They cause all the people in the empire to fast and purify themselves, and array themselves in their richest dresses, in order to attend at their sacrifices. Then, like overflowing water, they seem to be over the heads, and on the right and left of their worshipers.

4. "It is said in the Book of Poetry, 'The approaches of the spirits, you cannot surmise; and can you treat them with indifference?'

5. "Such is the manifestness of what is minute! Such is the impossibility of repressing the outgoings of sincerity!"

Chapter XVII. 1. The Master said: "How greatly filial was Shun! His virtue was that of a sage; his dignity was the imperial throne; his riches were all within the four seas. He offered his sacrifices in his ancestral temple, and his descendants preserved the sacrifices to himself.

2. "Therefore having such great virtue, it could not but be that he should obtain the throne, that he should obtain those riches, that he should obtain his fame, that he should attain to his long life.

3. "Thus it is that Heaven, in the production of things, is surely bountiful to them, according to their qualities. Hence the tree that is flourishing, it nourishes; while that which is ready to fall, it overthrows.

4. "In the Book of Poetry, it is said, 'The admirable, amiable prince displayed conspicuously his excelling virtue, adjusting his people and adjusting his officers. Therefore, he received from Heaven the emoluments of dignity. It pro-

tected him, assisted him, decreed him the throne ; sending from heaven these favors, as it were repeatedly.'

5. "We may say, therefore, that he who is greatly virtuous will be sure to receive the appointment of Heaven."



VEDIC HYMNS.

BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS.

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To what deities were the prayers and hymns of the Vedas addressed? This is an interesting inquiry, for these were probably the very deities worshiped under similar names by our Aryan progenitors in their primeval home. The answer is : They worshiped those physical forces before which all nations, if guided solely by the light of nature, have in the early period of their life instinctively bowed down, and before which even the more civilized and enlightened have always been compelled to bend in awe and reverence if not in adoration.

To our Aryan forefathers God's power was exhibited in the forces of nature even more evidently than to ourselves. Lands, houses, flocks, herds, men, and animals were more frequently than in Western climates at the mercy of winds, fire, and water ; and the sun's rays appeared to be endowed with a potency quite beyond the experience of any European country. We cannot be surprised, then, that these forces were regarded by our Eastern progenitors as actual manifestations, either of one deity in different moods or of separate rival deities contending for supremacy. Nor is it wonderful that these mighty agencies should have been at first poetically personified, and afterwards, when invested with forms, attributes, and individuality, worshiped as distinct gods. It was only natural, too, that a varying supremacy and varying honors should have been accorded to each deified force—to the air, the rain, the storm, the sun, or fire—according to the special atmospheric influences to which particular localities were exposed, or according to the seasons of the year when the dominance of each was to be prayed for or deprecated.

This was the religion represented in the Vedas and the primitive creed of the Indo-Aryans about twelve or thirteen centuries before Christ. The first forces deified seem to have been those manifested in the sky and air. These were at first generalized under one rather vague personification, as was natural in the earliest attempts at giving shape to religious ideas. For it may be observed that all religious systems, even the most polytheistic, have generally grown out of some undefined original belief in a divine power or powers controlling and regulating the universe. And although innumerable gods and goddesses, gifted with a thousand shapes, now crowd the Hindu Pantheon, appealing to the instincts of the unthinking millions whose capacity for religious ideas is supposed to require the aid of external symbols, it is probable that there existed for the first Aryan worshipers a similar theistic creed: even as the thoughtful Hindu of the present day looks through the maze of his mythology to the philosophical background of one eternal self-existent Being, one universal Spirit, into whose unity all visible symbols are gathered, and in whose essence all entities are comprehended.

In the Veda this unity soon diverged into various ramifications. Only a few of the hymns appear to contain the simple conception of one divine self-existent omnipresent Being, and even in these the idea of one God present in all nature is somewhat nebulous and undefined.

It is interesting to note how this idea, vaguely stated as it was in the Veda, gradually developed and became more clearly defined in the time of Manu. In the last verses of the twelfth book (123-125) we have the following: "Him some adore as transcendently present in fire: others in Manu, lord of creatures; some as more distinctly present in Indra, others in pure air, others as the most high eternal Spirit. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul, the supreme soul, present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence."

In the Purusha-sūkta of the Rig-veda, which is one of the later hymns,—probably not much earlier than the earliest Brahmana,—the one Spirit is called Purusha. The more common name is Atman or Paratman, and in the later system Brahman, neut. (nom. Brahṃā), derived from root *brih*, to expand, and denoting the universally expanding essence or universally diffused substance of the universe. It was thus

that the later creed became not so much monotheistic (by which I mean the belief in one God regarded as a personal Being external to the universe, though creating and governing it) as pantheistic : Brahman is the neuter being, "simple infinite being,"—the only real eternal essence,—which, when it passes into universal *manifested* existence, is called Brahma ; when it manifests itself on the earth, is called Vishnu ; and when it again dissolves itself into simple being, is called Siva ; all the other innumerable gods and demigods being also mere manifestations of the neuter Brahman, who alone is eternal. This, at any rate, appears to be the genuine pantheistic creed of India at the present day.

To return to the Vedic hymns—perhaps the most ancient and beautiful Vedic deification was that of Dyaus, the sky, as Dyaush-pitar, "Heavenly Father" (the Zeus or Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans). Then closely connected with Dyaus was a goddess, Aditi, "the Infinite Expanse," conceived of subsequently as the mother of all the gods. Next came a development of the same conception called Varuna, "the Investing Sky," said to answer to Ahura Mazda, the Ormazd of the ancient Persian mythology, and to the Greek Ouranos—but a more spiritual conception, leading to a worship which rose to the nature of a belief in the great Our-Father-who-art-in-Heaven. This Varuna, again, was soon thought of in connection with another vague personification called Mitra (= the Persian Mithra), god of day. After a time these impersonations of the celestial sphere were felt to be too vague to suit the growth of religious ideas in ordinary minds. Soon, therefore, the great investing firmament resolved itself into separate cosmical entities with separate powers and attributes. First, the watery atmosphere, personified under the name of Indra, ever seeking to dispense his dewy treasures (*indu*), though ever restrained by an opposing force or spirit of evil called Vritra ; and, secondly, the wind, thought of either as a single personality named Vagu, or as a whole assemblage of moving powers coming from every quarter of the compass, and impersonated as Maruts or "Storm-gods." At the same time in this process of decentralization—if I may use the term—the once purely celestial Varuna became relegated to a position among seven secondary deities of the heavenly sphere called Adityas (afterwards increased to twelve, and regarded as diversified forms of the sun in the several months of the year), and sub-

sequently to a dominion over the waters when they had left the air and rested on the earth.

Of these separately deified physical forces, by far the most favorite object of adoration was the deity supposed to yield the dew and rain, longed for by Eastern cultivators of the soil with even greater cravings than by Northern agriculturists. Indra, therefore, — the Jupiter Pluvius of early Indian mythology, — is undoubtedly the principal divinity of Vedic worshipers, in so far at least as the greater number of their prayers and hymns are addressed to him.

What, however, could rain effect without the aid of heat? a force, the intensity of which must have impressed an Indian mind with awe, and led him to invest the possessor of it with divine attributes. Hence the other great god of Vedic worshipers, and in some respects the most important in his connection with sacrificial rites, is Agni (Latin Ignis), the god of fire. Even Sūrya, the sun (Greek Helios), who was probably at first adored as the original source of heat, came to be regarded as only another form of fire. He was merely a manifestation of the same divine energy removed to the heavens and consequently less accessible. Another deity, Ushas, goddess of the dawn, — the Eōs of the Greeks, — was naturally connected with the sun, and regarded as daughter of the sky. Two other deities, the Aṇvins, were fabled as connected with Ushas, as ever young and handsome, traveling in a golden car, and precursors of the dawn. They are sometimes called Dasras, as divine physicians, destroyers of diseases; sometimes Uāsatyas, as “never untrue.” They appear to have been personifications of two luminous rays imagined to precede the break of day. These, with Yama, “the God of departed spirits,” are the principal deities of the Mantra portion of the Veda.

We find, therefore, no trace in the Mantras of the Trimurti or Triad of deities (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), afterwards so popular. Nor does the doctrine of transmigration, afterwards an essential element of the Hindu religion, appear in the Mantra portion of the Veda, though there is a clear declaration of it in the Aranyaka of the Aitareya Brahmana. Nor is caste clearly alluded to, except in the later Purusha-sūkta.

But here it may be asked, if sky, air, water, fire, and the sun were thus worshiped as manifestations of the supreme universal God of the universe, was not the earth also an object of adoration with the early Hindus? And unquestionably in the earlier

system the earth, under the name of Prithivi, "the broad one," does receive divine honors, being thought of as the mother of all beings. Moreover, various deities were regarded as the progeny resulting from the fancied union of earth with Dyaus, heaven. This imaginary marriage of heaven and earth was indeed a most natural idea, and much of the later mythology may be explained by it. But it is remarkable that as religious worship became of a more selfish character, the earth, being more evidently under man's control, and not seeming to need propitiation so urgently as the more uncertain air, fire, and water, lost importance among the gods, and was rarely addressed in prayer or hymn.

In all probability the deified forces addressed in the hymns were not represented by images or idols in the Vedic period, though doubtless the early worshipers clothed their gods with human form in their own imaginations.

I now begin my examples with a nearly literal translation of the well-known sixteenth hymn of the fourth book of the Atharva-veda, in praise of Varuna or the Investing Sky : —

HYMN TO THE INVESTING SKY.

The mighty Varuna, who rules above, looks down
 Upon these worlds, his kingdom, as if close at hand.
 When men imagine they do aught by stealth, he knows it.
 No one can stand or walk or softly glide along
 Or hide in dark recess, or lurk in secret cell,
 But Varuna detects him and his movements spies.
 Two persons may devise some plot, together sitting
 In private and alone; but he, the king, is there —
 A third — and sees it all. This boundless earth is his,
 His the vast sky, whose depth no mortal e'er can fathom.
 Both oceans [air and sea] find a place within his body, yet
 In that small pool he lies contained. Whoe'er should flee
 Far, far beyond the sky, would not escape the grasp
 Of Varuna, the king. His messengers descend
 Countless from his abode — forever traversing
 This world and scanning with a thousand eyes its inmates.
 Whate'er exists within this earth, and all within the sky,
 Yea, all that is beyond, King Varuna perceives.
 The winking of men's eyes are numbered all by him.
 He wields the universe, as gamblers handle dice.
 May thy destroying snares cast sevenfold round the wicked,
 Entangle liars, but the truthful spare, O king!

I pass from the ancient Aryan deity Varuna to the more thoroughly Indian god Indra.

The following metrical lines bring together various scattered texts relating to this Hindu Jupiter Pluvius:—

TO THE RAIN GOD.

Indra, twin brother of the god of fire,
 When thou wast born, thy mother Aditi
 Gave thee, her lusty child, the thrilling draught
 Of mountain-growing Soma — source of life
 And never-dying vigor to thy frame.
 Then at the Thunderer's birth, appalled with fear,
 Dreading the hundred-jointed thunderbolt —
 Forged by the cunning Trastivri — mountain rocked,
 Earth shook, and heaven trembled. Thou wast born
 Without a rival, king of gods and men —
 The eye of living and terrestrial things.
 Immortal Indra, unrelenting foe
 Of drought and darkness, infinitely wise.
 Terrific crusher of thy enemies,
 Heroic, irresistible in might,
 Wall of defense to us thy worshipers,
 We sing thy praises, and our ardent hymns
 Embrace thee, as a loving wife her lord.
 Thou art our guardian, advocate, and friend,
 A brother, father, mother, all combined.
 Most fatherly of fathers, we are thine,
 And thou art ours; oh! let thy pitying soul
 Turn to us in compassion, when we praise thee,
 And slay us not for one sin or for many.
 Deliver us to-day, to-morrow, every day.
 Armed for the conflict, see! the demons come —
 Ahi and Vritra and a long array
 Of darksome spirits. Quick, then, quaff the draught
 That stimulates thy martial energy,
 And dashing onward in thy golden car,
 Drawn by thy ruddy, Ribhu-fashioned steeds,
 Speed to the charge, escorted by the Maruts.
 Vainly the demons dare thy might; in vain
 Strive to deprive us of thy watery treasures.
 Earth quakes beneath the crashing of thy bolts.
 Pierced, shattered, lies the foe — his cities crushed
 His armies overthrown, his fortresses
 Shivered to fragments; then the pent-up waters,

Released from long imprisonment, descend
 In torrents to the earth, and swollen rivers,
 Foaming and rolling to their ocean home,
 Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer.

Let us proceed next to the all-important Vedic deity Agni, "god of fire," especially of sacrificial fire. I propose now to paraphrase a few of the texts which relate to him:—

TO THE FIRE GOD.

Agni, thou art a sage, a priest, a king,
 Protector, father of the sacrifice.
 Commissioned by us men thou dost ascend
 A messenger, conveying to the sky
 Our hymns and offerings. Though thy origin
 Be threefold, now from air and now from water,
 Now from the mystic double Arani,
 Thou art thyself a mighty god, a lord,
 Giver of life and immortality,
 One in thy essence, but to mortals three;
 Displaying thine eternal triple form,
 As fire on earth, as lightning in the air,
 As sun in heaven. Thou art a cherished guest
 In every household—father, brother, son,
 Friend, benefactor, guardian, all in one.
 Bright, seven-rayed god! how manifold thy shapes
 Revealed to us thy votaries! now we see thee,
 With body all of gold, and radiant hair,
 Flaming from three terrific heads, and mouths
 Whose burning jaws and teeth devour all things.
 Now with a thousand glowing horns, and now
 Flashing thy luster from a thousand eyes,
 Thou'rt borne towards us in a golden chariot,
 Impelled by winds, and drawn by ruddy steeds,
 Marking thy car's destructive course with blackness.
 Deliver, mighty lord, thy worshipers.
 Purge us from taint of sin, and when we die,
 Deal mercifully with us on the pyre,
 Burning our bodies with their load of guilt,
 But bearing our eternal part on high
 To luminous abodes and realms of bliss,
 Forever there to dwell with righteous men.

The next deity is Sūrya, the sun, who, with reference to the variety of his functions, has various names,—such as Savitri,

Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, Pushan, sometimes ranking as distinct deities of the celestial sphere. As already explained, he is associated in the minds of Vedic worshipers with Fire, and is frequently described as sitting in a chariot drawn by seven ruddy horses (representing the seven days of the week), preceded by the Dawn. Here is an example of a hymn addressed to this deity, translated almost literally : —

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Behold the rays of dawn, like heralds, lead on high
 The sun, that men may see the great all-knowing god.
 The stars slink off like thieves, in company with Night,
 Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams reveal his presence,
 Gleaming like brilliant flames, to nation after nation.
 With speed beyond the ken of mortals, thou, O Sun,
 Dost ever travel on, conspicuous to all.
 Thou dost create the light, and with it dost illumine
 The universe entire; thou risest in the sight
 Of all the race of men, and all the host of heaven.
 Light-giving Varuna! thy piercing glance doth scan
 In quick succession all this stirring, active world,
 And penetrateth, too, the broad ethereal space,
 Measuring our days and nights and spying out all creatures.
 Sūrya with flaming locks, clear-sighted, god of day,
 Thy seven ruddy mares bear on thy rushing car.
 With these thy self-yoked steeds, seven daughters of thy
 chariot.
 Onward thou dost advance. To thy refulgent orb
 Beyond this lower gloom and upward to the light
 Would we ascend, O Sun, thou god among the gods.

As an accompaniment to this hymn may here be mentioned the celebrated Gayatri. It is a short prayer to the Sun in his character of Savitri or the Vivifier, and is the most sacred of all Vedic texts. Though not always understood, it is to this very day used by every Brahman throughout India in his daily devotions. It occurs in the Rig-veda, and can be literally translated as follows : —

“Let us meditate [or, We meditate] on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier. May he enlighten [or, stimulate] our understandings.”

May we not conjecture, with Sir William Jones, that the great veneration in which this text has ever been held by the

Hindus from time immemorial, indicates that the more enlightened worshippers adored, under the type of the visible sun, that divine light which alone could illumine their intellects?

I may here also fitly offer a short paraphrase descriptive of the Vedic Ushas, the Greek Eōs, or Dawn :—

HYMN TO THE DAWN.

Hail, ruddy Ushas, golden goddess, borne
 Upon thy shining car, thou comest like
 A lovely maiden by her mother decked,
 Disclosing coyly all thy hidden graces
 To our admiring eyes; or like a wife
 Unveiling to her lord, with conscious pride,
 Beauties which, as he gazes lovingly,
 Seem fresher, fairer, each succeeding morn.
 Through years on years thou hast lived on, and yet
 Thou'rt ever young. Thou art the breath and life
 Of all that breathes and lives, awaking day by day
 Myriads of prostrate sleepers, as from death,
 Causing the birds to flutter from their nests,
 And rousing men to ply with busy feet
 Their daily duties and appointed tasks,
 Toiling for wealth, or pleasure, or renown.

Before leaving the subject of the Vedic deities, I add a few words about Yama, the god of departed spirits. It appears tolerably certain that the doctrine of metempsychosis has no place in the Mantra portion of the Veda; nor do the authors of the hymns evince any sympathy with the desire to get rid of all action and personal existence, which became so remarkable a feature of the theology and philosophy of the Brahmans in later times. But there are many indirect references to the immortality of man's spirit and a future life, and these become more marked and decided towards the end of the Rig-veda. One of the hymns in the last Mandala is addressed to the Pitris or fathers, that is to say, the spirits of departed ancestors who have attained to a state of heavenly bliss, and are supposed to occupy three different stages of blessedness; the highest inhabiting the upper sky, the middle the intermediate air, and the lowest the regions of the atmosphere near the earth. Reverence and adoration are always to be offered them, and they are presided over by the god Yama, the ruler of all the spirits of the dead, whether good or bad. The earlier legends repre-

sent this god as a kind of first man (his twin sister being Yami), and also as the first of men that died. Hence he is described as guiding the spirits of other men who die, to the same world. In some passages, however, Death is said to be his messenger, he himself dwelling in celestial light, to which the departed are brought, and where they enjoy his society and that of the fathers. In the Veda he has nothing to do with judging or punishing the departed (as in the later mythology), but he has two terrific dogs, with four eyes, which guard the way to his abode. Here are a few thoughts about him from various hymns in the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda : —

HYMN TO DEATH.

To Yama, mighty king, be gifts and homage paid.
 He was the first of men that died, the first to brave
 Death's rapid, rushing stream, the first to point the road
 To heaven, and welcome others to that bright abode.
 No power can rob us of the home thus won by thee.
 O king, we come; the born must die, must tread the path
 That thou hast trod — the path by which each race of men,
 In long succession, and our fathers too, have passed.
 Soul of the dead! depart; fear not to take the road —
 The ancient road — by which thy ancestors have gone;
 Ascend to meet the god — to meet thy happy fathers,
 Who dwell in bliss with him. Fear not to pass the guards —
 The four-eyed brindled dogs — that watch for the departed.
 Return unto thy home, O soul! Thy sin and shame
 Leave thou behind on earth; assume a shining form —
 Thy ancient shape — refined and from all taint set free.

Let me now endeavor, by slightly amplified translations, to convey some idea of two of the most remarkable hymns in the Rig-veda. The first, which may be compared with some parts of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, attempts to describe the mystery of creation, thus : —

THE MYSTERY OF CREATION.

In the beginning there was neither naught nor aught;
 Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above.
 What then enshrouded all this teeming Universe?
 In the receptacle of what was it contained?
 Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water?
 Then was there neither death nor immortality,

Then was there neither day, nor night, nor light, nor darkness,
 Only the existent One breathed calmly, self-contained.
 Naught else than him there was — naught else above, beyond.
 Then first came darkness hid in darkness, gloom in gloom.
 Next all was water, all a chaos indiscrete,
 In which the One lay void, shrouded in nothingness.
 Then turning inwards, he by self-developed force
 Of inner fervor and intense abstraction, grew.
 And now in him Desire, the primal germ of mind,
 Arose, which learned men, profoundly searching, say
 Is the first subtle bond, connecting Entity
 With Nullity. This ray that kindled dormant life,
 Where was it then? before? or was it found above?
 Were there parturient powers and latent qualities,
 And fecund principles beneath, and active forces
 That energized aloft? Who knows? Who can declare?
 How and from what has sprung this Universe? the gods
 Themselves are subsequent to its development.
 Who then can penetrate the secret of its rise?
 Whether 'twas framed or not, made or not made, he only
 Who in the highest heaven sits, the omniscient lord,
 Assuredly knows all, or haply knows he not.

The next example is from the first Mandala of the Rig-veda.
 Like the preceding, it furnishes a good argument for those who
 maintain that the purer faith of the Hindus is properly mono-
 theistic.

THE ONE GOD.

What god shall we adore with sacrifice?
 Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
 In the beginning, who was born the lord —
 The one sole lord of all that is — who made
 The earth, and formed the sky, who giveth life,
 Who giveth strength, whose bidding gods revere,
 Whose hiding place is immortality,
 Whose shadow, death; who by his might is king
 Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world —
 Who governs men and beasts, whose majesty
 These snowy hills, this ocean with its rivers,
 Declare; of whom these spreading regions form
 The arms; by whom the firmament is strong,
 Earth firmly planted, and the highest heavens
 Supported, and the clouds that fill the air
 Distributed and measured out; to whom
 Both earth and heaven, established by his will,

Look up with trembling mind; in whom revealed
 The rising sun shines forth above the world.
 Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
 Have gone, depositing a fruitful seed.
 And generating fire, there *he* arose,
 Who is the breath and life of all the gods,
 Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
 Of watery vapor — source of energy,
 Cause of the sacrifice — the only God
 Above the gods. May he not injure us!
 He the Creator of the earth — the righteous
 Creator of the sky, Creator too
 Of oceans bright, and far-extending waters.

Let me now give a few verses (not in regular order and not quite literally translated) from the celebrated Purusha-sūkta, one of the most recent hymns of the Rig-veda. It will serve to illustrate the gradual sliding of Hindu monotheism into pantheism, and the first foreshadowing of the institution of caste, which for so many centuries has held India in bondage : —

The embodied spirit has a thousand heads,
 A thousand eyes, a thousand feet around,
 On every side enveloping the earth,
 Yet filling space no larger than a span.
 He is himself this very universe,
 He is whatever is, has been, and shall be.
 He is the lord of immortality.
 All creatures are one fourth of him, three fourths
 Are that which is immortal in the sky.
 From him called Purusha, was born Viraj,
 And from Viraj was Purusha produced,
 Whom gods and holy men made their oblation.
 With Purusha as victim they performed
 A sacrifice. When they divided him,
 How did they cut him up? what was his mouth?
 What were his arms? And what his thighs and feet?
 The Brahman was his mouth, the kingly soldier
 Was made his arms, the husbandman his thighs,
 The servile Sudra issued from his feet.

I close my examples of the Mantras with slightly amplified versions of two hymns — one in praise of Time, personified as the source of all things, taken from the Atharva-veda; the other addressed to Night, from the Rig-veda.

HYMN TO TIME.

Time, like a brilliant steed with seven rays,
 And with a thousand eyes, imperishable,
 Full of fecundity, bears all things onward.
 On him ascend the learned and the wise.
 Time, like a seven-wheeled, seven-naved car, moves on.
 His rolling wheels are all the worlds, his axle
 Is immortality. He is the first of gods.
 We see him like an overflowing jar;
 We see him multiplied in various forms.
 He draws forth and encompasses the worlds;
 He is all future worlds; he is their father;
 He is their son; there is no power like him.
 The past and future issue out of Time,
 All sacred knowledge and austerity:
 From Time the earth and waters were produced;
 From Time, the rising, setting, burning sun;
 From Time, the wind; through Time the earth is vast
 Through Time the eye perceives; mind, breath, and name
 In him are comprehended. All rejoice
 When Time arrives — the monarch who has conquered
 This world, the highest world, the holy worlds,
 Yea, all the worlds — and ever marches on.

The hymn to Night is my last example. It is taken from the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda : —

HYMN TO NIGHT.

The goddess Night arrives in all her glory,
 Looking about her with her countless eyes.
 She, the immortal goddess, throws her veil
 Over low valley, rising ground, and hill,
 But soon with bright effulgence dissipates
 The darkness she produces; soon advancing,
 She calls her sister Morning to return,
 And then each darksome shadow melts away.
 Kind goddess, be propitious to thy servants
 Who at thy coming straightway seek repose,
 Like birds who nightly nestle in the trees.
 Lo! men and cattle, flocks and winged creatures,
 And e'en the ravenous hawks, have gone to rest.
 Drive thou away from us, O Night, the wolf;
 Drive thou away the thief, and bear us safely
 Across thy borders. Then do thou, O Dawn,
 Like one who clears away a debt, chase off

This black yet palpable obscurity,
Which came to fold us in its close embrace.
Receive, O Night, dark daughter of the Day,
My hymn of praise, which I present to thee,
Like some rich offering to a conqueror.



LEX TALIONIS.

DASARATHA DECLARES HIS BEREAVEMENT A PUNISHMENT.

(From the Rāmāyana : translated by Sir Monier Monier-Williams.)

ONE day when rains refreshed the earth, and caused my heart to
swell with joy ;
When, after scorching with his rays the parchèd ground, the summer
sun
Had passed towards the south ; when cooling breezes chased away
the heat
And grateful clouds arose ; when frogs and peafowl sported, and the
deer
Seemed drunk with glee, and all the winged creation, dripping as if
drowned,
Plumed their dank feathers on the tops of wind-rocked trees, and
falling showers
Covered the mountains till they looked like watery heaps, and tor-
rents poured
Down from their sides, filled with loose stones and red as dawn with
mineral earth,
Winding like serpents in their course ; — then, at that charming
season, I,
Longing to breathe the air, went forth, with bow and arrow in my
hand,
To seek for game, if haply by the riverside a buffalo,
An elephant, or other animal might cross at eve my path,
Coming to drink. Then in the dusk I heard the sound of gurgling
water ;
Quickly I took my bow, and aiming toward the sound, shot off the
dart.
A cry of mortal agony came from the spot, — a human voice
Was heard, and a poor hermit's son fell pierced and bleeding in the
stream.
“ Ah ! wherefore then,” he cried, “ am I, a harmless hermit's son,
struck down ?

Hither to this lone brook I came at eve to fill my water jar.
 By whom have I been smitten? Whom have I offended? Oh! I
 grieve
 Not for myself or my own fate, but for my parents, old and blind,
 Who perish in my death. Ah! what will be the end of that loved
 pair,
 Long guided and supported by my hand? This barbed dart hath
 pierced
 Both me and them." Hearing that piteous voice, I, Dasaratha,
 Who meant no harm to any human creature, young or old, became
 Palsied with fear; my bow and arrows dropped from my senseless
 hands;
 And I approached the place in horror; there with dismay I saw
 Stretched on the bank an innocent hermit boy, writhing in pain and
 smeared
 With dust and blood, his knotted hair disheveled, and a broken jar
 Lying beside him. I stood petrified and speechless. He on me
 Fixed full his eyes; and then, as if to burn my inmost soul, he
 said:—
 "How have I wronged thee, monarch? that thy cruel hand has
 smitten me,—
 Me, a poor hermit's son, born in the forest: father, mother, child
 Hast thou transfix'd with this one arrow: they, my parents, sit at
 home,
 Expecting my return, and long will cherish hope—a prey to thirst
 And agonizing fears. Go to my father—tell him of my fate,
 Lest his dread curse consume thee, as the flame devours the withered
 wood.
 But first in pity draw thou forth the shaft that pierces to my heart
 And checks the gushing lifeblood, as the bank obstructs the bound-
 ing stream!"
 He ceased, and as he rolled his eyes in agony, and quivering writhed
 Upon the ground, I slowly drew the arrow from the poor boy's side.
 Distracted at the grievous crime, wrought by my hand unwittingly,
 Sadly I thought within myself how I might best repair the wrong,
 Then took the way he had directed me towards the hermitage.
 There I beheld his parents, old and blind; like two clipped, wing-
 less birds
 Sitting forlorn, without their guide, awaiting his arrival anxiously,
 And, to beguile their weariness, conversing of him tenderly.
 Quickly they caught the sound of footsteps, and I heard the old
 man say
 With chiding voice, "Why hast thou lingered, child? Quick, give
 us both to drink
 A little water. Long forgetful of us, in the cooling stream

Hast thou disported; come in, for thy mother yearneth for her son.
 If she or I in aught have caused thee pain, or spoken hasty words,
 Think on thy hermit's duty of forgiveness; bear them not in mind.
 Thou art the refuge of us refugeless — the eyes of thy blind sire.
 Why art thou silent? Speak! Bound up in thee are both thy
 parents' lives."

He ceased, and I stood paralyzed — till by an effort resolutely
 Collecting all my powers of utterance, with faltering voice I said:—
 "Pious and noble hermit, I am not thy son; I am the king.

Wandering with bow and arrow by a stream, seeking for game,
 I pierced
 Unknowingly thy child. The rest I need not tell. Be gracious
 to me."

Hearing my pitiless words, announcing his bereavement, he remained
 Senseless awhile; then drawing a deep sigh, his face all bathed
 in tears,

He spake as I approached him suppliantly, and slowly said:—
 "Hadst thou not come thyself to tell thy awful tale, its load of guilt
 Had crushed thy head into ten thousand fragments. This ill-fated
 deed

Was wrought by thee unwittingly, O king, else hadst thou not
 been spared,

And all the race of Rāghavas had perished. Lead us to the place;
 And, bloody though he be, and lifeless, we must look upon our son
 For the last time, and clasp him in our arms." Then weeping
 bitterly,

The pair, led by my hand, came to the spot, and fell upon their son.
 Thrilled by the touch, the father cried: "My son, hast thou no
 greeting for me?

No word of recognition? Why liest thou here upon the ground?

Art thou offended? Or am I no longer loved by thee, my son?

See here thy mother. Thou wert ever dutiful towards us both.

Why wilt thou not embrace me? Speak one tender word. Whom
 shall I hear

Reading again the sacred Sāstra in the early morning hours?

Who now will bring me roots and fruits to feed me like a cherished
 guest?

How, weak and blind, can I support thy aged mother, pining for
 her son?

Stay! Go not yet to Death's abode — stay with thy mother yet
 one day:

To-morrow we will both go with thee on the dreary way. Forlorn

And sad, deserted by our child, without protector in the wood,

Soon shall we both depart toward the mansion of the King of
 Death."

Thus bitterly lamenting, he performed the funeral rites; then turning

Towards me, thus addressed me, standing reverently near: "I had But this one child, and thou hast made me childless. Now strike down

The father; I shall feel no pain in death. But thy requital be That sorrow for a child shall also bring thee one day to the grave."



LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

(From the Mahābhārata : translated by Protap Chandra Roy.)

THERE was a king among the Madras who was virtuous and highly pious. And he was the foremost of givers, and was able, and was beloved by both the citizens and the rural population. And the name of that Lord of Earth was Aṅwapati. And that forgiving monarch of truthful speech and subdued senses was without offspring. And when he got old, he was stricken with grief at this. And that best of kings, daily offering ten thousand oblations to the Fire, recited hymns in honor of Sāvitrī, the wife of Brahmā, and ate temperately at the sixth hour. And at the end of eighteen years, Sāvitrī appeared unto him and said:—

"Through the favor granted by the Self-create, there shall speedily be born unto thee a daughter of great energy. It behooveth thee to make no reply. Well pleased, I tell thee this at the command of the Great Father!"

And Sāvitrī vanishing away, the monarch entered his own city. And when some time had elapsed, that king observant of vows begat offspring on his eldest queen engaged in the practice of virtue.

And when the time came, his wife brought forth a daughter furnished with lotuslike eyes. And as she had been bestowed with delight by the goddess Sāvitrī by virtue of the oblations offered in honor of that goddess, both her father and the Brāhmanas named her Sāvitrī.

And the king's daughter grew up like unto Sri [the goddess of beauty] herself in embodied form. And in due time that damsel attained her puberty.

And beholding that maiden of slender waist and ample hips, and resembling a golden image, people thought: "Lo, we have received a goddess!"

And, overpowered by her energy, none could wed that girl of eyes like lotus leaves, and possessed of a burning splendor.

And it came to pass that once on the occasion of a holy day, having fasted and bathed her head, she presented herself before the family deity, and caused the Brāhmanas to offer oblations with due rites before the sacrificial fire. And taking the flowers that had been offered to the god, that lady, beautiful as Sri herself, went to her high-souled sire. And having revered the feet of her father, that lady of exceeding grace, with joined hands, stood at the side of the king. And seeing his own daughter, resembling a celestial damsel and arrived at puberty, unsought by people, the king became sad.

And the king said :—

“ Daughter, the time for bestowing thee is come ! Yet none asketh thee. Do thou, therefore, thyself seek for a husband equal to thee in qualities. That person who may be desired by thee shall be notified to me by thee. Do thou choose for thy husband as thou listest. Do thou, O auspicious one, listen to the words I myself have heard from the twice-born ones : The father that doth not bestow his daughter cometh by disgrace. And the son who doth not protect his mother when her husband is dead also suffereth disgrace. Hearing these words, do thou engage thyself in search of a husband. Do thou act in such a way that we may not be censured by the gods ! ”

Having said these words to his daughter and his old counselors, he instructed the attendants to follow her, saying, “ Go ! ”

Thereafter, bashfully bowing even down unto her father's feet, the meek maid went out without hesitation, in compliance with the words of her sire. And ascending a golden car, she went to the delightful asylums of the royal sages, accompanied by her father's royal counselors. There, worshiping the feet of the aged ones, she gradually began to roam over all the woods. Thus the king's daughter, distributing wealth in all sacred regions, ranged the various places belonging to the foremost of the twice-born ones.

Now on one occasion, when Aṅwapati, the Lord of the Madras, was seated with Nārada, the celestial sage, in the midst of his court enjoyed in conversation, Sāvitrī returned to her father's abode, after visiting various asylums and regions.

And beholding her father sitting with Nārada, she worshipped both by bending down her head.

And Nārada then said :—

“Whither had this thy daughter gone? And, O king, whence also doth she come? Why also dost thou not bestow her on a husband, seeing that she hath arrived at the age of puberty?”

Açwapati answered, saying :—

“Surely it was on this very business that she hath been sent, and she returneth now from her search. Do thou, O celestial sage, listen, even unto herself, as to the husband she hath chosen for herself.”

Then that blessed maid related everything in detail, as commanded by her father :—

“There was amongst the Sālwas a virtuous Kshatriya king known by the name of Dyumatsena. And it came to pass that in the course of time he became blind. And that blind king possessed of wisdom had an only son. And it so happened that an old enemy dwelling in his neighborhood, taking advantage of the king’s mishap, deprived him of his kingdom. And, thereupon, the monarch, accompanied by his wife, bearing a child on her breast, went into the woods. And having retired into the forest, he adopted great vows and began to practice ascetic austerities. And his son, born in the city, began to grow in the hermitage. That youth, fit to be my husband, I have accepted in my heart for my lord!”

At these her words, Nārada said :—

“Alas! O king, Sāvitrī hath committed a great wrong; since, not knowing, she hath accepted for her lord this Sātyavan of excellent qualities.”

The king then asked :—

“But is Prince Sātyavan endued with energy and intelligence and forgiveness and courage?”

Nārada replied, saying :—

“In energy Sātyavan is like unto the Sun, and in wisdom like unto Vrihaspati! And he is brave like unto the Lord of the Celestials, and forgiving like unto the Earth herself!”

Açwapati then said :—

“And is Prince Sātyavan liberal in gifts and devoted to the Brāhmanas? Is he handsome and magnanimous and lovely to behold?”

Nārada said :—

“In bestowing gifts, according to his power, he is like unto Sankriti’s son Rantideva. In truthfulness of speech and devo-

tion to the Brāhmanas, he is like Uçinara's son Civī. And he is magnanimous like Yayāti, and beautiful like the Moon. And, with senses under control, he is meek and brave and truthful! And, with passions in subjection, he is devoted to his friends, and free from malice, and modest and patient."

Hearing this, Açwapati said :—

"O reverend sage, thou tellest me that he is possessed of every virtue! Do thou now tell me his defects, if, indeed, he hath any!"

Nārada then said :—

"He hath one only defect, that hath overwhelmed all his virtues. That defect is incapable of being conquered even by the greatest efforts. He hath only one defect and no other. Within a year from this day, Sātyavan, endued with a short life, will cast off his body!"

Hearing these words of the sage, the king said :—

"Come, O Sāvitrī, go thou and choose another for thy lord, O beautiful damsel! That one great defect existing in this youth covereth all his merits."

At these words of her father, Sāvitrī said :—

"The die can fall but once; a daughter can be given away but once; and only once can a person say, 'I give away.' These three things can take place only once! Indeed, with a life short or long, possessed of virtues or bereft of them, I have for once selected my husband. Twice I shall not select. When a thing is first settled mentally, it is expressed in words, and then it is carried out into practice. Of this my mind is an example!"

Then Nārada said :—

"O best of men, the heart of thy daughter wavereth not! It is not possible by any means to make her swerve from this path of virtue! The bestowal of thy daughter is, therefore, approved by me."

The king said :—

"What thou hast said, O illustrious one, should never be disobeyed; for thy words are true! And I shall act as thou hast said, since thou art my preceptor!"

Nārada said :—

"May the bestowal of thy daughter Sāvitrī be attended with peace! I shall now depart. Blessed be all of ye!"

Having said this, Nārada rose up into the sky and went to heaven. On the other hand, the king began to make prepara-

tions for his daughter's wedding. And having summoned all the old Brāhmanas and priests, he set out on an auspicious day with his daughter. And, arriving at the asylum of Dyumatsena in the sacred forest, the king approached the royal sage, and after duly reverencing him, introduced himself in a humble speech. And the monarch said to his royal guest :—

“Wherefore is this visit?”

Thus addressed, the king disclosed everything about his intention and purpose with reference to Sātyavan, saying :—

“O royal sage, this beautiful girl is my daughter, named Sāvitrī. O thou versed in morality, do thou, agreeably to the customs of our order, take her from me as thy daughter-in-law!”

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said :—

“Deprived of kingdom and taking up our abode in the woods, we are engaged in the practice of virtue as ascetics with regulated lives. Unworthy of a forest life, how will thy daughter, living in the sylvan asylum, bear this hardship?”

Aṅwapati said :—

“As my daughter knoweth, as well as myself, that happiness and misery come and go, without either being stationary, such words as these are not fit to be used to one like me. Thou art my equal and fit for an alliance with me, as, indeed, I am thy equal and fit for an alliance with thee. Do thou, therefore, accept my daughter for thy daughter-in-law and the wife of the good Sātyavan.”

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said :—

“Formerly I had desired an alliance with thee. But I hesitated, being subsequently deprived of my kingdom. Let this wish, therefore, that I had formerly entertained, be accomplished this very day. Thou art, indeed, a very welcome guest to me!”

Then summoning all the twice-born ones residing in the hermitages of that forest, the two kings caused the union to take place with due rites. And having bestowed his daughter with suitable robes and ornaments, Aṅwapati went back to his abode in great joy.

And Sātyavan, having obtained a wife possessed of every accomplishment, became highly glad, while she also rejoiced, having gained the husband after her own heart. And when her father had departed, she put off all her ornaments, and clad herself in bark and in clothes dyed in red. And by her services and virtues, her tenderness and self-denial, and by her

agreeable offices unto all, she pleased everybody. And she gratified her mother-in-law by attending to her person and by covering her with robes and ornaments. And she gratified her father-in-law by worshipping him as a god and controlling her speech. And she pleased her husband by her honeyed speeches, her skill in every kind of work, the evenness of her temper, and the indications of her love in private. And all these, living in the asylum of the pious dwellers of the forest, continued for some time to practice ascetic austerities. But the words spoken by Nārada were present night and day to the mind of the sorrowful Sāvitrī.

At length the hour appointed for the death of Sātyavan arrived. And as the words spoken by Nārada were ever present to the mind of Sāvitrī, she counted the days as they passed. And having ascertained that her husband would die on the fourth day following, the damsel fasted day and night, observing the *Triratra* vow. And hearing of her vow, the king became exceedingly sorry, and rising up, soothed Sāvitrī and said these words:—

“This vow thou hast begun to observe, O daughter of a king, is exceedingly hard; for it is exceedingly difficult to fast three nights together!”

And hearing these words, Sāvitrī said:—

“Thou needest not be sorry, O father! This vow I shall be able to observe! I have for certain undertaken this task with perseverance; and perseverance is the cause of the successful observance of vows.”

And having listened to her, Dyumatsena said:—

“I can by no means say unto thee, ‘Do thou break thy vow.’ One like me, on the contrary, should say, ‘Do thou complete thy vow!’”

And having said this, the high-minded Dyumatsena stopped.

And Sāvitrī, continuing to fast, began to look lean like a wooden doll. And thinking her husband would die on the morrow, the woe-stricken one, observing a fast, spent that night in extreme anguish. And when the sun had risen about a couple of hands, thinking within herself, “To-day is that day,” she finished her morning rites, and offered oblations to the flaming fire. And bowing down unto the aged Brāhmanas and her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she stood before them with joined hands, concentrating her senses. And for

the welfare of Sāvitri all the ascetics dwelling in that hermitage uttered the auspicious benediction that she should never suffer widowhood. And Sāvitri, immersed in contemplation, accepted all these words of the ascetics, mentally saying, "So be it!" And the king's daughter, reflecting on the words of Nārada, remained, expecting the hour and the moment.

Then, well pleased, her father-in-law and her mother-in-law said these words unto the princess seated in a corner :—

"Thou hast completed the vow as prescribed. The time for thy meal has now arrived; therefore do thou what is proper!"

Thereat Sāvitri said :—

"Now that I have completed the purposed vow, I will eat when the sun goes down. Even this is my heart's resolve and this is my vow!"

And when Sāvitri had spoken thus about her vow, Sātyavan, taking his ax upon his shoulder, set out for the woods. And at this Sāvitri said unto her husband :—

"It behooveth thee not to go alone. I will accompany thee. I cannot bear to be separated from thee!"

Hearing these words of her, Sātyavan said :—

"Thou hast never before repaired to the forest. And, O lady, the forest paths are hard to pass! Besides, thou hast been reduced by fast on account of thy vow. How wouldst thou, therefore, be able to walk on foot?"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said :—

"I do not feel languor because of the fast, nor do I feel exhaustion. And I have made up my mind to go. It behooveth thee not, therefore, to prevent me!"

At this, Sātyavan said :—

"If thou desirest to go, I will gratify that desire of thine. Do thou, however, take the permission of my parents, so that I may be guilty of no fault!"

Thus addressed by her lord, Sāvitri of high vows saluted her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and addressed them, saying :—

"This my husband goeth to the forest for procuring fruits. Permitted by my revered lady mother and my father-in-law, I will accompany him. For to-day I cannot bear to be separated from him. Do ye not prevent me. Indeed, I am extremely desirous of beholding the blossoming woods!"

To which Dyumatsena answered :—

“Since Sāvitri hath been bestowed by her father as my daughter-in-law, I do not remember that she hath ever spoken any words couching a request. Let my daughter-in-law, therefore, have her will in this matter. Do thou, however, O daughter-in-law, act in such a manner that Sātyavan’s work may not be neglected !”

Having received the permission of both, the illustrious Sāvitri departed with her lord, in seeming smiles, although her heart was racked with grief. And that lady of large eyes went on, beholding picturesque and delightful woods inhabited by swarms of peacocks. And Sātyavan sweetly said unto Sāvitri : —

“Behold these rivers of sacred currents, and these excellent trees decked with flowers !”

But the faultless Sāvitri continued to watch her lord in all his moods, and, recollecting the words of the celestial sage, she considered her husband as already dead. And with heart cleft in twain, that damsel, replying to her lord with one half, softly followed him, expecting the hour with the other.

The powerful Sātyavan then, accompanied by his wife, plucked fruits and filled his wallet with them. And he then began to fell branches of trees. And as he was hewing them, he began to perspire. And in consequence of that exercise, his head began to ache. And, afflicted with toil, he approached his beloved wife and addressed her, saying : —

“O Sāvitri, owing to this hard exercise, my head acheth, and all my limbs and my heart also are afflicted sorely ! O thou of restrained speech, I think myself unwell. I feel as if my head was being pierced with numerous darts. Therefore, O auspicious lady, I wish to sleep, for I have not the power to stand.”

Hearing these words, Sāvitri, quickly advancing, approached her husband, and sat down upon the ground, placing his head upon her lap. And that helpless lady, thinking of Nārada’s words, began to calculate the appointed division of the day, the hour, and the moment. The next instant she saw a person in red attire, his head decked with a diadem. And his body was of large proportions and effulgent as the sun. And he was of a darkish hue, had red eyes, carried a noose in his hand, and was dreadful to behold. And he was standing beside Sātyavan and was steadfastly gazing at him. And seeing him, Sāvitri gently placed her husband’s head on the ground, and rising

suddenly, with a trembling heart, spake these words in distressful accents :—

“Seeing this thy superhuman form, I take thee to be a deity. If thou wilt, tell me, O chief of the gods, who thou art and what also thou intendest to do.”

Thereat Yama, the Lord of Death, replied :—

“O Sāvitri, thou art ever devoted to thy husband, and thou art also endued with ascetic spirit. It is for this reason that I hold converse with thee. Do thou, O auspicious one, know me for Yama. This thy lord Sātyavan, the son of a king, hath his days run out. I shall therefore take him away, binding him in this noose. Know this to be my errand !”

At these words Sāvitri said :—

“I had heard that thy emissaries come to take away mortals, O worshipful one ! Why then, O lord, hast thou come in person ?”

Thus addressed by her, the illustrious lord of the Pitris, with a view to oblige her, began to unfold unto her truly all about his intentions. And Yama said :—

“This prince is endued with virtues and beauty of person, and is a sea of accomplishments. He deserveth not to be borne away by my emissaries. Therefore it is that I have come personally.”

Saying this, Yama by main force pulled out of the body of Sātyavan a person of the measure of a thumb, bound in noose and completely under subjection. And when Sātyavan’s life had thus been taken out, the body, deprived of breath, and shorn of luster, and destitute of motion, became unsightly to behold. And binding Sātyavan’s vital essence, Yama proceeded in a southerly direction. Thereupon, with heart overwhelmed with grief, the exalted Sāvitri, ever devoted to her lord and crowned with success in respect of her vows, began to follow Yama. And at this Yama said :—

“Desist, O Sāvitri ! Go back and perform the funeral obsequies of thy lord ! Thou art freed from all thy obligations to thy lord. Thou hast come as far as it is possible to come.”

Sāvitri replied :—

“Whither my husband is being carried, or whither he goeth of his own accord, I will follow him thither. This is the eternal custom. By virtue of my asceticism, of my regard for my superiors, of my affection for my lord, of my observance of vows, as well as of thy favor, my course is unimpeded. It

hath been declared by wise men endued with true knowledge that by walking only seven paces with another, one contracteth a friendship with one's companion. Keeping that friendship which I have contracted with thee in view, I shall speak to thee something. Do thou listen to it. They that have not their souls under control acquire no merit by leading the four successive modes of life; namely, celibacy with study, domesticity, retirement into the woods, and renunciation of the world. That which is called religious merit is said to consist of true knowledge. The wise, therefore, have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things, and not the passage through the four successive modes. By practicing the duties of one of these modes (domesticity) agreeably to the directions of the wise, *we* (my husband and I) have attained to true merit: and therefore *we* do not desire the mode of celibacy with study or the mode of renunciation. It is for this again that the wise have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things."

Hearing these words of her, Yama said:—

"Do thou desist! I have been pleased with these words of thine, couched in proper letters and accents, and based on reason. Do thou ask for a boon. Except the life of thy husband, O thou of faultless features, I will bestow on thee any boon thou mayest solicit!"

Hearing these words, Sāvitri said:—

"Deprived of his kingdom and bereft also of sight, my father-in-law leadeth a life of retirement in our sylvan asylum. Let that king through thy favor attain his eyesight, and become strong like either fire or the sun!"

Yama said:—

"O thou of faultless features, I grant thee this boon! It will even be as thou hast said! It seems that thou art fatigued with thy journey. Do thou desist, and return! Suffer not thyself to be weary any longer!"

Sāvitri said:—

"What weariness can I feel in presence of my husband? The lot that is my husband's is certainly mine also. Whither thou carriest my husband, thither also will I repair! O chief of the celestials, do thou again listen to me! Even a single interview with the pious is highly desirable; friendship with them is still more so. And intercourse with the virtuous can never be fruitless. Therefore one should live in the company of the righteous!"

Yama said : —

“These words thou hast spoken are fraught with useful instruction, delight the heart, and enhance the wisdom of even the learned. Therefore, O lady, solicit thou a second boon—except the life of Sātyavan !”

Sāvitri said : —

“Some time before, my wise and intelligent father-in-law was deprived of his kingdom. May that monarch regain his kingdom ! And may that superior of mine never renounce his duties ! Even this is the second boon that I solicit !”

Then Yama said : —

“The king shall soon regain his kingdom. Nor shall he ever fall off from his duties. Thus, O daughter of a king, have I fulfilled thy desire. Do thou now desist ! Return ! Do not take any further trouble !”

Sāvitri said : —

“Thou hast restrained all creatures by thy decrees, and it is by thy decrees that thou takest them away, not according to thy will. Therefore it is, O god, O divine one, that people call thee Yama (*one that decrees*) ! Do thou listen to the words that I say. The eternal duty of the good towards all creatures is never to injure them in thought, word, or deed, but to bear them love and to give them their due. As regards this world, everything here is like this husband of mine. Men are destitute of both devotion and skill. The good, however, show mercy to even their foes when these seek their protection.”

Yama said : —

“As water to the thirsty soul, so are these words uttered by thee to me ! Therefore do thou, O fair lady, if thou wilt, once again ask for any boon, except Sātyavan’s life !”

At these words Sāvitri replied : —

“That lord of earth, my father, is without sons. That he may have a hundred sons begotten of his loins, so that his line may be perpetuated, is the third boon I would ask of thee !”

Yama said : —

“Thy sire, O auspicious lady, shall obtain a hundred illustrious sons, who will perpetuate and increase their father’s race ! Now, O daughter of a king, thou hast obtained thy wish. Do thou desist ! Thou hast come far enough.”

Sāvitri said : —

“Staying by the side of my husband, I am not conscious

of the length of the way I have walked. Indeed, my mind rusheth to yet a longer way off. Do thou again, as thou goest on, listen to the words I shall presently utter ! Thou art the powerful son of Vivaswat. It is for this that thou art called 'Vaivaswat' by the wise. And, O lord, since thou dealest out equal law unto all created things, thou hast been designated 'the lord of justice.' One reposeth not, even in one's own self, the confidence that one doth in the righteous. Therefore every one wisheth particularly for intimacy with the righteous. It is goodness of heart alone that inspireth the confidence of all creatures. And it is for this that people rely particularly on the righteous."

And hearing these words, Yama said : —

"The words that thou utterest, O fair lady, I have not heard from any one save thee ! I am highly pleased with this speech of thine. Except the life of Sātyavan, solicit thou therefore a fourth boon, and then go thy way."

Sāvitri then said : —

"Born of me and of Sātyavan's loins, begotten by both of us, let there be a century of sons possessed of strength and prowess and capable of perpetuating our race ! Even that is the fourth boon I would beg of thee !"

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied : —

"Thou shalt, O lady, obtain a century of sons, possessed of strength and prowess and causing thee great delight. O daughter of a king, let no more weariness be thine ! Do thou desist ! Thou hast already come too far !"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said : —

"They that are righteous always practice eternal morality ! And the communion of the pious with the pious is never fruitless ! Nor is there any danger to the pious from those that are pious. And, verily, it is the righteous who by their truth make the sun move in the heavens. And it is the righteous that support the earth by their austerities. And, O king, it is the righteous upon whom both the past and the future depend ! Therefore they that are righteous are never cheerless in the company of the righteous. Knowing this to be the eternal practice of the good and righteous, they that are righteous continue to do good to others without expecting any benefit in return. A good office is never thrown away on the good and virtuous. Neither interest nor dignity suffereth any injury by such an act. And since such conduct ever adheres to

the righteous, the righteous often become the protectors of all ! ”

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied : —

“The more thou utterest such speeches that are pregnant with great import, full of honeyed phrases, instinct with morality, and agreeable to the mind, the more is the respect that I feel for thee ! O thou that art devoted to thy lord, ask for some incomparable boon ! ”

Thus addressed, Sāvitrī said : —

“O bestower of honors, the boon thou hast already given me is incapable of accomplishment without my husband. Therefore, among other boons I ask for this, may this Sātyavan be restored to life ! Deprived of my husband, I am as one dead ! Without my husband I do not wish for happiness. Without my husband I do not wish for heaven itself. Without my husband I do not wish for prosperity. Without my husband I cannot make up my mind to live. Thou thyself hast bestowed on me the boon, namely, of a century of sons ; yet thou takest away my husband ! I ask for this boon : may Sātyavan be restored to life, for by that thy words will be made true.”

Thereupon, saying “*So be it,*” Yama, the dispenser of justice, untied his noose, and with cheerful heart said these words to Sāvitrī : —

“Thus, O auspicious and chaste lady, is thy husband freed by me ! Thou wilt be free to take him back, released from disease. And he will attain to success ! And, along with thee, he will attain a life of four hundred years. And, celebrating sacrifices with due rites, he will achieve great fame in the world. And upon thee Sātyavan will also beget a century of sons. And these Kshatriyas with their sons and grandsons will all be kings, and will always be famous in connection with thy name. And thy father also will beget a hundred sons on thy mother Mālavi. And under the name of the ‘Mālavas,’ thy Kshatriya brothers, resembling the celestials, will be widely known along with their sons and daughters ! ”

And having bestowed these boons on Sāvitrī and having thus made her desist, the lord of the Pitris went to his own abode. And having obtained her lord, Sāvitrī, after Yama had gone away, went back to the spot where her husband’s ash-colored corpse lay. And seeing her lord on the ground, she approached him, and taking hold of him, she placed his head on her lap and herself sat down on the ground. Then Sātyavan

regained his consciousness, and, affectionately eying Sāvitrī again and again, like one come home after a sojourn in a strange land, he addressed her thus : —

“Alas! I have slept long! Wherefore didst thou not wake me? And where is that same sable person that was dragging me away?”

At these words of his, Sāvitrī said : —

“Thou hast, O bull among men, slept long on my lap! That restrainer of creatures, the worshipful Yama, hath gone away. Thou art refreshed, O blessed one, and sleep hath forsaken thee, O son of a king! If thou art able, rise thou up! Behold, the night is deep!”

And, having regained consciousness, Sātyavan rose up like one who had enjoyed a sweet sleep.



A HINDOO CATECHISM.

KING YUDHISTHIRA ANSWERS THE YAKSHA'S QUESTIONS.

(From the Mahābhārata : translated by Protap Chandra Roy.)

The Yaksha — What exalteth the unpurified soul? What are those that keep company with the soul during its process of purification? Who lead the soul to its state of rest? On what is the soul established?

Yudhisthira — 1. Self-knowledge. 2. Self-restraint, and other qualities of a godlike nature. 3. Rectitude, morality, and religious observances. 4. The soul is established on truth, or pure knowledge.

The Yaksha — By what doth one become learned? By what doth he attain what is very great? How can one have a second? And, O king, how can one acquire intelligence?

Yudhisthira — It is by the study of the Srutis that a person becometh learned. It is by ascetic austerities that one acquireth what is very great. It is by intelligence that a person acquireth a second. And it is by serving the old that one becometh wise.

The Yaksha — What is of the foremost value to those that cultivate? What of the foremost value to those that sow? What of the foremost value to those that wish prosperity in

this world? And what of the foremost value to those that bring forth?

Yudhisthira — That which is of the foremost value to those that cultivate is rain. That of the foremost value to those that sow is seed. That of the foremost value to those that bring forth is offspring.

The Yaksha — What person, enjoying all the objects of the senses, endued with intelligence, regarded by the world and liked by all beings, doth not yet live, though breathing?

Yudhisthira — He that doth not offer anything to these five, namely, gods, guests, servants, Pitris, and himself, though endued with breath, is not yet alive.

The Yaksha — What is weightier than the earth itself? What is higher than the heavens? What is fleetier than the wind? And what is more numerous than the grass?

Yudhisthira — The mother is weightier than the earth. The father is higher than the heavens. The mind is fleetier than the wind. And our thoughts are more numerous than grass.

The Yaksha — What is that which doth not close its eyes while asleep? What is that which doth not move after birth? What is that which is without heart? And what is that which swells with its own impetus?

Yudhisthira — A fish doth not close its eyes while asleep. An egg doth not move after birth. A stone is without heart. And a river swelleth with its own impetus.

The Yaksha — Who is the friend of the householder? Who is the friend of the exile? Who is the friend of him that ails? And who is the friend of one about to die?

Yudhisthira — The friend of the householder is his wife. The friend of the exile in a distant land is his companion. The friend of him that ails is the physician. And the friend of him about to die is charity.

The Yaksha — What is that which sojourneth alone? What is that which is reborn after its birth? What is the remedy against cold? And what is the largest field?

Yudhisthira — The sun sojourneth alone. The moon takes birth anew. Fire is the remedy against cold. And the earth is the largest field.

The Yaksha — What is the highest refuge of virtue? What, of fame? What, of heaven? And what, of happiness?

Yudhisthira — Liberality is the highest refuge of virtue. Gift, of fame; truth, of heaven; and good behavior, of happiness.

The Yaksha — What is the soul of man? Who is that friend bestowed on man by the gods? What is man's chief support? And what also is his chief refuge?

Yudhisthira — The son is a man's soul. The wife is the friend bestowed on man by the gods. The clouds are his chief support. And gift is the chief refuge.

The Yaksha — What is the best of all laudable things? What is the most valuable of all possessions? What is the best of all gains? And what is the best of all kinds of happiness?

Yudhisthira — The best of all laudable things is skill. The best of all possessions is knowledge. The best of all gains is health. And the best of all kinds of happiness is contentment.

The Yaksha — What is the highest duty in the world? What is that virtue which always beareth fruit? What is that which, if controlled, leadeth not to regret? And who are they with whom an alliance cannot break?

Yudhisthira — The highest of duties is to refrain from injuries. The rites ordained in the three Vedas always bear fruit. The mind, if controlled, leadeth to no regret. And alliance with the good never breaketh.

The Yaksha — What is that which, if renounced, maketh one agreeable? What is that which, if renounced, leadeth to no regret? What is that which, if renounced, maketh one wealthy? And what is that which, if renounced, maketh one happy?

Yudhisthira — Pride, if renounced, maketh one agreeable. Wrath, if renounced, leadeth to no regret. Desire, if renounced, maketh one wealthy. And avarice, if renounced, maketh one happy.

The Yaksha — What has been said to be the sign of asceticism? What is true restraint? What constitutes forgiveness? And what is shame?

Yudhisthira — Staying in one's own religion is asceticism. The restraint of the mind is of all restraints the true one. Forgiveness consists in enduring enmity. And shame is withdrawing from all unworthy acts.

The Yaksha — What, O king, is said to be knowledge? What, tranquillity? What constitutes mercy? And what hath been called simplicity?

Yudhisthira — True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquillity is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart.

The Yaksha—What enemy is invincible? What constitutes an incurable disease for man? What sort of man is called honest, and what dishonest?

Yudhisthira—Anger is an invincible enemy. Covetousness constitutes an incurable disease. He is honest that desires the weal of all creatures, and he is dishonest that is unmerciful.

The Yaksha—What, O king, is ignorance? And what is pride? What also is to be understood by idleness? And what hath been spoken of as grief?

Yudhisthira—True ignorance consists in not knowing one's duties. Pride is a consciousness of one's being himself an actor or a sufferer in life. Idleness consists in not discharging one's duties. And ignorance is grief.

The Yaksha—What hath steadiness been said to be? And what patience? What also is a real bath? And what is charity?

Yudhisthira—Steadiness consists in one's staying in one's own religion. True patience consists in the subjugation of the senses. A true bath consists in washing the mind clean of all impurities. And charity consists in protecting all creatures.

The Yaksha—What man should be regarded as learned, and who should be called an atheist? Who is also to be called ignorant? What is called desire, and what are the sources of desire? And what is envy?

Yudhisthira—He is to be called learned who knoweth his duties. An atheist is he who is ignorant, and he who is ignorant is an atheist. Desire is due to objects of possession. And envy is nothing else than grief of heart.

The Yaksha—What is pride, and what hypocrisy? What is the grace of the gods, and what is wickedness?

Yudhisthira—Stolid ignorance is pride; the setting up of a religious standard is hypocrisy. The grace of the gods is the fruit of our gifts; and wickedness consists in speaking ill of others.

The Yaksha—Virtue, profit, and desire are opposed to one another. How could things thus antagonistic to one another exist together?

Yudhisthira—When a wife and virtue agree with each other, then all the three thou hast mentioned may exist together.

The Yaksha—O bull of the Bhārata race, who is he that is condemned to everlasting hell?

Yudhisthira—He that summoneth a poor Brāhmana, prom-

ising to make him a gift, and then tells him that he hath nothing to give, goeth to everlasting hell. He also must go to everlasting hell who imputes falsehood to the Vedas, the Scriptures, the Brāhmanas, the gods, and the ceremonies in honor of the Pitris. He also goeth to everlasting hell who, though in possession of wealth, never giveth away nor enjoyeth himself, from avarice, saying he hath none.

The Yaksha — By what, O king, — birth, behavior, study, or learning, — doth a person become a Brāhmana? Tell us with certitude!

Yudhisthira — Listen, O Yaksha! It is neither birth nor study nor learning that is the cause of Brāhmanhood. Without doubt, it is behavior that constitutes it. One's behavior should always be well guarded, especially by a Brāhmana. He who maintains his conduct unimpaired is never impaired himself. He, however, whose conduct is lost is lost himself. Professors and pupils, — all who study the Scriptures, in fact, — if addicted to wicked habits, are to be regarded as illiterate wretches. He only is learned who performeth his religious duties. He even that hath studied the four Vedas is to be regarded as a wicked wretch, scarcely distinguishable from a Sudra, if his conduct be not correct. He only who performeth the Agni-Votra and hath his senses under control is called a Brāhmana.

The Yaksha — What doth one gain that speaketh agreeably? What doth he gain that always acteth with judgment? What doth he gain that hath many friends? And what he that is devoted to virtue?

Yudhisthira — He that speaketh agreeable words becometh agreeable to all. He that acteth with judgment obtaineth whatever he seeketh. He that hath many friends liveth happily. And he that is devoted to virtue obtaineth a happy state in the next world.

The Yaksha — Who is truly happy? What is most wonderful? What is the path? And what is the news?

Yudhisthira — A man who cooketh in his own house scanty vegetables on the fifth or the sixth day, but who is not in debt and who stirreth not from home, is truly happy. Day after day countless beings are going to the abode of Yama (the god of death), yet those that remain behind believe themselves to be immortal. What can be more wonderful than this? Argument leads to no certain conclusion; the Crutis are different

from one another ; there is not even one *Rishi* whose opinion can be accepted as infallible ; the truth about religion and duty is hid in caves : therefore, that alone is *the* path along which the great have trod. This world, full of ignorance, is like a pan. The sun is fire ; the days and nights are fuel. The months and the seasons constitute the wooden ladle. Time is the cook, that with such aids is cooking all creatures in that pan : this is *the* news.

The Yaksha—Thou hast, O represser of foes, truly answered all my questions ! Tell us now who is truly a man, and what man truly possesseth every kind of wealth.

Yudhishthira—The report of one's good action reacheth heaven and spreadeth over the earth. As long as that report lasteth, so long is a person called a man. And that person to whom the agreeable and the disagreeable, weal and woe, the past and the future, are the same, is said to possess every kind of wealth.



HINDOO APOLOGUES.

(From "Tales of the Punjab," edited by Flora Annie Steel.)

THE JACKAL AND THE IGUANA.

ONE moonlight night, a miserable, half-starved jackal, skulking through the village, found a worn-out pair of shoes in the gutter. They were too tough for him to eat, so, determined to make some use of them, he strung them to his ears like earrings, and, going down to the edge of the pond, gathered all the old bones he could find together, and built a platform with them, plastering it over with mud.

On this he sat in a dignified attitude, and when any animal came to the pond to drink, he cried out in a loud voice : "Hi ! stop ! You must not taste a drop till you have done homage to me. So repeat these verses, which I have composed in honor of the occasion, —

"Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold ;

In his ears are jewels—some prince I must behold !"

Now, as most of the animals were very thirsty, and in a great hurry to drink, they did not care to dispute the matter, but gabbled off the words without a second thought. Even the royal tiger, treating it as a jest, repeated the jackal's rhyme, in consequence of which the latter became quite cock-a-hoop,

and really began to believe he was a personage of great importance.

By and by an iguana, or big lizard, came waddling and wheezing down to the water, looking for all the world like a baby alligator.

"Hi! you there!" sang out the jackal: "you mustn't drink until you have said,—

"Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels—some prince I must behold!"

"Pouf! pouf! pouf!" gasped the iguana. "Mercy on us, how dry my throat is! Mightn't I have just a wee sip of water first? and then I could do justice to your admirable lines; at present I am as hoarse as a crow!"

"By all means!" replied the jackal, with a gratified smirk. "I flatter myself the verses *are* good, especially when well recited."

So the iguana, nose down into the water, drank away, until the jackal began to think he would never leave off, and was quite taken aback when he finally came to an end of his draught, and began to move away.

"Hi! hi!" cried the jackal, recovering his presence of mind; "stop a bit and say,—

"Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels—some prince I must behold!"

"Dear me!" replied the iguana, politely, "I was very nearly forgetting! Let me see—I must try my voice first—do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si,—that is right! Now, how does it run?"

"Silver is his dais, plastered o'er with gold;
In his ears are jewels—some prince I must behold!"

repeated the jackal, not observing that the lizard was carefully edging farther and farther away.

"Exactly so," returned the iguana; "I think I could say that!" Whereupon he sang out at the top of his voice,—

"Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er,
Old shoes are his ear drops: a jackal, nothing more!"

And turning round, he bolted for his hole as hard as he could.

The jackal could scarcely believe his ears, and sat dumb with astonishment. Then, rage lending him wings, he flew after the lizard, who, despite his short legs and scanty breath, put his best foot foremost, and scuttled away at a great rate.

It was a near race, however, for just as he popped into his hole the jackal caught him by the tail and held on. Then it was a case of "pull butcher, pull baker," until the lizard made certain his tail must come off, and the jackal felt as if his front teeth would come out. Still not an inch did either budge, one way or the other, and there they might have remained till the present day had not the iguana called out, in his sweetest tones: "Friend, I give in! Just leave hold of my tail, will you? Then I can turn round and come out."

Whereupon the jackal let go, and the tail disappeared up the hole in a twinkling; while all the reward the jackal got for digging away until his nails were nearly worn out was hearing the iguana sing softly, —

"Bones make up his dais, with mud it's plastered o'er,
Old shoes are his ear drops: a jackal, nothing more!"

THE JACKAL AND THE PARTRIDGE.

A Jackal and a Partridge swore eternal friendship; but the Jackal was very exacting and jealous. "You don't do half as much for me as I do for you," he used to say, "and yet you talk a great deal of your friendship. Now my idea of a friend is one who is able to make me laugh or cry, give me a good meal, or save my life if need be. You couldn't do that!"

"Let us see," answered the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh soon you may eat me!"

So she flew on till she met two travelers trudging along, one behind the other. They were both footsore and weary, and the first carried his bundle on a stick over his shoulder, while the second had his shoes in his hand.

Lightly as a feather the Partridge settled on the first traveler's stick. He, none the wiser, trudged on; but the second traveler, seeing the bird sitting so tamely just in front of his nose, said to himself, "What a chance for a supper!" and immediately flung his shoes at it, they being ready to hand. Whereupon the Partridge flew away, and the shoes knocked off the first traveler's turban.

"What a plague do you mean?" cried he, angrily turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

"Brother!" replied the other, mildly, "do not be vexed. I didn't throw them at you, but at a Partridge that was sitting on your stick."

"On my stick! Do you take me for a fool?" shouted the injured man, in a great rage. "Don't tell me such cock-and-bull stories. First you insult me, and then you lie like a coward; but I'll teach you manners!"

Then he fell upon his fellow-traveler without more ado, and they fought until they could not see out of their eyes, till their noses were bleeding, their clothes in rags, and the Jackal had nearly died of laughing.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Partridge of her friend.

"Well," answered the Jackal, "you have certainly made me laugh, but I doubt if you could make me cry. It is easy enough to be a buffoon; it is more difficult to excite the higher emotions."

"Let us see," retorted the Partridge, somewhat piqued; "there is a huntsman with his dogs coming along the road. Just creep into that hollow tree and watch me; if you don't weep scalding tears, you must have no feeling in you!"

The Jackal did as he was bid, and watched the Partridge, who began fluttering about the bushes till the dogs caught sight of her, when she flew to the hollow tree where the Jackal was hidden. Of course the dogs smelt him at once, and set up such a yelping and scratching that the huntsman came up, and seeing what it was, dragged the Jackal out by the tail. Whereupon the dogs worried him to their hearts' content, and finally left him for dead.

By and by he opened his eyes — for he was only foxing — and saw the Partridge sitting on a branch above him.

"Did you cry?" she asked anxiously. "Did I rouse your higher emo——"

"Be quiet, will you!" snarled the Jackal; "I'm half dead with fear!"

So there the Jackal lay for some time, getting the better of his bruises, and meanwhile he became hungry.

"Now is the time for friendship!" said he to the Partridge. "Get me a good dinner, and I will acknowledge you are a true friend."

"Very well!" replied the Partridge; "only watch me, and help yourself when the time comes."

Just then a troop of women came by, carrying their husbands' dinners to the harvest field.

The Partridge gave a little plaintive cry, and began fluttering along from bush to bush as if she were wounded.

"A wounded bird!—a wounded bird!" cried the women; "we can easily catch it!"

Whereupon they set off in pursuit, but the cunning Partridge played a thousand tricks, till they became so excited over the chase that they put their bundles on the ground in order to pursue it more nimbly. The Jackal, meanwhile, seizing his opportunity, crept up, and made off with a good dinner.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge.

"Well," returned the Jackal, "I confess you have given me a very good dinner; you have also made me laugh—and cry—ahem! But, after all, the great test of friendship is beyond you—you couldn't save my life!"

"Perhaps not," acquiesced the Partridge, mournfully, "I am so small and weak. But it grows late—we should be going home; and as it is a long way round by the ford, let us go across the river. My friend the crocodile will carry us over."

Accordingly, they set off for the river, and the crocodile kindly consented to carry them across; so they sat on his broad back, and he ferried them over. But just as they were in the middle of the stream the Partridge remarked: "I believe the crocodile intends to play us a trick. How awkward if he were to drop you into the water!"

"Awkward for you, too!" replied the Jackal, turning pale.

"Not at all! not at all! I have wings, you haven't."

On this the Jackal shivered and shook with fear, and when the crocodile, in a grewsome growl, remarked that he was hungry and wanted a good meal, the wretched creature hadn't a word to say.

"Pooh!" cried the Partridge, airily, "don't try tricks on *us*—I should fly away, and as for my friend the Jackal, you couldn't hurt *him*. He is not such a fool as to take his life with him on these little excursions; he leaves it at home locked up in the cupboard."

"Is that a fact?" asked the crocodile, surprised.

"Certainly!" retorted the Partridge. "Try to eat him if you like, but you will only tire yourself to no purpose."

"Dear me! how very odd!" gasped the crocodile; and he was so taken aback that he carried the Jackal safe to shore.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the Partridge.

"My dear madam!" quoth the Jackal, "you have made me laugh, you have made me cry, you have given me a good dinner, and you have saved my life; but upon my honor I think you are too clever for a friend: so, good-by!"

And the Jackal never went near the Partridge again.

THE CLOSE ALLIANCE.

A TALE OF WOE.

One day a farmer went with his bullocks to plow his field. He had just turned the first furrow, when a tiger walked up to him, and said: "Peace be with you, friend! How are you this fine morning?"

"The same to you, my lord, and I am pretty well, thank you!" returned the farmer, quaking with fear, but thinking it wisest to be polite.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the tiger, cheerfully, "because Providence has sent me to eat your two bullocks. You are a God-fearing man, I know, so make haste and unyoke them."

"My friend, are you sure you are not making a mistake?" asked the farmer, whose courage had returned now that he knew it was merely a question of gobbling up bullocks: "because Providence sent me to plow this field, and, in order to plow, one must have oxen. Had you not better go and make further inquiries?"

"There is no occasion for delay, and I should be sorry to keep you waiting," returned the tiger. "If you'll unyoke the bullocks, I'll be ready in a moment." With that the savage creature fell to sharpening his teeth and claws in a very significant manner.

But the farmer begged and prayed that his oxen might not be eaten, and promised that if the tiger would spare them he would give in exchange a fine, fat young milch cow, which his wife had tied up in the yard at home.

To this the tiger agreed, and, taking the oxen with him, the farmer went sadly homewards. Seeing him return so early from the fields, his wife, who was a stirring, busy woman, called out,

"What! lazybones! —back already, and *my* work just beginning!"

Then the farmer explained how he had met the tiger, and how to save the bullocks he had promised the milch cow in exchange. At this the wife began to cry, saying: "A likely story, indeed! —saving your stupid old bullocks at the expense of my beautiful cow! Where will the children get milk? and how can I cook my pottage and collops without butter?"

"All very fine, wife," retorted the farmer; "but how can we make bread without corn? and how can you have corn without bullocks to plow the fields? Pottage and collops are very nice, but it is better to do without milk and butter than without bread, so make haste and untie the cow."

"You great gaby!" wept the wife, "if you had an ounce of sense in your brain, you'd think of some plan to get out of the scrape!"

"Think yourself!" cried the husband, in a rage.

"Very well!" returned the wife; "but if I do the thinking, you must obey orders; I can't do both. Go back to the tiger, and tell him the cow wouldn't come along with you, but that your wife is bringing it."

The farmer, who was a great coward, didn't half like the idea of going back empty-handed to the tiger, but as he could think of no other plan he did as he was bid, and found the beast still sharpening his teeth and claws for very hunger; and when he heard he had to wait still longer for his dinner, he began to prowl about, and lash his tail and curl his whiskers in a most terrible manner, causing the poor farmer's knees to knock together with terror.

Now, when the farmer had left the house, his wife went to the stable and saddled the pony; then she put on her husband's best clothes, tied the turban very high, so as to make her look as tall as possible, bestrode the pony, and set off to the field where the tiger was.

She rode along, swaggering and blustering, till she came to where the lane turned into the field, and then she called out, as bold as brass, "Now, please the powers! I may find a tiger in this place; for I haven't tasted tiger's meat since yesterday, when, as luck would have it, I ate three for breakfast."

Hearing these words, and seeing the speaker ride boldly at him, the tiger became so alarmed that he turned tail and bolted into the forest, going away at such a headlong pace that he

nearly overturned his own jackal ; for tigers always have a jackal of their own, who, as it were, waits at table, and clears away the bones.

"My lord ! my lord !" cried the jackal, "whither away so fast ?"

"Run ! run !" panted the tiger ; "there's the very devil of a horseman in yonder fields, who thinks nothing of eating three tigers for breakfast !"

At this the jackal sniggered in his sleeve. "My dear lord," said he, "the sun has dazzled your eyes ! That was no horseman, but only the farmer's wife dressed up as a man !"

"Are you quite sure ?" asked the tiger, pausing.

"Quite sure, my lord," repeated the jackal ; "and if your lordship's eyes had not been dazzled by — ahem ! — the sun, your lordship would have seen her pigtail hanging down behind."

"But you may be mistaken !" persisted the cowardly tiger ; "it was the very devil of a horseman to look at !"

"Who's afraid ?" replied the brave jackal. "Come, don't give up your dinner because of a woman !"

"But you may be bribed to betray me !" argued the tiger, who, like all cowards, was suspicious.

"Let us go together, then !" returned the gallant jackal.

"Nay ! but you may take me there and then run away !" insisted the tiger, cunningly.

"In that case, let us tie our tails together, and then I can't !" The jackal, you see, was determined not to be done out of his bones.

To this the tiger agreed, and having tied their tails together in a reef knot, the pair set off arm in arm.

Now the farmer and his wife had remained in the field, laughing over the trick she had played on the tiger, when, lo and behold ! what should they see but the gallant pair coming back ever so bravely, with their tails tied together.

"Run !" cried the farmer ; "we are lost ! we are lost !"

"Nothing of the kind, you great gaby !" answered his wife, coolly ; "if you will only stop that noise and be quiet. I can't hear myself speak !"

Then she waited till the pair were within hail, when she called out politely : "How very kind of you, dear Mr. Jackal, to bring me such a nice fat tiger ! I shan't be a moment finishing my share of him, and then you can have the bones."

At these words the tiger became wild with fright, and quite forgetting the jackal, and that reef knot in their tails, he bolted away full tilt, dragging the jackal behind him. Bumpety, bump, bump, over the stones! — crash, scratch, patch, through the briers!

In vain the poor jackal howled and shrieked to the tiger to stop, — the noise behind him only frightened the coward more; and away he went, helter-skelter, hurry-scurry, over hill and dale, till he was *nearly* dead with fatigue, and the jackal was *quite* dead from bumps and bruises.

Moral — Don't tie your tail to a coward's.

THE TIGER, THE BRÂHMAN, AND THE JACKAL.

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brâhman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, my friend," replied the Brâhman, mildly, "you would probably eat me if I did."

"Not at all!" swore the tiger, with many oaths; "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and serve you as a slave!"

Now when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept and swore, the pious Brâhman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. Out popped the tiger, and, seizing the poor man, cried: "What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now, for after being cooped up so long I am just terribly hungry!"

In vain the Brâhman pleaded for his life; the most he could gain was a promise to abide by the decision of the first three things he chose to question as to the justice of the tiger's action.

So the Brâhman first asked a *pîpal* tree what it thought of the matter, but the *pîpal* tree replied coldly: "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to every one who passes by, and don't they in return tear down my branches to feed their cattle? Don't whimper — be a man!"

Then the Brâhman, sad at heart, went farther afield till he

saw a buffalo turning a well wheel; but he fared no better from it, for it answered: "You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! While I gave milk they fed me on cotton seed and oil cake, but now I am dry they yoke me here, and give me refuse as fodder!"

The Brâhman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On this the Brâhman turned back sorrowfully, and on the way he met a jackal, who called out: "Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brâhman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

Then the Brâhman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the recital was ended: "would you mind telling me over again? for everything seems so mixed up!"

The Brâhman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! I will go to the place where it all happened, and then perhaps I shall be able to give a judgment."

So they returned to the cage, by which the tiger was waiting for the Brâhman, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brâhman, as his knees knocked together with fright: "what a remarkably delicate way of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brâhman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see! how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by ——"

"Pooh!" interrupted the tiger, "what a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright; "yes! I was in the cage — no, I wasn't — dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me see — the tiger was in the Brâhman, and the cage came walking by — no, that's not it either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you shall!" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity: "I'll *make* you understand! Look here — I am the tiger ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brâhman ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage ——"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage — do you understand?"

"Yes — no — Please, my lord ——"

"Well?" cried the tiger, impatiently.

"Please, my lord! — how did you get in?"

"How! — why, in the usual way, of course!"

"Oh, dear me! — my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried, "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he dexterously shut the door; "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

THE BARBER'S CLEVER WIFE.

Once upon a time there lived a barber, who was such a poor silly creature that he couldn't even ply his trade decently, but snipped off his customers' ears instead of their hair, and cut their throats instead of shaving them. So of course he grew poorer every day, till at last he found himself with nothing left in his house but his wife and his razor, both of whom were as sharp as sharp could be.

For his wife was an exceedingly clever person, who was continually rating her husband for his stupidity; and when she saw they hadn't a farthing left, she fell as usual to scolding.

But the barber took it very calmly. "What is the use of making such a fuss, my dear?" said he; "you've told me all this before, and I quite agree with you. I never *did* work, I never *could* work, and I never *will* work. That is the fact!"

"Then you must beg!" returned his wife, "for *I* will not starve to please you! Go to the palace and beg something of the King. There is a wedding feast going on, and he is sure to give alms to the poor."

"Very well, my dear!" said the barber, submissively. He was rather afraid of his clever wife, so he did as he was bid, and going to the palace, begged of the King to give him something.

"Something?" asked the King; "what thing?"

Now the barber's wife had not mentioned anything in particular, and the barber was far too addle-pated to think of anything by himself, so he answered cautiously. "Oh, something!"

"Will a piece of land do?" said the King.

Whereupon the lazy barber, glad to be helped out of the difficulty, remarked that perhaps a piece of land would do as well as anything else.

Then the King ordered a piece of waste outside the city should be given to the barber, who went home quite satisfied.

"Well! what did you get?" asked the clever wife, who was waiting impatiently for his return. "Give it me quick, that I may go and buy bread!"

And you may imagine how she scolded when she found he had only got a piece of waste land.

"But land is land!" remonstrated the barber; "it can't run away, so we must always have something now!"

"Was there ever such a dunderhead?" raged the clever wife. "What good is ground unless we can till it? and where are we to get bullocks and plows?"

But being, as we have said, an exceedingly clever person, she set her wits to work, and soon thought of a plan whereby to make the best of a bad bargain.

She took her husband with her, and set off to the piece of waste land; then, bidding her husband imitate her, she began walking about the field, and peering anxiously into the ground. But when anybody came that way, she would sit down and pretend to be doing nothing at all.

Now it so happened that seven thieves were hiding in a thicket hard by, and they watched the barber and his wife

all day, until they became convinced something mysterious was going on. So at sunset they sent one of their number to try and find out what it was.

"Well, the fact is," said the barber's wife, after beating about the bush for some time, and with many injunctions to strict secrecy, "this field belonged to my grandfather, who buried five pots full of gold in it, and we were just trying to discover the exact spot before beginning to dig. You won't tell any one, will you?"

The thief promised he wouldn't, of course, but the moment the barber and his wife went home, he called his companions, and telling them of the hidden treasure, set them to work. All night long they dug and delved, till the field looked as if it had been plowed seven times over, and they were as tired as tired could be; but never a gold piece, nor a silver piece, nor a farthing did they find, so when dawn came they went away disgusted.

The barber's wife, when she found the field so beautifully plowed, laughed heartily at the success of her stratagem, and going to the corn dealer's shop, borrowed some rice to sow in the field. This the corn dealer willingly gave her, for he reckoned he would get it back threefold at harvest time. And so he did, for never was there such a crop!—the barber's wife paid her debts, kept enough for the house, and sold the rest for a great crock of gold pieces.

Now, when the thieves saw this, they were very angry indeed, and going to the barber's house, said, "Give us our share of the harvest, for we tilled the ground, as you very well know."

"I told you there was gold in the ground," laughed the barber's wife. "but you didn't find it. I have, and there's a crock full of it in the house, only you rascals shall never have a farthing of it!"

"Very well!" said the thieves; "look out for yourself to-night. If you won't give us our share, we'll take it!"

So that night one of the thieves hid himself in the house, intending to open the door to his comrades when the house folk were asleep; but the barber's wife saw him with the corner of her eye, and determined to lead him a dance. Therefore, when her husband, who was in a dreadful state of alarm, asked her what she had done with the gold pieces, she replied, "Put them where no one will find them—under the sweetmeats, in the crock that stands in the niche by the door."

The thief chuckled at hearing this, and after waiting till all was quiet, he crept out, and feeling about for the crock, made off with it, whispering to his comrades that he had got the prize. Fearing pursuit, they fled to a thicket, where they sat down to divide the spoil.

"She said there were sweetmeats on the top," said the thief; "I will divide them first, and then we can eat them, for it is hungry work, this waiting and watching."

So he divided what he thought were the sweetmeats as well as he could in the dark. Now in reality the crock was full of all sorts of horrible things that the barber's wife had put there on purpose, and so when the thieves crammed its contents into their mouths, you may imagine what faces they made and how they vowed revenge.

But when they returned next day to threaten and repeat their claim to a share of the crop, the barber's wife only laughed at them.

"Have a care!" they cried; "twice you have fooled us — once by making us dig all night, and next by feeding us on filth and breaking our caste. It will be our turn to-night!"

Then another thief hid himself in the house, but the barber's wife saw him with half an eye, and when her husband asked, "What have you done with the gold, my dear? I hope you haven't put it under the pillow?" she answered, "Don't be alarmed; it is out of the house. I have hung it in the branches of the *nim* tree outside. No one will think of looking for it there!"

The hidden thief chuckled, and when the house folk were asleep he slipped out and told his companions.

"Sure enough, there it is!" cried the captain of the band, peering up into the branches. "One of you go up and fetch it down." Now what he saw was really a hornets' nest, full of great big brown and yellow hornets.

So one of the thieves climbed up the tree; but when he came close to the nest, and was just reaching up to take hold of it, a hornet flew out and stung him on the thigh. He immediately clapped his hand to the spot.

"Oh, you thief!" cried out the rest from below, "you're pocketing the gold pieces, are you? Oh! shabby! shabby!" — For you see it was very dark, and when the poor man clapped his hand to the place where he had been stung, they thought he was putting his hand in his pocket.

"I assure you I'm not doing anything of the kind!" retorted the thief; "but there is something that bites in this tree!"

Just at that moment another hornet stung him on the breast, and he clapped his hand there.

"Fie! fie, for shame! We saw you do it that time!" cried the rest. "Just you stop that at once, or we will make you!"

So they sent up another thief, but he fared no better, for by this time the hornets were thoroughly roused, and they stung the poor man all over, so that he kept clapping his hands here, there, and everywhere.

"Shame! Shabby! Ssh-sh!" bawled the rest; and then one after another they climbed into the tree, determined to share the booty, and one after another began clapping their hands about their bodies, till it came to the captain's turn. Then he, intent on having the prize, seized hold of the hornets' nest, and as the branch on which they were all standing broke at the selfsame moment, they all came tumbling down with the hornets' nest on top of them. And then, in spite of bumps and bruises, you can imagine what a stampede there was!

After this the barber's wife had some peace, for every one of the seven thieves was in hospital. In fact, they were laid up for so long a time that she began to think that they were never coming back again, and ceased to be on the lookout. But she was wrong, for one night, when she had left the window open, she was awakened by whisperings outside, and at once recognized the thieves' voices. She gave herself up for lost; but, determined not to yield without a struggle, she seized her husband's razor, crept to the side of the window, and stood quite still. By and by the first thief began to creep through cautiously. She just waited till the tip of his nose was visible, and then, flash!—she sliced it off with the razor as clean as a whistle.

"Confound it!" yelled the thief, drawing back mighty quick; "I've cut my nose on something!"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh!" whispered the others, "you'll wake some one. Go on!"

"Not I!" said the thief; "I'm bleeding like a pig!"

"Pooh!—knocked your nose against the shutter, I suppose," returned the second thief. "I'll go!"

But, swish!—off went the tip of his nose too.

"Dear me!" said he, ruefully, "there certainly is something sharp inside!"

"A bit of bamboo in the lattice, most likely," remarked the third thief. "I'll go!"

And, flick! — off went his nose too.

"It is most extraordinary!" he exclaimed, hurriedly retiring; "I feel exactly as if some one had cut the tip of my nose off!"

"Rubbish!" said the fourth thief. "What cowards you all are! Let *me* go!"

But he fared no better, nor the fifth thief, nor the sixth.

"My friends!" said the captain, when it came to his turn, "you are all disabled. One man must remain unhurt to protect the wounded. Let us return another night." — He was a cautious man, you see, and valued his nose.

So they crept away sulkily, and the barber's wife lit a lamp, and gathering up all the nose tips, put them away safely in a little box.

Now before the robbers' noses were healed over, the hot weather set in, and the barber and his wife, finding it warm sleeping in the house, put their beds outside; for they made sure the thieves would not return. But they did, and seizing such a good opportunity for revenge, they lifted up the wife's bed, and carried her off fast asleep. She woke to find herself borne along on the heads of four of the thieves, whilst the other three ran beside her. She gave herself up for lost, and though she thought, and thought, and thought, she could find no way of escape; till, as luck would have it, the robbers paused to take breath under a banyan tree. Quick as lightning, she seized hold of a branch that was within reach, and swung herself into the tree, leaving her quilt on the bed just as if she were still in it.

"Let us rest a bit here," said the thieves who were carrying the bed: "there is plenty of time, and we are tired. She is dreadfully heavy!"

The barber's wife could hardly help laughing, but she had to keep very still, for it was a bright moonlight night; and the robbers, after setting down their burden, began to squabble as to who should take first watch. At last they determined that it should be the captain, for the others had really barely recovered from the shock of having their noses sliced off: so they lay down to sleep, while the captain walked up and down.

watching the bed, and the barber's wife sat perched up in the tree like a great bird.

Suddenly an idea came into her head, and drawing her white veil becomingly over her face, she began to sing softly. The robber captain looked up, and saw the veiled figure of a woman in the tree. Of course he was a little surprised, but being a good-looking young fellow, and rather vain of his appearance, he jumped at once to the conclusion that it was a fairy who had fallen in love with his handsome face. For fairies do such things sometimes, especially on moonlight nights. So he twirled his mustaches, and strutted about, waiting for her to speak. But when she went on singing, and took no notice of him, he stopped and called out: "Come down, my beauty! I won't hurt you!"

But still she went on singing; so he climbed up into the tree, determined to attract her attention. When he came quite close, she turned away her head and sighed.

"What is the matter, my beauty?" he asked tenderly. "Of course you are a fairy, and have fallen in love with me, but there is nothing to sigh at in that, surely?"

"Ah — ah — ah!" said the barber's wife, with another sigh, "I believe you're fickle! Men with long-pointed noses always are!"

But the robber captain swore he was the most constant of men; yet still the fairy sighed and sighed, until he almost wished his nose had been shortened too.

"You are telling stories, I am sure!" said the pretended fairy. "Just let me touch your tongue with the tip of mine, and then I shall be able to taste if there are fibs about!"

So the robber captain put out his tongue, and snip! — the barber's wife bit the tip off clean!

What with the fright and the pain, he tumbled off the branch, and fell bump on the ground, where he sat with his legs very wide apart, looking as if he had come from the skies.

"What is the matter?" cried his comrades, awakened by the noise of his fall.

"*Bul-ul-a-bul-ul-ul!*" answered he, pointing up into the tree; for of course he could not speak plainly without the tip of his tongue.

"What — is — the — matter?" they bawled in his ear, as if that would do any good.

"*Bul-ul-a-bul-ul-ul!*" said he, still pointing upwards.

"The man is bewitched!" cried one; "there must be a ghost in the tree!"

Just then the barber's wife began flapping her veil and howling; whereupon, without waiting to look, the thieves in a terrible fright set off at a run, dragging their leader with them; and the barber's wife, coming down from the tree, put her bed on her head, and walked quietly home.

After this, the thieves came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to gain their point by force, so they went to law to claim their share. But the barber's wife pleaded her own cause so well, bringing out the nose and tongue tips as witnesses, that the King made the barber his Wazîr, saying, "He will never do a foolish thing as long as his wife is alive!"

THE KING WHO WAS FRIED.

Once upon a time, a very long time ago indeed, there lived a King who had made a vow never to eat bread or break his fast until he had given away a hundredweight of gold in charity.

So every day, before King Karan—for that was his name—had his breakfast, the palace servants would come out with baskets and baskets of gold pieces to scatter amongst the crowds of poor folk, who, you may be sure, never forgot to be there to receive the alms. How they used to hustle and bustle and struggle and scramble! Then, when the last golden piece had been fought for, King Karan would sit down to his breakfast, and enjoy it as a man who has kept his word should do.

Now, when people saw the King lavishing his gold in this fashion, they naturally thought that sooner or later the royal treasuries must give out, the gold come to an end, and the King—who was evidently a man of his word—die of starvation. But, though months and years passed by, every day, just a quarter of an hour before breakfast time, the servants came out of the palace with baskets and baskets of gold; and as the crowds dispersed they could see the King sitting down to his breakfast in the royal banqueting hall, as jolly and fat and hungry as could be.

Now, of course, there was some secret in all this, and this secret I shall now tell you. King Karan had made a compact with a holy and very hungry old *faqîr*, who lived at the top of the hill; and the compact was this: On condition of King Karan

allowing himself to be fried and eaten for breakfast every day, the *faqîr* gave him a hundredweight of pure gold.

Of course, had the *faqîr* been an ordinary sort of person, the compact would not have lasted long, for once King Karan had been fried and eaten, there would have been an end of the matter. But the *faqîr* was a very remarkable *faqîr* indeed; and when he had eaten the King, and picked the bones quite clean, he just put them together, said a charm or two, and, hey presto! there was King Karan as fat and jolly as ever, ready for the next morning's breakfast. In fact, the *faqîr* made *no bones at all* over the affair, which, it must be confessed, was very convenient both for the breakfast and the breakfast eater. Nevertheless, it was, of course, not pleasant to be popped alive every morning into a great frying pan of boiling oil; and for my part, I think King Karan earned his hundredweight of gold handsomely. But after a time he got accustomed to the process, and would go up quite cheerfully to the holy and hungry one's house, where the biggest frying pan was spitting and sputtering over the sacred fire. Then he would just pass the time of day to the *faqîr*, to make sure he was punctual, and step gracefully into his hot oil bath. My goodness! how he sizzled and fizzled! When he was crisp and brown, the *faqîr* ate him, picked the bones, set them together, sang a charm, and finished the business by bringing out his dirty old ragged coat, which he shook and shook, while the bright golden pieces came tumbling out of the pockets on to the floor.

So that was the way King Karan got his gold, and if you think it very extraordinary, so do I!

Now, in the great Mânsarobar Lake, where, as of course you know, all the wild swans live when they leave us, and feed upon seed pearls, there was a great famine. Pearls were so scarce that one pair of swans determined to go out into the world and seek for food. So they flew into King Bikramâjit's garden, at Ujjayin. Now, when the gardener saw the beautiful birds, he was delighted, and, hoping to induce them to stay, he threw them grain to eat. But they would not touch it, nor any other food he offered them; so he went to his master, and told him there were a pair of swans in the garden who refused to eat anything.

Then King Bikramâjit went out, and asked them in birds' language (for, as every one knows, Bikramâjit understood both beasts and birds) why it was that they ate nothing.

"We don't eat grain!" said they, "nor fruit, nor anything but fresh, unpierced pearls!"

Whereupon King Bikramâjit, being very kind-hearted, sent for a basket of pearls; and every day, when he came into the garden, he fed the swans with his own hand.

But one day, when he was feeding them as usual, one of the pearls happened to be pierced. The dainty swans found it out at once, and coming to the conclusion that King Bikramâjit's supply of pearls was running short, they made up their minds to go farther afield. So, despite his entreaties, they spread their broad white wings, and flew up into the blue sky, their outstretched necks pointing straight towards home on the great Mânsarobar Lake. Yet they were not ungrateful, for as they flew they sang the praises of Bikramâjit.

Now, King Karan was watching his servants bring out the baskets of gold, when the wild swans came flying over his head; and when he heard them singing, "Glory to Bikramâjit! glory to Bikramâjit!" he said to himself: "Who is this whom even the birds praise? I let myself be fried and eaten every day, in order that I may be able to give away a hundredweight of gold in charity, yet no swan sings *my* song!"

So, being jealous, he sent for a bird catcher, who snared the poor swans with lime, and put them in a cage.

Then Karan hung the cage in the palace, and ordered his servants to bring every kind of birds' food; but the proud swans only curved their white necks in scorn, saying, "Glory to Bikramâjit! — he gave us pearls to eat!"

Then King Karan, determined not to be outdone, sent for pearls; but still the scornful swans would not touch anything.

"Why will ye not eat?" quoth King Karan, wrathfully; "am I not as generous as Bikramâjit?"

Then the swan's wife answered, and said, "Kings do not imprison the innocent. Kings do not war against women. If Bikramâjit were here, he would at any rate let me go!"

So Karan, not to be outdone in generosity, let the swan's wife go, and she spread her broad white wings and flew southwards to Bikramâjit, and told him how her husband lay a prisoner at the court of King Karan.

Of course Bikramâjit, who was, as every one knows, the most generous of kings, determined to release the poor captive; and bidding the swan fly back and rejoin her mate, he put on

the garb of a servant, and taking the name of Bîkrû, journeyed northwards till he came to King Karan's kingdom. Then he took service with the King, and helped every day to carry out the baskets of golden pieces. He soon saw there was some secret in King Karan's endless wealth, and never rested until he had found it out. So, one day, hidden close by, he saw King Karan enter the *faqîr's* house and pop into the boiling oil. He saw him frizzle and sizzle, he saw him come out crisp and brown, he saw the hungry and holy *faqîr* pick the bones, and, finally, he saw King Karan, fat and jolly as ever, go down the mountain side with his hundredweight of gold!

Then Bîkrû knew what to do! So the very next day he rose very early, and taking a carving knife, he slashed himself all over. Next he took some pepper and salt, spices, pounded pomegranate seeds, and pea flour; these he mixed together into a beautiful curry stuff, and rubbed himself all over with it — right into the cuts in spite of the smarting. When he thought he was quite ready for cooking, he just went up the hill to the *faqîr's* house, and popped into the frying pan. The *faqîr* was still asleep, but he soon awoke with the sizzling and the fizzling, and said to himself, “Dear me! how uncommonly nice the King smells this morning!”

Indeed, so appetizing was the smell, that he could hardly wait until the King was crisp and brown, but then — oh, my goodness! how he gobbled him up!

You see, he had been eating plain fried so long that a deviled king was quite a change. He picked the bones ever so clean, and it is my belief would have eaten them too, if he had not been afraid of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Then, when it was all over, he put the King together again, and said, with tears in his eyes, “What a breakfast that was, to be sure! Tell me how you managed to taste so nice, and I’ll give you anything you ask.”

Whereupon Bîkrû told him the way it was done, and promised to devil himself every morning, if he might have the old coat in return. “For,” said he, “it is not pleasant to be fried! and I don’t see why I should in addition have the trouble of carrying a hundredweight of gold to the palace every day. Now, if I keep the coat, I can shake it down there.”

To this the *faqîr* agreed, and off went Bîkrû with the coat.

Meanwhile King Karan came toiling up the hill, and was surprised, when he entered the *faqîr's* house, to find the fire out, the frying pan put away, and the *faqîr* himself as holy as ever, but not in the least hungry.

"Why, what is the matter?" faltered the King.

"Who are you?" asked the *faqîr*, who, to begin with, was somewhat short-sighted, and in addition felt drowsy after his heavy meal.

"Who! Why, I'm King Karan, come to be fried! Don't you want your breakfast?"

"I've had my breakfast!" sighed the *faqîr*, regretfully. "You tasted very nice when you were deviled, I can assure you!"

"I never was deviled in my life!" shouted the King; "you must have eaten somebody else!"

"That's just what I was saying to myself!" returned the *faqîr*, sleepily; "I thought—it couldn't—be only—the spices—that——" Snore, snore, snore!

"Look here!" cried King Karan, in a rage, shaking the *faqîr*, "you must eat me too!"

"Couldn't!" nodded the holy but satisfied *faqîr*, "really—not another morsel—no, thanks!"

"Then give me my gold!" shrieked King Karan; "you're bound to do that, for I'm ready to fulfil my part of the contract!"

"Sorry I can't oblige, but the devil—I mean the other person—went off with the coat!" nodded the *faqîr*.

Hearing this, King Karan returned home in despair and ordered the royal treasurer to send him gold; so that day he ate his breakfast in peace.

And the next day also, by ransacking all the private treasuries, a hundredweight of gold was forthcoming: so King Karan ate his breakfast as usual, though his heart was gloomy.

But the third day, the royal treasurer arrived with empty hands, and, casting himself on the ground, exclaimed, "May it please your majesty! there is not any more gold in your majesty's domains!"

Then King Karan went solemnly to bed, without any breakfast, and the crowd, after waiting for hours expecting to see the palace doors open and the servants come out with the baskets of gold, melted away, saying it was a great shame to deceive poor folk in that way!

By dinner time poor King Karan was visibly thinner; but he was a man of his word, and though the wily Bîkrû came and tried to persuade him to eat, by saying he could not possibly be blamed, he shook his head, and turned his face to the wall.

Then Bîkrû, or Bikramâjît, took the *faqîr's* old coat, and, shaking it before the King, said, "Take the money, my friend; and what is more, if you will set the wild swans you have in that cage at liberty, I will give you the coat into the bargain!"

So King Karan set the wild swans at liberty; and as the pair of them flew away to the great Mânsarobar Lake, they sang as they went, "Glory to Bikramâjît! the generous Bikramâjît!"

Then King Karan hung his head, and said to himself, "The swans' song is true! — Bikramâjît is more generous than I; for if I was fried for the sake of a hundredweight of gold and my breakfast, he was deviled in order to set a bird at liberty!"



OGRES OF HINDOO DEMONOLOGY.

By J. T. BUNCE.

THOSE famous Hindu demons, the Rakshas, are the originals of all the ogres and giants of our nursery tales. Now the Rakshas were very terrible creatures indeed, and in the minds of many people in India are so still, for they are believed in even now. Their natural form, so the stories say, is that of huge, unshapely giants, like clouds, with hair and beard of the color of the red lightning; but they can take any form they please, to deceive those whom they wish to devour—for their great delight, like that of the ogres, is to kill all they meet, and to eat the flesh of those whom they kill. Often they appear as hunters, of monstrous size, with tusks instead of teeth, and with horns on their heads, and all kinds of grotesque and frightful weapons and ornaments. They are very strong, and make themselves stronger by various arts of magic; and they are strongest of all at nightfall, when they are supposed to roam about the jungles, to enter the tombs, and even to make their way into the cities, and carry off their victims.

But the Rakshas are not alone like ogres in their cruelty, but also in their fondness for money, and for precious stones, which they get together in great quantities and conceal in their palaces;

for some of them are kings of their species, and have thousands upon thousands of inferior Rakshas under their command. But while they are so numerous and so powerful, the Rakshas, like all the ogres and giants in Fairyland, are also very stupid, and are easily outwitted by clever people. There are many Hindu stories which are told to show this. I will tell you one of them.

Two little Princesses were badly treated at home, and so they ran away into a great forest, where they found a palace belonging to a Rakshas, who had gone out. So they went into the house and feasted, and swept the rooms, and made everything neat and tidy. Just as they had done this, the Rakshas and his wife came home, and the two Princesses ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof. When the Rakshas got indoors he said to his wife: "Somebody has been making everything clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done it." "Some one has been sweeping the courtyard," said the Rakshas; "wife, did you sweep the courtyard?" "No," she answered; "I did not do it." Then the Rakshas walked round and round several times, with his nose up in the air, saying: "Some one is here now; I smell flesh and blood. Where can they be?" "Stuff and nonsense!" cried the Rakshas' wife. "You smell flesh and blood, indeed! Why, you have just been killing and eating a hundred thousand people. I should wonder if you *didn't* still smell flesh and blood!"

They went on disputing, till at last the Rakshas gave it up. "Never mind," he said; "I don't know how it is—I am very thirsty: let's come and drink some water." So they went to the well, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing them up, and drinking the water. Then the elder of the two Princesses, who was very bold and wise, said to her sister, "I will do something that will be very good for us both." So she ran quickly downstairs, and crept close behind the Rakshas and his wife, as they stood on tiptoe more than half over the side of the well, and catching hold of one of the Rakshas' heels, and one of his wife's, she gave each a little push, and down they both tumbled into the well, and were drowned—the Rakshas and the Rakshas' wife. The Princess then went back to her sister, and said, "I have killed the Rakshas!" "What, both?" cried her sister. "Yes, both," she said. "Won't they come back?" said her sister. "No, never," answered she.

Another story will show you how stupid a Rakshas is, and how easily he can be outwitted.

Once upon a time a Blind Man and a Deaf Man made an agreement. The Blind Man was to hear for the Deaf Man; and the Deaf Man was to see for the Blind Man; and so they were to go about on their travels together. One day they went to a nautch — that is, a singing and dancing exhibition. The Deaf Man said, “The dancing is very good; but the music is not worth listening to.” “I do not agree with you,” the Blind Man said; “I think the music is very good; but the dancing is not worth looking at.” So they went away for a walk in the jungle. On the way they found a donkey, belonging to a dhobee, or washerman, and a big chattee, or iron pot, which the washerman used to boil clothes in. “Brother,” said the Deaf Man, “here is a donkey and a chattee; let us take them with us, they may be useful.” So they took them, and went on. Presently they came to an ants’ nest. “Here,” said the Deaf Man, “are a number of very fine black ants; let us take some of them to show our friends.” “Yes,” said the Blind Man, “they will do as presents to our friends.” So the Deaf Man took out a silver box from his pocket, and put several of the black ants into it. After a time a terrible storm came on. “Oh dear!” cried the Deaf Man, “how dreadful this lightning is! let us get to some place of shelter.” “I don’t see that it’s dreadful at all,” said the Blind Man, “but the thunder is terrible; let us get under shelter.”

So they went up to a building that looked like a temple, and went in, and took the donkey and the big pot and the black ants with them. But it was not a temple, it was the house of a powerful Rakshas, and the Rakshas came home as soon as they had got inside and had fastened the door. Finding that he couldn’t get in, he began to make a great noise, louder than the thunder, and he beat upon the door with his great fists. Now the Deaf Man looked through a chink, and saw him, and was very frightened, for the Rakshas was dreadful to look at. But the Blind Man, as he couldn’t see, was very brave; and he went to the door and called out, “Who are you? and what do you mean by coming here and battering at the door in this way, and at this time of night?” “I’m a Rakshas,” he answered, in a rage; “and this is my house, and if you don’t let me in I will kill you.” Then the Blind Man called out in reply: “Oh! you’re a Rakshas, are you? Well, if you’re Rakshas, I’m

Bakshas, and Bakshas is as good as Rakshas." "What nonsense is this?" cried the monster; "there is no such creature as a Bakshas." "Go away," replied the Blind Man; "if you make any further disturbance I'll punish you; for know that I *am* Bakshas, and Bakshas is Rakshas' father." "Heavens and earth!" cried the Rakshas. "I never heard such an extraordinary thing in my life. But if you are my father, let me see your face," — for he began to get puzzled and frightened, as the person inside was so very positive.

Now the Blind Man and the Deaf Man didn't quite know what to do; but at last they opened the door just a little, and poked the donkey's nose out. "Bless me," thought the Rakshas, "what a terribly ugly face my father Bakshas has got." Then he called out again: "Oh! father Bakshas, you have a very big fierce face, but people have sometimes very big heads and very little bodies; let me see you, body and head, before I go away." Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man rolled the great iron pot across the floor with a thundering noise; and the Rakshas, who watched the chink of the door very carefully, said to himself, "He has got a great body as well, so I had better go away." But he was still doubtful; so he said, "Before I go away let me hear you scream," for all the tribe of the Rakshas scream dreadfully. Then the Blind Man and the Deaf Man took two of the black ants out of the box, and put one into each of the donkey's ears, and the ants bit the donkey, and the donkey began to bray and to bellow as loud as he could; and then the Rakshas ran away quite frightened.

In the morning the Blind Man and the Deaf Man found that the floor of the house was covered with heaps of gold, and silver, and precious stones; and they made four great bundles of the treasure, and took one each, and put the other two on the donkey, and off they went. But the Rakshas was waiting some distance off to see what his father Bakshas was like by daylight; and he was very angry when he saw only a Deaf Man, and a Blind Man, and a big iron pot, and a donkey, all loaded with *his* gold and silver. So he ran off and fetched six of his friends to help him, and each of the six had hair a yard long, and tusks like an elephant. When the Blind Man and the Deaf Man saw them coming they went and hid the treasure in the bushes, and then they got up into a lofty betel palm and waited — the Deaf Man, because he could see, getting up first, to be furthest out of harm's way. Now the seven Rakshas

were not able to reach them, and so they said, "Let us get on each other's shoulders and pull them down." So one Rakshas stooped down, and the second got on his shoulders, and the third on his, and the fourth on his, and the fifth on his, and the sixth on his, and the seventh — the one who had invited the others — was just climbing up, when the Deaf Man got frightened and caught hold of the Blind Man's arm, and as he was sitting quite at ease, not knowing that they were so close, the Blind Man was upset, and tumbled down on the neck of the seventh Rakshas. The Blind Man thought he had fallen into the branches of another tree, and stretching out his hands for something to take hold of, he seized the Rakshas' two great ears and pinched them very hard. This frightened the Rakshas, who lost his balance and fell down to the ground, upsetting the other six of his friends, the Blind Man all the while pinching harder than ever, and the Deaf Man crying out from the top of the tree — "You're all right, brother, hold on tight, I'm coming down to help you" — though he really didn't mean to do anything of the kind.

Well, the noise, and the pinching, and all the confusion, so frightened the six Rakshas that they thought they had had enough of helping their friend, and so they ran away; and the seventh Rakshas, thinking that because they ran there must be great danger, shook off the Blind Man and ran away too. And then the Deaf Man came down from the tree and embraced the Blind Man, and said, "I could not have done better myself." Then the Deaf Man divided the treasure; one great heap for himself, and one little heap for the Blind Man. But the Blind Man felt his heap and then felt the other, and then, being angry at the cheat, he gave the Deaf Man a box on the ear, so tremendous that it made the Deaf Man hear. And the Deaf Man, also being angry, gave the other such a blow in the face that it made the Blind Man see. So they became good friends directly, and divided the treasure into equal shares, and went home laughing at the stupid Rakshas.

PILPAY'S FABLES.

[PILPAY: The reputed author of a widely circulated collection of fables, known as the "Fables of Pilpay," which originated from an old Indian collection in Sanskrit, entitled "Panchatantra." It was first translated into Pahlavi about A.D. 550, and subsequently through the Arabic was transmitted to all the peoples of Europe. Versions are found even in the Malay, Mongol, and Afghan languages.]

HOW WE OUGHT TO MAKE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, AND WHAT
ADVANTAGE MAY BE REAPED FROM THEIR CONVERSATION.

FABLE I.

THE RAVEN, THE RAT, AND THE PIGEONS.

Near adjoining to Odorna there was once a most delightful place, which was extremely full of wildfowl, and was therefore much frequented by the sportsmen and fowlers. A Raven one day accidentally espied in this place, at the foot of a tree, on the top of which she had built her nest, a certain Fowler with a net in his hand. The poor Raven was afraid at first, imagining it was herself that the Fowler aimed at; but her fears ceased when she observed the motions of the person, who, after he had spread his net upon the ground, and scattered some corn about it to allure the birds, went and hid himself behind a hedge, where he was no sooner lain down, but a flock of Pigeons threw themselves upon the corn, without hearkening to their chief, in, who would fain have hindered them, telling them that they were not so rashly to abandon themselves to their passions. This prudent leader, who was an old Pigeon called Montivaga, perceiving them so obstinate, had many times a desire to separate himself from them; but fate, that imperiously controls all living creatures, constrained him to follow the fortune of the rest, so that he alighted upon the ground with his companions. It was not long after this before they all saw themselves under the net, and just ready to fall into the Fowler's hands.

"Well," said Montivaga on this, mournfully to them, "what think you now; will you believe me another time, if it be possible that you may get away from this destruction? I see," continued he, perceiving how they fluttered to get loose, "that

every one of you minds his own safety only, never regarding what becomes of his companions; and, let me tell you, that this is not only an ungrateful but a foolish way of acting; we ought to make it our business to help one another, and it may be so charitable an action may save us all: let us all together strive to break the net." On this they all obeyed Montivaga, and so well bestirred themselves, that they tore the net up from the ground, and carried it up with them into the air. The Fowler, on this, vexed to lose so fair a prey, followed the Pigeons, in hopes that the weight of the net would tire them.

In the mean time the Raven, observing all this, said to herself, "This is a very pleasant adventure, I am resolved to see the issue of it;" and accordingly she took wing and followed them. Montivaga observing that the Fowler was resolved to pursue them, "This man," said he to his companions, "will never give over pursuing us till he has lost sight of us; therefore, to prevent our destruction, let us bend our flight to some thick wood or some ruined castle, to the end that, when we are protected by some forest or thick wall, despair may force him to retire." This expedient had the desired success; for, having secured themselves among the boughs of a thick forest, where the Fowler lost sight of them, he returned home, full sorely afflicted for the loss of his game and his net to boot.

As for the Raven, she followed them still, out of curiosity to know how they got out of the net, that she might make use of the same secret upon the like occasion.

The Pigeons, thus quit of the Fowler, were overjoyed: however, they were still troubled with the entanglements of the net, which they could not get rid of: but Montivaga, who was fertile in inventions, soon found a way for that.

"We must address ourselves," said he, "to some intimate friend, who, setting aside all treacherous and by-ends, will go faithfully to work for our deliverance. I know a Rat," continued he, "that lives not far from hence, a faithful friend of mine, whose name is Zirac; he, I know, will gnaw the net, and set us at liberty." The Pigeons, who desired nothing more, all entreated to fly to this friend; and soon after they arrived at the Rat's hole, who came forth upon the fluttering of their wings; and, astonished and surprised to see Montivaga so entangled in the net, "O! my dear friend," said he, "how came you in this condition?"

To whom Montivaga replied, "I desire you, my most faith-

ful friend, first of all to disengage my companions." But Zirac, more troubled to see his friend bound than for all the rest, would needs pay his respects to him first; but Montivaga cried out, "I conjure you once more, by our sacred friendship, to set my companions at liberty before me; for that besides being their chieftain I ought to take care for them in the first place, I am afraid the pains thou wilt take to unbind me will slacken thy good offices to the rest; whereas the friendship thou hast for me will excite thee to hasten their deliverance, that thou mayest be sooner in a condition to give me my freedom." The Rat, admiring the solidity of these arguments, applauded Montivaga's generosity, and fell to unloosening the strangers; which was soon done, and then he performed the same kind office for his friend.

Montivaga, thus at liberty, together with his companions, took his leave of Zirac, returning him a thousand thanks for his kindness. And when they were gone, the Rat returned to his hole.

The Raven, having observed all this, had a great desire to be acquainted with Zirac. To which end he went to his hole, and called him by his name. Zirac, frightened to hear a strange voice, asked who he was. To which the Raven answered, "It is a Raven who has some business of importance to impart to thee."

"What business," replied the Rat, "can you and I have together? We are enemies." Then the Raven told him, he desired to list himself in the number of a Rat's acquaintance whom he knew to be so sincere a friend.

"I beseech you," answered Zirac, "find out some other creature, whose friendship agrees better with your disposition. You lose your time in endeavoring to persuade me to such an incompatible reconciliation."

"Never stand upon incompatibilities," said the Raven, "but do a generous action, by affording an innocent person your friendship and acquaintance, when he desires it at your hands."

"You may talk to me of generosity till your lungs ache," replied Zirac, "I know your tricks too well: in a word, we are creatures of so different species that we can never be either friends or acquaintance. The example which I remember of the Partridge, that overhastily granted her friendship to a Falcon, is a sufficient warning to make me wiser."

FABLE II.

THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FALCON.

"A Partridge," said Zirac, keeping close in his hole, but very obligingly pursuing his discourse, "was promenading at the foot of a hill, and tuning her throat, in her coarse way, so delightfully, that a Falcon flying that way, and hearing her voice, came towards her, and very civilly was going to ask her acquaintance. 'Nobody,' said he to himself, 'can live without a friend; and it is the saying of the wise that they who want friends labor under perpetual sickness.' With these thoughts he would fain have accosted the Partridge; but she, perceiving him, escaped into a hole, all over in a cold sweat for fear.

"The Falcon followed her, and presenting himself at the entrance of the hole, 'My dear Partridge,' said he, 'I own that I never had hitherto any great kindness for you, because I did not know your merit; but since my good fortune now has made me acquainted with your merry note, be pleased to give me leave to speak with you, that I may offer you my friendship, and that I may beg of you to grant me yours.'

" 'Tyrant,' answered the Partridge, 'let me alone, and labor not in vain to reconcile fire and water.'

" 'Most amiable Partridge,' replied the Falcon, 'banish these idle fears, and be convinced that I love you, and desire that we may enter into a familiarity together: had I any other design, I would not trouble myself to court you with such soft language out of your hole. Believe me, I have such good pounces, that I would have seized a dozen other Partridges in the time that I have been courting your affection. I am sure you will have reasons enough to be glad of my friendship; first, because no other Falcon shall do you any harm while you are under my protection; secondly, because that being in my nest, you will be honored by the world; and, lastly, I will procure you a male to keep you company, and give you all the delights of love and a young progeny.'

" 'It is impossible for me to think that you can have so much kindness for me,' replied the Partridge: 'but, indeed, should this be true, I ought not to accept your proposal; for you being the prince of birds, and of the greatest strength, and I a poor weak Partridge, whenever I shall do anything that displeases you, you will not fail to tear me to pieces.'

“‘No, no,’ said the Falcon, ‘set your heart at rest for that; the faults that friends commit are easily pardoned.’ Much other discourse of this kind passed between them, and many doubts were started and answered satisfactorily, so that at length the Falcon testified such an extraordinary friendship for the Partridge, that she could no longer refuse to come out of her hole. And no sooner was she come forth, than the Falcon tenderly embraced her, and carried her to his nest, where for two or three days he made it his whole business to divert her. The Partridge, overjoyed to see herself so caressed, gave her tongue more liberty than she had done before, and talked much of the cruelty and savage temper of the birds of prey. This began to offend the Falcon; though for the present he dissembled it. One day, however, he unfortunately fell ill, which hindered him from going abroad in search of prey, so that he grew hungry; and wanting victuals, he soon became melancholy, morose, and churlish. His being out of humor quickly alarmed the Partridge, who kept herself, very prudently, close in a corner, with a very modest countenance. But the Falcon, soon after, no longer able to endure the importunities of his stomach, resolved to pick a quarrel with the poor Partridge. To which purpose, ‘It is not proper,’ said he, ‘that you should lie lurking there in the shade, while all the world is exposed to the heat of the sun.’

“The Partridge, trembling every joint of her, replied, ‘King of birds, it is now night, and all the world is in the shade as well as I, nor do I know what sun you mean.’ ‘Insolent baggage,’ replied the Falcon, ‘then you will make me either a liar or mad:’ and so saying, he fell upon her, and tore her to pieces.

“Do not believe,” pursued the Rat, “that upon the faith of your promises, I will lay myself at your mercy.”

“Recollect yourself,” answered the Raven, “and consider that it is not worth my while to fool my stomach with such a diminutive body as thine; it is therefore with no such intent I am talking with thee, but I know thy friendship may be beneficial to me; scruple not, therefore, to grant me this favor.”

“The sages of old,” replied the Rat, “admonish us to take care of being deluded by the fair words of our enemies, as was a certain unfortunate Man, whose story, if you please, I will relate to you.”

FABLE III.

THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

A Man mounted upon a Camel once rode into a thicket, and went to rest himself in that part of it from whence a caravan was just departed, and where the people having left a fire, some sparks of it, being driven by the wind, had set a bush, wherein lay an Adder, all in a flame. The fire environed the Adder in such a manner that he knew not how to escape, and was just giving himself over to destruction, when he perceived the Man already mentioned, and with a thousand mournful conjurations begged of him to save his life. The Man, on this, being naturally compassionate, said to himself, "It is true these creatures are enemies to mankind; however, good actions are of great value, even of the very greatest when done to our enemies; and whoever sows the seed of good works, shall reap the fruit of blessings." After he had made this reflection, he took a sack, and tying it to the end of his lance, reached it over the flame to the Adder, who flung himself into it; and when he was safe in, the traveler pulled back the bag, and gave the Adder leave to come forth, telling him he might go about his business; but hoped he would have the gratitude to make him a promise, never to do any more harm to men, since a man had done him so great a piece of service.

To this the ungrateful creature answered, "You much mistake both yourself and me: think not that I intend to be gone so calmly; no, my design is first to leave thee a parting blessing, and throw my venom upon thee and thy Camel."

"Monster of ingratitude!" replied the Traveler, "desist a moment at least, and tell me whether it be lawful to recompense good with evil."

"No," replied the Adder, "it certainly is not; but in acting in that manner I shall do no more than what yourselves do every day; that is to say, retaliate good deeds with wicked actions, and requite benefits with ingratitude."

"You cannot prove this slanderous and wicked aspersion," replied the Traveler: "nay, I will venture to say that if you can show me any one other creature in the world that is of your opinion, I will consent to whatever punishment you think fit to inflict on me for the faults of my fellow-creatures."

"I agree to this willingly," answered the Adder; and at

the same time spying a Cow, "Let us propound our question," said he, "to this creature before us, and we shall see what answer she will make." The Man consented; and so both of them accosting the Cow, the Adder put the question to her, how a good turn was to be requited. "By its contrary," replied the Cow, "if you mean according to the custom of men; and this I know by sad experience. I belong," said she, "to a man, to whom I have long been several ways extremely beneficial: I have been used to bring him a calf every year, and to supply his house with milk, butter, and cheese; but now I am grown old, and no longer in a condition to serve him as formerly I did, he has put me in this pasture to fat me, with a design to sell me to a butcher, who is to cut my throat, and he and his friends are to eat my flesh: and is not this requiting good with evil?"

On this, the Adder, taking upon him to speak, said to the Man, "What say you now? are not your own customs a sufficient warrant for me to treat you as I intend to do?"

The Traveler, not a little confounded at this ill-timed story, was cunning enough, however, to answer, "This is a particular case only, and give me leave to say, one witness is not sufficient to convict me; therefore pray let me have another."

"With all my heart," replied the Adder; "let us address ourselves to this Tree that stands here before us." The Tree, having heard the subject of their dispute, gave his opinion in the following words: "Among men, benefits are never requited but with ungrateful actions. I protect travelers from the heat of the sun, and yield them fruit to eat, and a delightful liquor to drink; nevertheless, forgetting the delight and benefit of my shade, they barbarously cut down my branches to make sticks, and handles for hatchets, and saw my body to make planks and rafters. Is not this requiting good with evil?"

The Adder, on this, looking upon the Traveler, asked if he was satisfied. But he was in such a confusion that he knew not what to answer. However, in hopes to free himself from the danger that threatened him, he said to the Adder, "I desire only one favor more; let us be judged by the next beast we meet; give me but that satisfaction, it is all I crave: you know life is sweet; suffer me therefore to beg for the means of continuing it." While they were thus parleying together, a Fox passing by was stopped by the Adder, who conjured him to put an end to their controversy.

The Fox, upon this, desiring to know the subject of their dispute, said the Traveler, "I have done this Adder a signal piece of service, and he would fain persuade me that, for my reward, he ought to do me a mischief." "If he means to act by you as you men do by others, he speaks nothing but what is true," replied the Fox; "but, that I may be better able to judge between you, let me understand what service it is that you have done him."

The Traveler was very glad of this opportunity of speaking for himself, and recounted the whole affair to him: he told him after what manner he had rescued him out of the flames with that little sack, which he showed him.

"How!" said the Fox, laughing outright, "would you pretend to make me believe that so large an Adder as this could get into such a little sack? It is impossible!" Both the Man and the Adder, on this, assured him of the truth of that part of the story; but the Fox positively refused to believe it. At length said he, "Words will never convince me of this monstrous improbability; but if the Adder will go into it again, to convince me of the truth of what you say, I shall then be able to judge of the rest of this affair."

"That I will do most willingly," replied the Adder; and, at the same time, put himself into the sack.

Then said the Fox to the Traveler, "Now you are the master of your enemy's life: and, I believe, you need not be long in resolving what treatment such a monster of ingratitude deserves of you." With that the Traveler tied up the mouth of the sack, and, with a great stone, never left off beating it till he had pounded the Adder to death; and, by that means, put an end to his fears and the dispute at once.

"This Fable," pursued the Rat, "informs us that there is no trusting to the fair words of an enemy, for fear of falling into the like misfortunes."

"You say very true," replied the Raven, "in all this; but what I have to answer to it is that we ought to understand how to distinguish friends from enemies: and, when you have learned that art, you will know I am no terrible or treacherous foe, but a sincere and hearty friend: for I protest to thee, in the most solemn manner, that what I have seen thee do for thy friend the Pigeon and his companions has taken such root in me that I cannot live without an acquaintance with thee;

and I swear I will not depart from hence till thou hast granted me thy friendship."

Zirac perceiving, at length, that the Raven really dealt frankly and cordially with him, replied, "I am happy to find that you are sincere in all this; pardon my fears, and now hear me acknowledge that I think it is an honor for me to wear the title of thy friend; and, if I have so long withstood thy importunities, it was only to try thee, and to show thee that I want neither wit nor policy, that thou mayst know hereafter how far I may be able to serve thee." And so saying, he came forward; but even now he did not venture fairly out, but stopped at the entrance of his hole.

"Why dost thou not come boldly forth?" demanded the Raven. "Is it because thou art not yet assured of my affection?"

"That is not the reason," answered the Rat; "but I am afraid of thy companions upon the trees."

"Set thy heart at rest for that," replied the Raven; "they shall respect thee as their friend: for it is a custom among us that, when one of us enters into a league of friendship with a creature of another species, we all esteem and love that creature." The Rat, upon the faith of these words, came out to the Raven, who caressed him with extraordinary demonstrations of friendship, swearing to him an inviolable amity, and requesting him to go and live with him near the habitation of a certain neighboring Tortoise, of whom he gave a very noble character.

"Command me henceforward in all things," replied Zirac, "for I have so great an inclination for you, that from henceforward I will forever follow you as your shadow: and, to tell you the truth, this is not the proper place of my residence: I was only compelled some time since to take sanctuary in this hole, by reason of an accident, of which I would give you the relation, if I thought it might not be offensive to you."

"My dear friend," replied the Raven, "can you have any such fears? or rather are you not convinced that I share in all your concerns? But the Tortoise," added he, "whose friendship is a very considerable acquisition, which you cannot fail of, will be no less glad to hear the recital of your adventures: come, therefore, away with me to her," continued he; and, at the same time, he took the rat in his bill, and carried him to the Tortoise's dwelling, to whom he related what he had seen

Zirac do. She congratulated the Raven for having acquired so perfect a friend, and caressed the Rat at a very high rate; who, for his part, was too much a courtier not to testify how sensible he was of all her civilities. After many compliments on all sides, they went all three to walk by the banks of a purling rivulet; and, having made choice of a place somewhat distant from the highway, the Raven desired Zirac there to relate his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

FABLE IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF ZIRAC.

"I was born," said Zirac, "and lived many years in the city of India called Marout, where I made choice of a place to reside in that seemed to be the habitation of silence itself, that I might live without disturbance. Here I enjoyed long the greatest earthly felicity, and tasted the sweets of a quiet life, in company of some other Rats, honest creatures, of my own humor. There was also in our neighborhood, I must inform you, a certain Dervise, who every day remained idly in his habitation while his companion went a begging. He constantly, however, ate a part of what the other brought home, and kept the remainder for his supper. But, when he sat down to his second meal, he never found his dish in the same condition that he left it: for while he was in his garden I always filled my belly, and constantly called my companions to partake with me, who were no less mindful of their duty to nature than myself. The Dervise, on this, constantly finding his pittance diminished, flew out at length into a great rage, and looked into his books for some receipt or some engine to apprehend us: but all that availed him nothing, I was still more cunning than he. One unfortunate day, however, one of his friends, who had been a long journey, entered into his cell to visit him; and, after they had dined, they fell into a discourse concerning travel. This Dervise, our good purveyor, among other things asked his friend what he had seen that was most rare and curious in his travels. To whom the Traveler began to recount what he had observed most worthy remark; but, as he was studying to give him a description of the most delightful places through which he had passed, the Dervise still interrupted him from time to time, with the noise

which he made, by clapping his hands one against the other, and stamping with his foot against the ground, to fright us away : for, indeed, we made frequent sallies upon his provision, never regarding his presence nor his company. At length the Traveler, taking it in dudgeon that the Dervise gave so little ear to him, told him, in downright terms, that he did ill to detain him there, to trouble him with telling stories he did not attend to, and make a fool of him.

“‘Heaven forbid!’ replied the Dervise, altogether surprised, ‘that I should make a fool of a person of your merit : I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but there is in this place a nest of rats that will eat me up to the very ears before they have done ; and there is one above the rest so bold, that he even has the impudence to come and bite me by the toes as I lie asleep, and I know not how to catch the felonious devil.’ The Traveler, on this, was satisfied with the Dervise’s excuses ; and replied, ‘Certainly there is some mystery in this : this accident brings to my mind a remarkable story, which I will relate to you, provided you will hearken to me with a little better attention.’”

FABLE V.

A HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

“One day,” continued the Traveler, “as I was on my journey, the bad weather constrained me to stop at a town where I had several acquaintances of different ranks ; and, being unable to proceed on my journey for the continuance of the rain, I went to lodge with one of my friends, who received me very civilly. After supper he put me to bed in a chamber that was parted from his own by a very thin wainseot only ; so that, in despite of my ears, I heard all his private conversation with his Wife.

“‘To-morrow,’ said he, ‘I intend to invite the principal burghers of the town to divert my friend who has done me the honor to come and see me.’

“‘You have not sufficient wherewithal to support your family,’ answered his Wife, ‘and yet you talk of being at great expenses : rather think of sparing that little you have for the good of your children, and let feasting alone.’

“‘This is a man of great religion and piety,’ replied the Husband ; ‘and I ought to testify my joy on seeing him, and

to give my other friends an opportunity of hearing his pious conversation ; nor be you in care for the small expense that will attend this. The providence of God is very great ; and we ought not to take too much care for to-morrow, lest what befell the Wolf befall us.' ”

FABLE VI.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOLF.

“One day,” continued the Husband, “a great Hunter, returning from the chase of a deer, which he had killed, unexpectedly espied a wild boar coming out of a wood, and making directly towards him. ‘Very good,’ cried the Hunter, ‘this beast comes very opportunely ; he will not a little augment my provision.’ With that he bent his bow, and let fly his arrow with so good an aim that he wounded the boar to death. Such, however, are the unforeseen events that attend too covetous a care for the necessities of life, that this fair beginning was but a prelude to a very fatal catastrophe. For the beast, feeling himself wounded, ran with so much fury at the Hunter, that he ripped up his belly with his tusks in such a manner that they both fell dead upon the place.

“At the very moment when this happened, there passed by a Wolf, half-famished, who, seeing so much victuals lying upon the ground, was in an ecstasy of joy. ‘However,’ said he to himself, ‘I must not be prodigal of all this good food ; but it behooves me to husband my good fortune, to make my provision hold out the longer.’ Being very hungry, however, he very prudently resolved to fill his belly first, and make his store for the future afterwards. Not willing, however, to waste any part of his treasure, he was for eating his meat, and, if possible, having it too ; he therefore resolved to fill his belly with what was least delicate, and accordingly began with the string of the bow, which was made of gut ; but he had no sooner snapped the string, but the bow, which was highly bent, gave him such a terrible thump upon the breast that he fell stone-dead upon the other bodies.

“‘This Fable,’ said the Husband, pursuing his discourse ‘instructs us that we ought not to be too greedily covetous.’

“‘Nay,’ said the Wife, ‘if this be the effect of saving, even invite whom you please to-morrow.’

"The company was accordingly invited ; but the next day, as the Wife was getting the dinner ready, and making a sort of sauce with honey, she saw a rat fall into the honey pot, which turned her stomach, and stopped the making of that part of the entertainment. Unwilling, therefore, to make use of the honey, she carried it to the market, and when she parted with it, took pitch in exchange. I was then, by accident, by her, and asked her why she made such a disadvantageous exchange for her honey.

"'Because,' said she, in my ear, 'it is not worth so much to me as the pitch.' Then I presently perceived there was some mystery in the affair, which was beyond my comprehension. It is the same with this rat : he would never be so bold, had he not some reason for it which we are ignorant of. The rats," continued he, "in this part of the-world, are a cunning, covetous, and proud generation ; they heap money as much as the misers of our own species ; and when one of them is possessed of a considerable sum, he becomes a prince among them, and has his set of comrades, who would die to serve him, as they live by him ; for he disburses money for their purchases of food, etc., of one another, and they live his slaves in perfect idleness. And for my part, I am apt to believe that this is the case with this impudent rat ; that he has a number of slaves of his own species at command, to defend and uphold him in his audacious tricks, and that there is money hidden in his hole."

The Dervise no sooner heard the Traveler talk of money, than he took a hatchet, and so bestirred himself, that having cleft the wall, he soon discovered my treasure, to the value of a thousand deniers in gold, which I had heaped together with great labor and toil. These had long been my whole pleasure ; I told them every day ; I took delight to handle them, and tumble upon them, placing all my happiness in that exercise. But to return to the story. When the gold tumbled out, 'Very good,' said the Traveler ; 'had I not reason to attribute the insolence of these rats to some unknown cause ?'

"I leave you to judge in what a desperate condition I was, when I saw my habitation ransacked after this manner. I resolved on this to change my lodging ; but all my companions left me ; so that I had a thorough experience of the truth of the proverb, 'No money, no friend.' Friends, nowadays, love us no longer than our friendship turns to their advantage. I

have heard among men, that one day a wealthy and a witty man was asked how many friends he had. 'As for friends *alamode*,' said he, 'I have as many as I have crowns; but as for real friends, I must stay till I come to be in want, and then I shall know.'

"While I was pondering, however, upon the accident that had befallen me, I saw a rat pass along, who had been heretofore used to profess himself so much devoted to my service, that you would have thought he could not have lived a moment out of my company. I called to him, and asked him why he shunned me like the rest.

"*'Thinkest thou,'* said the ungrateful and impudent villain, *'that we are such fools as to serve thee for nothing? When thou wast rich, we were thy servants; but now thou art poor, believe me, we will not be the companions of thy poverty.'*

"*'Alas! thou oughtest not to despise the poor,'* said I, *'because they are the beloved of Providence.'*

"*'It is very true,'* answered he; *'but not such poor as thou art. For Providence takes care of those among men who have, for the sake of religion, forsaken the world; not those whom the world has forsaken.'* Miserably angry was I with myself for my former generousities to such a wretch; but I could not tell what to answer to such a cutting expression. I stayed, however, notwithstanding my misfortunes, with the Dervise, to see how he would dispose of the money he had taken from me; and I observed that he gave one half to his friend, and that each of them laid their shares under their pillows. On seeing this, an immediate thought came into my mind to go and regain this money. To this purpose I stole softly to the Dervise's bedside, and was just going to carry back my treasure; but unfortunately his friend, who, unperceived by me, observed all my actions, threw his bed staff at me with so good a will that he had almost broke my foot, which obliged me to recover my hole with all the speed I could, though not without some difficulty. About an hour after, I crept out again, believing by this time the Traveler might be asleep also. But he was too diligent a sentinel, and too much afraid of losing his good fortune. However, I plucked up a good heart, went forward, and was already got to the Dervise's bed's head, when my rashness had like to have cost me my life. For the Traveler gave me a second blow upon the head, that stunned me in such a manner that I could hardly find my hole again. At the same instant he also threw

his bed staff at me a third time ; but missing me, I recovered my sanctuary ; where I was no sooner set down in safety, than I protested that I would never more pursue the recovery of a thing which had cost me so much pains and jeopardy. In pursuance of this resolution, I left the Dervise's habitation, and retired to that place where you saw me with the Pigeon."

The Tortoise was extremely well pleased with the recital of the Rat's adventures ; and at the same time embracing him. "You have done well," said she, "to quit the world, and the intrigues of it, since they afford us no perfect satisfaction. All those who are turmoiled with avarice and ambition do but labor for their own ruin, like a certain Cat which I once knew, whose adventures you will not be displeased to hear."

FABLE VII.

THE RAVENOUS CAT.

"A certain Person whom I have often seen," continued the Tortoise, "bred up a Cat very frugally in his own house. He gave her enough to suffice nature, though nothing superfluous : and she might, if she pleased, have lived very happily with him ; but she was very ravenous, and, not content with her ordinary food, hunted about in every corner for more. One day, passing by a dove house, she saw some young pigeons that were hardly fledged ; and presently her teeth watered for a taste of those delicate viands. With this resolution, up she boldly mounted into the dove house, never minding whether the master were there or no, and was presently with great joy preparing to satisfy her voluptuous desires. But the master of the place no sooner saw the epicure of a Cat enter, than he shut up the doors, and stopped up all the holes at which it was possible for her to get out again, and so bestirred himself that he caught the felonious baggage, and hanged her up at the corner of the pigeon house. Soon after this, the owner of the Cat passing that way, and seeing his Cat hanged, 'Unfortunate greedy-gut,' said he, 'hadst thou been contented with thy meaner food, thou hadst not been now in this condition ! Thus,' continued he, moralizing on the spectacle, 'insatiable gluttons are the procurers of their own untimely ends. Alas ! the felicities of this world are uncertain, and of no continuance. Wise men, I well remember, say there is no reliance

upon these six things, nor anything of fidelity to be expected from them :—

“1. From a cloud ; for it disperses in an instant.

“2. From feigned friendship ; for it passes away like a flash of lightning.

“3. From a woman's love ; for it changes upon every frivolous fancy.

“4. From beauty ; for the least injury of time, misfortune, or disease destroys it.

“5. From false prayers ; for they are but smoke.

“6. And from the enjoyments of the world ; for they all vanish in a moment.’”

“Men of judgment,” replied the Rat, “are all of this opinion : they never labor after these vain things ; there is nothing but the acquisition of a real friend can tempt us to the expectation of a lasting happiness.”

The Raven then spoke in his turn : “There is no earthly pleasure or advantage,” said he, “like a true friend ; which I shall endeavor to prove, by the recital of the following story.”

FABLE VIII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A certain Person, of a truly noble and generous disposition, once heard, as he lay in bed, somebody knocking at his door at an unseasonable hour. Somewhat surprised at it, he, without stirring out of his place, first asked who was there. But when by the answer he understood that it was one of his best friends, he immediately rose, put on his clothes, and ordering his servant to light a candle, went and opened the door.

So soon as he saw him, “Dear Friend,” said he, “I at all times rejoice to see you, but doubly now, because I promise myself, from this extraordinary visit, that I can be of some service to you. I cannot imagine your coming so late to be for any other reason, but either to borrow money, or to desire me to be your second, and I am very happy in that I can assure you that I am provided to serve you in either of these requests. If you want money, my purse is full, and it is open to all your occasions. If you are to meet with your enemy, my arm and sword are at your service.” “There is nothing I have less

occasion for," answered his Friend, "than these things which you proffer me. I only came to understand the condition of your health, fearing the truth of an unlucky and disastrous dream."

While the Raven was reciting this Fable, our set of friends beheld at a distance a little wild Goat making towards them with an incredible swiftness.

They all took it for granted, by her speed, that she was pursued by some hunter; and they immediately without ceremony separated, every one to take care of himself. The Tortoise slipped into the water, the Rat crept into a hole which he accidentally found there, and the Raven hid himself among the boughs of a very high tree. In the mean time the Goat stopped all of a sudden, and stood to rest itself by the side of the fountain; when the Raven, who looked about every way, perceiving nobody, called to the Tortoise, who immediately peeped up above the water; and seeing the Goat afraid to drink, "Drink boldly," said the Tortoise, "for the water is very clear:" which the Goat having done, "Pray tell me," cried the Tortoise, "what is the reason you seem to be in such a fright?" "Reason enough," replied the Goat, "for I have just made my escape from the hands of a Hunter, who pursued me with an eager chase."

"Come," said the Tortoise, "I am glad you are safe, and I have an offer to make you: if you can like our company, stay here, and be one of our friends; you will find, I assure you, our hearts honest and our conversation beneficial. Wise men," continued she, "say that the number of friends lessens trouble: and that if a man had a thousand friends, he ought to reckon them no more than as one; but, on the other side, if a man has but one enemy, he ought to reckon that one for a thousand, so dangerous and so desperate a thing is an avowed enemy." After this discourse, the Raven and the Rat entered into company with the Goat, and showed her a thousand civilities; with which she was so taken that she promised to stay there as long as she lived.

These four friends, after this, lived in perfect harmony a long while, and spent their time very pleasantly together. But one day, as the Tortoise, the Rat, and the Raven had met, as they used to do, by the side of the fountain, the Goat was missing; this very much troubled the other friends, as they knew not what accident might have befallen her. They soon

came to a resolution, however, to seek for and assist her ; and presently the Raven mounted up into the air, to see what discoveries he could make, and looking round about him, at length, to his great sorrow, saw at a distance the poor Goat entangled in a Hunter's net. He immediately dropped down, on this, to acquaint the Rat and Tortoise with what he had seen ; and you may be well assured these ill tidings extremely afflicted all the three friends.

"We have professed a strict friendship together, and long lived happily in it," said the Tortoise ; "and it will be shameful now to break through it, and leave our innocent and good-natured friend to destruction : no, we must find some way," continued she, "to deliver the poor Goat out of captivity."

On this, said the Raven to the Rat, "Remember now, O excellent Zirac ! thy own talents, and exert them for the public good : there is none but you can set our friend at liberty ; and the business must be quickly done, for fear the Huntsman lay his clutches upon her."

"Doubt not but I will gladly do my endeavor," replied the Rat ; "therefore let us go immediately, lest we lose time." The Raven, on this, took up Zirac in his bill, and carried him to the place ; where being arrived, he fell without delay to gnawing the meshes that held the Goat's foot, and had almost set him at liberty by the time the Tortoise arrived. So soon as the Goat perceived this slow-moving friend, she sent forth a loud cry : "O !" said she, "why have you ventured yourself to come hither?"

"Alas," replied the Tortoise, "I could no longer endure your absence."

"Dear Friend," said the Goat, "your coming to this place troubles me more than the loss of my own liberty ; for if the Hunter should happen to come at this instant, what will you do to make your escape ? For my part I am almost unbound, and my swift heels will prevent me from falling into his hands ; the Raven will find his safety in his wings ; the Rat will run into any hole ; only you, that are so slow of foot, will become the Hunter's prey."

No sooner had the Goat spoken the words than the Hunter appeared ; but the Goat being loosened ran away ; the Raven mounted into the sky ; the Rat slipped into a hole ; and, as the Goat had said, only the slow-paced Tortoise remained without help.

When the Hunter arrived, he was not a little surprised to find his net broken. This was no small vexation to him, and made him look narrowly about, to see if he could discover who had done him the injury ; and, unfortunately, in searching, he spied the Tortoise. "O!" said he, "very well, I am very glad to see you here ; I find I shall not go home empty-handed, however, at last : here's a plump Tortoise, and that's worth something, I'm sure." With that he took the Tortoise up, put it in his sack, threw the sack over his shoulder, and so was trudging home.

When he was gone, the three friends came from their several places, and met together, when, missing the Tortoise, they easily judged what was become of her. Then sending forth a thousand sighs, they made most doleful lamentations, and shed a torrent of tears. At length the Raven, interrupting this sad harmony, "Dear friends," said he, "our moans and sorrows do the Tortoise no good ; we ought, instead of this, if it be possible, to think of a way to save her life. The sages of former ages have informed us that there are four sorts of persons that are never known but upon the proper occasions : men of courage in fight ; men of honesty in business ; a wife in her husband's misfortunes ; and a true friend in extreme necessity. We find, alas ! our dear friend the Tortoise is in a sad condition ; and therefore we must, if possible, succor her."

"It is well advised," replied the Rat, "and now I think on't, an expedient is come into my head. Let the Goat go and show herself in the Hunter's eye, who will then be sure to lay down his sack to run after her."

"Very well advised," replied the Goat, "I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little distance before him, which will encourage him to follow me, and so draw him a good way from his sack, which will give the Rat time to set our friend at liberty." This stratagem had so good a face that it was soon approved by them all ; and immediately the Goat ran halting before the Hunter, and seemed to be so feeble and faint that he thought he had her safe in his clutches ; and so laying down his sack, ran after the Goat with all his might. That cunning creature suffered him ever and anon almost to come up to her, and then led him another green-goose chase, till in short she had fairly dragged him out of sight ; which the Rat perceiving, came and gnawed the string that tied the sack, and let out the Tortoise, who went and hid herself in a thick bush.

At length the Hunter, tired with running in vain after his prey, left off the chase, and returned to his sack. "Here," said he, "I have something safe however: thou art not quite so swift of foot as this plaguy Goat; and if thou wert, art too fast here to find the way to make thy legs of any use to thee." So saying, he went to the bag, but there missing the Tortoise, he was in amaze, and thought himself in a region of hobgoblins and spirits. He could not but stand and bless himself, that a Goat should free herself out of his nets, and by and by run hopping before him, and make a fool of him; and that in the mean while a Tortoise, a poor feeble creature, should break the string of a sack, and make its escape. All these considerations struck him with such a panic fear, that he ran home as if a thousand robin goodfellows or rawhead and bloody bones had been at his heels. After which the four friends met together again, congratulated each other on their escapes, made new protestations of friendship, and swore never to separate till death parted them.



ÆSOP'S FABLES.

RETOLD BY PHÆDRUS.

[Æsop is the imaginary author of a collection of fables, some of them dating back to archaic Egyptian times; the dates, personal history, and description, etc., set down to him are all fictitious, and some of them very late mediæval inventions. Phædrus was a Macedonian slave who lived in Rome during the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, and rewrote the Æsopian fables in verse, adding some new ones, besides other stories with a moral not cast in fable form.]

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

DRIVEN by thirst, a Wolf and a Lamb had come to the same stream; the Wolf stood above, and the Lamb at a distance below. Then the spoiler, prompted by a ravenous maw, alleged a pretext for a quarrel. "Why," said he, "have you made the water muddy for me while I am drinking?" The Fleece bearer, trembling, answered: "Prithee, Wolf, how can I do what you complain of? The water is flowing downwards from you to where I am drinking." The other, disconcerted by the force of truth, exclaimed, "Six months ago, you slandered me." "Indeed," answered the Lamb, "I was not born

then." "By Hercules," said the Wolf, "then 'twas your father slandered me;" and so, snatching him up, he tore him to pieces, killing him unjustly.

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.

The Frogs, roaming at large in their marshy fens, with loud clamor demanded of Jupiter a king, who, by his authority, might check their dissolute manners. The Father of the Gods smiled, and gave them a little Log, which, on being thrown among them, startled the timorous race by the noise and sudden commotion in the bog. When it had lain for some time immersed in the mud, one of them by chance silently lifted his head above the water, and, having taken a peep at the king, called up all the rest. Having got the better of their fears, vying with each other, they swim towards him, and the insolent mob leap upon the Log. After defiling it with every kind of insult, they sent to Jupiter, requesting another king, because the one that had been given them was useless. Upon this, he sent them a Water Snake, who with his sharp teeth began to gobble them up one after another. Helpless they strive in vain to escape death; terror deprives them of voice. By stealth, therefore, they send through Mercury a request to Jupiter, to succor them in their distress. Then said the God in reply, "Since you would not be content with your good fortune, continue to endure your bad fortune."

FABLE FOR PARVENUS.

A Jackdaw, swelling with empty pride, picked up some feathers which had fallen from a Peacock, and decked himself out therewith; upon which, despising his own kind, he mingled with a beauteous flock of Peacocks. They tore his feathers from off the impudent bird, and put him to flight with their beaks. The Jackdaw, thus roughly handled, in grief hastened to return to his own kind; repulsed by whom, he had to submit to sad disgrace. Then said one of those whom he had formerly despised, "If you had been content with our station, and had been ready to put up with what nature had given, you would neither have experienced the former affront, nor would your ill fortune have had to feel the additional pang of this repulse."

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

As a Dog, crossing a bridge, was carrying a piece of meat, he saw his own shadow in the watery mirror; and, thinking that it was another booty carried by another dog, attempted to snatch it away; but his greediness was disappointed, he both dropped the food which he was holding in his mouth, and was after all unable to reach that at which he grasped.

THE ALLIANCE.

A Cow, a She-Goat, and a Sheep, patient under injuries, were partners in the forests with a Lion. When they had captured a Stag of vast bulk, thus spoke the Lion, after it had been divided into shares, "Because my name is Lion, I take the first; the second you will yield to me because I am courageous; then, because I am the strongest, the third will fall to my lot; if any one touches the fourth, woe betide him."

NEVER HELP A SCOUNDREL OUT OF A SCRAPE.

A bone that he had swallowed stuck in the jaws of a Wolf. Thereupon, overcome by extreme pain, he began to tempt all and sundry by great rewards to extract the cause of misery. At length, on his taking an oath, a Crane was prevailed on, and, trusting the length of her neck to his throat, she wrought, with danger to herself, a cure for the Wolf. When she demanded the promised reward for this service, "You are ungrateful," replied the Wolf, "to have taken your head in safety out of my mouth, and then to ask for a reward."

YOUR TURN MAY COME.

A Sparrow upbraided a Hare that had been pounced upon by an Eagle, and was sending forth piercing cries. "Where now," said he, "is that fleetness for which you are so remarkable? Why were your feet thus tardy?" While he was speaking, a Hawk seizes him unawares, and kills him, shrieking aloud with vain complaints. The Hare, almost dead, as a consolation in his agony, exclaimed, "You, who so lately, free from care, were ridiculing my misfortunes, have now to deplore your own fate with as woful cause."

A BAD NAME IS A BAD INVESTMENT.

A Wolf indicted a Fox upon a charge of theft ; the latter denied it. The Ape sat as judge between them ; and when each of them had pleaded his cause, is said to have pronounced this sentence : " You, Wolf, appear not to have lost what you ask the Fox to give back ; you, Fox, to have stolen from the Wolf what you deny taking."

BRAG ONLY TO STRANGERS.

A Lion having resolved to hunt in company with an Ass, concealed him in a thicket, and at the same time enjoined him to frighten the wild beasts with his voice, to which they were unused, while he himself was to catch them as they fled. Upon this, Longears, with all his might, suddenly raised a cry, and terrified the beasts with this new cause of astonishment. While in their alarm, they are flying to the well-known outlets, they are overpowered by the dread onset of the Lion ; who, after he was wearied with slaughter, called forth the Ass from his retreat, and bade him cease his clamor. On this the other in his insolence inquired, " What think you of the assistance given by my voice ? " " Excellent ! " said the Lion, " so much so that if I had not been acquainted with your spirit and your race, I should have fled in alarm like the rest."

THE SHOWIEST QUALITIES NOT THE MOST USEFUL.

A Stag, when he had drunk at a stream, stood still, and gazed upon his likeness in the water. While there, in admiration, he was praising his branching horns, and finding fault with the extreme thinness of his legs, suddenly roused by the cries of the huntsmen, he took to flight over the plain, and with nimble course escaped the dogs. Then a wood received the beast ; in which, being entangled and caught by his horns, the dogs began to tear him to pieces with savage bites. While dying, he is said to have uttered these words : " Oh, how unhappy am I, who now too late find out how useful to me were the things I despised ; and what sorrow the things I used to praise have caused me."

FLATTERERS HAVE AXES TO GRIND.

As a Raven, perched in a lofty tree, was about to eat a piece of cheese, stolen from a window, a Fox espied him, and thereupon began thus to speak : " O Raven, what a glossiness there is upon those feathers of yours ! What grace you carry in your shape and air ! If you had a voice, no bird whatever would be superior to you." On this, the other, attempting to show off his voice, let fall the cheese from his mouth, which the crafty Fox instantly snatched up.

ALL GOVERNMENTS ALIKE TO THE POOR.

A timorous Old Man was feeding an Ass in a meadow. Frightened by a sudden alarm of the enemy, he tried to persuade the Ass to fly, lest they should be taken prisoners. But he leisurely replied : " Pray, do you suppose that the conqueror will place double panniers upon me ?" The Old Man said, " No." " Then what matters it to me, so long as I have to carry my panniers, whom I serve ?"

AVOID STRAW SECURITY.

A Stag asked a Sheep for a measure of wheat, a Wolf being his surety. The other, however, suspecting fraud, replied, " The Wolf has always been in the habit of plundering and absconding ; you, of rushing out of sight with rapid flight : where am I to look for you both when the day comes ?"

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

A She-Dog, ready to whelp, having entreated another that she might give birth to her offspring in her kennel, easily obtained the favor. Afterwards, on the other asking for her place back again, she renewed her entreaties, earnestly begging for a short time, until she might be enabled to lead forth her whelps when they had gained sufficient strength. This time being also expired, the other began more urgently to press for her abode. " If," said the tenant, " you are a match for me and my litter in a fight, I will leave."

KICKING THE DYING LION.

As a Lion, worn out with years, and deserted by his strength, lay drawing his last breath, a Wild Boar came up

to him, with flashing tusks, and with a blow revenged an old affront. Next, with hostile horns, a Bull pierced the body of his foe. An Ass, on seeing the wild beast maltreated with impunity, tore up his forehead with his heels. On this, expiring, he said: "I have borne, with indignation, the insults of the brave; but in being inevitably forced to bear with you, disgrace to nature! I seem to die a double death."

DON'T SPARE ONE CURSE FOR FEAR OF ANOTHER.

A Weasel, on being caught by a Man, wishing to escape impending death, "Pray," said she, "do spare me, for 'tis I who keep your house clear of troublesome mice." The Man made answer: "If you did so for my sake, it would be a reason for thanking you, and I should have granted you the pardon you entreat. But as you eat up all they would, and them too, don't think of placing your pretended services to my account;" and so saying, he put the wicked creature to death.

SUSPECT SUDDEN CONVERSIONS.

A Thief one night threw a crust of bread to a Dog, to try whether he could be gained by the proffered victuals. "Hark you," said the Dog, "do you think to stop my tongue so that I may not bark for my master's property? You are greatly mistaken. For this sudden liberality bids me be on the watch, that you may not profit by my neglect."

THE FROG AND THE OX.

Once on a time, a Frog espied an Ox in a meadow, and moved with envy at his vast bulk, puffed out her wrinkled skin, and then asked her young ones whether she was bigger than the Ox. They said, "No." Again, with still greater efforts, she distended her skin, and in like manner inquired which was the bigger: they said, "The Ox." At last, while, full of indignation, she tried, with all her might, to puff herself out, she burst her body on the spot.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A Fox is said to have given a Stork the first invitation to a banquet, and to have placed before her some thin broth in a flat dish, of which the hungry Stork could in no way get a taste.

Having invited the Fox in return, she set before him a narrow-mouthed jar, full of minced meat : and, thrusting her beak into it, satisfied herself, while she tormented her guest with hunger ; who, after having in vain licked the neck of the jar, as we have heard, thus addressed the foreign bird : " Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example."

REVENGE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY.

An Eagle one day carried off the whelps of a Fox, and placed them in her nest before her young ones, for them to tear in pieces as food. The mother, following her, began to entreat that she would not cause such sorrow to her miserable suppliant. The other despised her, as being safe in the very situation of the spot. The Fox snatched from an altar a burning torch, and surrounded the whole tree with flames, intending to mingle anguish to her foe with the loss of her offspring. The Eagle, that she might rescue her young ones from the peril of death, in a suppliant manner restored to the Fox her whelps in safety.

"WHO SHALL GUARD THE GUARDIANS?"

Some Pigeons, having often escaped from a Kite, and by their swiftness of wing avoided death, the spoiler had recourse to stratagem, and by a crafty device of this nature deceived the harmless race. "Why do you prefer to live a life of anxiety, rather than conclude a treaty, and make me your king, who can insure your safety from every injury?" They, putting confidence in him, intrusted themselves to the Kite, who, on obtaining the sovereignty, began to devour them one by one, and to exercise authority with his cruel talons. Then said one of those that were left, "Deservedly are we smitten."

THE MAN AND THE TWO WOMEN.

A Woman, not devoid of grace, held enthralled a certain Man of middle age, concealing her years by the arts of the toilet ; a lovely Young creature, too, had captivated the heart of the same person. Both, as they were desirous to appear of the same age with him, began, each in her turn, to pluck out the hair of the Man. While he imagined that he was made trim by the care of the women, he suddenly found himself

bald ; for the Young Woman had entirely pulled out the white hairs, the Old Woman the black ones.

[This is a dubious piece of morality. The obvious moral would seem to be, Don't court two women at once ; but if one may take them as successive, it would be, Keep to your own sort : wide divergences mean unhappiness and injury.]

DON'T BUY OFF BLACKMAILERS.

A Man, torn by the bite of a savage Dog, threw a piece of bread, dipped in his blood, to the offender : a thing that he had heard was a remedy for the wound. Then said Æsop, "Don't do this before many dogs, lest they devour us alive, when they know that such is the reward of guilt."

THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A Fly sat on the pole of a chariot, and rebuking the Mule : "How slow you are," said she ; "will you not go faster ? Take care that I don't prick your neck with my sting." The Mule made answer : "I am not moved by your words, but I fear him who, sitting on the next seat, guides my yoke with his pliant whip, and governs my mouth with the foam-covered reins. Therefore, cease your frivolous impertinence, for I well know when to go at a gentle pace, and when to run."

SERVILE RICHES VERSUS FREE POVERTY.

A Wolf, quite starved with hunger, chanced to meet a well-fed Dog, and as they stopped to salute each other : "Pray," said the Wolf, "how is it that you are so sleek ? or on what food have you made so much flesh ? I, who am far stronger, am perishing with hunger." The Dog frankly replied, "You may enjoy the same condition, if you can render the like service to your master." "What is it ?" said the other. "To be the guardian of his threshold, and to protect the house from thieves at night." "I am quite ready for that," said the Wolf ; "at present I have to endure snow and showers, dragging on a wretched existence in the woods. How much more pleasant for me to be living under a roof, and, at my ease, to be stuffed with plenty of victuals." "Come along, then, with me," said

the Dog. As they were going along, the Wolf observed the neck of the Dog, where it was worn with the chain. "Whence comes this, my friend?" "Oh, it is nothing." "Do tell me, though." "Because I appear to be fierce, they fasten me up in the daytime, that I may be quiet when it is light, and watch when night comes; unchained at midnight, I wander wherever I please. Bread is brought me without my asking; from his own table my master gives me bones; the servants throw me bits, and whatever dainties each person leaves; thus, without trouble on my part, is my belly filled." "Well, if you have a mind to go anywhere, are you at liberty?" "Certainly not," replied the Dog. "Then, Dog, enjoy what you boast of. I would not be a king, to lose my liberty."

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

A certain Man had a very ugly Daughter, and also a Son, remarkable for his handsome features. These, diverting themselves as children do, chanced to look into a mirror, as it lay upon their mother's chair. He praises his own good looks; she is vexed and cannot endure the raillery of her boasting brother, construing everything (and how could she do otherwise?) as a reproach against herself. Accordingly, off she runs to her Father, to be avenged on him in her turn; and with great rancor makes a charge against the Son, how that he, though a male, has been meddling with a thing that belongs to the women. Embracing them both, kissing them, and dividing his tender affection between the two, he said, "I wish you both to use the mirror every day: you, that you may not spoil your beauty by vicious conduct; you, that you may make amends by your virtues for your looks."

THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A young Cock, while seeking for food on a dunghill, found a Pearl, and exclaimed: "What a fine thing are you to be lying in so unseemly a place. If any one sensible of your value had espied you here, you would long ago have returned to your former brilliancy. And it is I who have found you, I to whom food is far preferable! I can be of no use to you or you to me."

REAL PARENTHOOD.

A Dog said to a Lamb bleating among some She-Goats, "Simpleton, you are mistaken; your mother is not here;" and pointed out some Sheep at a distance, in a flock by themselves. "I am not looking for her," said the Lamb, "who, when she thinks fit, conceives, then carries her unknown burden for a certain number of months, and at last empties out the fallen bundle; but for her who, presenting her udder, nourishes me, and deprives her young ones of milk that I may not go without." "Still," said the Dog, "she ought to be preferred who brought you forth." "Not at all: how was she to know whether I should be born black or white? [*i.e.* for first sacrifice or not]. However, suppose she did know, seeing I was born a male, truly she conferred a great obligation on me in giving me birth, that I might expect the butcher every hour. Why should she, who had no power in engendering me, be preferred to her who took pity on me as I lay, and of her own accord showed me a welcome affection? It is kindness makes parents, not the ordinary course of Nature."

DON'T QUARREL WITH FATE.

A Peacock came to Juno, complaining sadly that she had not given to him the song of the Nightingale; that it was the admiration of every ear, while he himself was laughed at the very instant he raised his voice. The Goddess, to console him, replied, "But you surpass the nightingale in beauty, you surpass him in size; the brilliancy of the emerald shines upon your neck; and you unfold a tail begemmed with painted plumage." "Wherefore give me," he retorted, "a beauty that is dumb, if I am surpassed in voice?" "By the will of the Fates," said she, "have your respective qualities been assigned: beauty to you, strength to the Eagle, melody to the Nightingale, to the Raven presages, unpropitious omens to the Crow: all of these are contented with their own endowments."

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

Urged by hunger, a Fox, leaping with all her might, tried to reach a cluster of Grapes upon a lofty vine. When she found she could not reach them, she left them, saying, "They are not ripe yet; I don't like to eat them while sour."

BITING OFF THE NOSE TO SPITE THE FACE.

While a Wild Boar was wallowing, he muddied the shallow water, at which a Horse had been in the habit of quenching his thirst. Upon this, a disagreement arose. The Horse, enraged with the beast, sought the aid of man, and, raising him on his back, returned against the foe. After the Horseman, hurling his javelins, had slain the Boar, he is said to have spoken thus: "I am glad that I gave assistance at your entreaties, for I have captured a prey, and have learned how useful you are ;" and so compelled him, unwilling as he was, to submit to the rein. Then said the Horse, sorrowing, "Fool that I am ! while seeking to revenge a trifling matter, I have met with slavery."

STRONG SPIRITS CAN DISDAIN SLANDERERS.

A Viper came into a smith's workshop ; and while on the search whether there was anything fit to eat, fastened her teeth upon a File. The latter, however, disdainfully exclaimed, " Why, fool, do you try to wound me with your teeth, who am in the habit of gnawing asunder every kind of iron ? "

SUSPECT A SCAMP'S GOOD OFFICES.

A Fox having fallen into a well, and being closed in by the sides, which were too high for her, a Goat parched with thirst came to the same spot, and asked whether the water was good and in plenty. The other, devising a stratagem, replied, " Come down, my friend : such is the goodness of the water that my pleasure in drinking cannot be satisfied." Longbeard descended ; then the Fox, mounting on his high horns, escaped from the well, and left the Goat to stick fast in the inclosed mud.

OF THE VICES OF MEN.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of Wallets : the one, filled with our own vices, he has placed at our backs ; the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.

From this circumstance we are not able to see our own faults ; but as soon as others make a slip, we are ready to censure.

THE SHE-GOATS AND THEIR BEARDS.

The She-Goats having obtained of Jupiter the favor of a beard, the He-Goats, full of concern, began to be indignant that the females rivaled them in their dignity. "Suffer them," said the God, "to enjoy their empty honors, and to use the badge that belongs to your rank, so long as they are not sharers in your courage."

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A Man took up a Snake, stiffened with frost, and warmed her in his bosom, being compassionate to his own undoing; for when she had recovered, she instantly killed the Man. On another one asking her the reason of this crime, she made answer, "That people may learn not to assist the wicked."

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

A Mountain was in labor, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the districts the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a Mouse.

THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY.

A Fly bit the bare pate of a Bald Man, who, endeavoring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the Fly, jeeringly: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?" The Man made answer: "I am easily reconciled to myself, because I know that there was no intention of doing harm. But you, worthless insect, and one of a contemptible race, who take a delight in drinking human blood, I could wish to destroy you, even at a heavier penalty."

AVOID ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

A Man having sacrificed a young boar to the god Hercules, to whom he owed performance of a vow made for the preservation of his health, ordered the remains of the barley to be set for the Ass. But he refused to touch it, and said, "I would most willingly accept your food, if he who had been fed upon it had not had his throat cut."

FIN McCOUL.

A LEGEND OF KNOCKMANY.

By WILLIAM CARLETON.

[WILLIAM CARLETON, a leading writer of Irish peasant stories and sketches and novels of Irish life in general, was born in County Tyrone in 1798. A poor boy, scantily educated in a hedge school, he passed two years (16-18) in a relative's academy, went to Dublin, and in 1830 and 1832 published two series of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," which were very successful. In 1839 he produced a novel, "Fardorougha, the Miser"; and in 1841 three volumes of tales mostly pathetic—but one story in a more buoyant vein, "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," was very popular. In 1845 he issued "Valentine M'Clutchy," a "repeal" novel; 1846, "Rody the Rover"; 1847, "The Black Prophet"; 1849, "The Tithe Proctor"; 1855, "Willy Reilly," 3 vols.; 1860 "The Evil Eye." He long received a pension of £200 a year for his great literary merits. He died January, 1869.]

WHAT Irish man, woman, or child has not heard of our renowned Hibernian Hercules, the great and glorious Fin M'Coul? Not one, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, nor from that back again to Cape Clear. And by the way, speaking of the Giant's Causeway, brings me at once to the beginning of my story. Well, it so happened that Fin and his gigantic relatives were all working at the Causeway, in order to make a bridge, or what was still better, a good stout pad road, across to Scotland; when Fin, who was very fond of his wife Oonagh, took it into his head that he would go home and see how the poor woman got on in his absence. To be sure, Fin was a true Irishman, and so the sorrow thing in life brought him back, only to see that she was snug and comfortable, and, above all things, that she got her rest well at night; for he knew that the poor woman, when he was with her, used to be subject to nightly qualms and configurations, that kept him very anxious, decent man, striving to keep her up to the good spirits and health that she had when they were first married. So, accordingly, he pulled up a fir tree; and after lopping off the roots and branches, made a walking stick of it, and set out on his way to Oonagh.

Oonagh, or rather Fin, lived at this time on the very tip top of Knockmany Hill, which faces a cousin of its own called Cullamore, that rises up, half hill, half mountain, on the opposite side—east-east by south, as the sailors say, when they wish to puzzle a landsman,

Now, the truth is, for it must come out, that honest Fin's affection for his wife, though cordial enough in itself, was by no manner of means the real cause of his journey home. There was at that time another giant, named Cucullin, — some say he was Irish, and some say he was Scotch, — but whether Scotch or Irish, sorrow doubt of it but he was a *targer*. No other giant of the day could stand before him; and such was his strength that, when well vexed, he could give a stamp that shook the country about him. The fame and name of him went far and near; and nothing in the shape of a man, it was said, had any chance with him in a fight. Whether the story is true or not, I cannot say, but the report went that by one blow of his fists he flattened a thunderbolt, and kept it in his pocket in the shape of a pancake, to show to all his enemies when they were about to fight him. Undoubtedly he had given every giant in Ireland a considerable beating, barring Fin M'Coul himself; and he swore, by the solemn contents of Moll Kelly's Primer, that he would never rest, night or day, winter or summer, till he would serve Fin with the same sauce, if he could catch him.

Fin, however, who no doubt was the cock of the walk on his own dunghill, had a strong disinclination to meet a giant who could make a young earthquake, or flatten a thunderbolt when he was angry; so he accordingly kept dodging about from place to place, not much to his credit as a Trojan, to be sure, whenever he happened to get the hard word that Cucullin was on the scent of him. This, then, was the marrow of the whole movement, although he put it on his anxiety to see Oonagh; and I am not saying but there was some truth in that too. However, the short and long of it was, with reverence be it spoken, that he heard Cucullin was coming to the Causeway to have a trial of strength with him; and he was naturally enough seized, in consequence, with a very warm and sudden fit of affection for his wife, poor woman, who was delicate in her health, and leading, besides, a very lonely, uncomfortable life of it (he assured them) in his absence. He accordingly pulled up the fir tree, as I said before, and having *suedded* it into a walking stick, set out on his affectionate travels to see his darling Oonagh on the top of Knockmany, by the way.

In truth, to state the suspicions of the country at that time, the people wondered very much why it was that Fin selected such a windy spot for his dwelling house, and they even *went* so far as to tell him as much.

"What can you mane, Mr. M'Coul," said they, "by pitching your tent upon the top of Knockmany, where you never are without a breeze, day or night, winter or summer, and where you're often forced to take your nightcap [the cloud that hangs about the peak of a mountain] without either going to bed or turning up your little finger; ay, an' where, besides this, there's the sorrow's own want of water?"

"Why," said Fin, "ever since I was the height of a round tower, I was known to be fond of having a good prospect of my own; and where the dickens, neighbors, could I find a better spot for a good prospect than the top of Knockmany? As for water, I am sinking a pump [there is upon the top of this hill an opening that bears a very strong resemblance to the crater of an extinct volcano], and, plase goodness, as soon as the Causeway's made, I intend to finish it."

Now, this was more of Fin's philosophy; for the real state of the case was, that he pitched upon the top of Knockmany in order that he might be able to see Cucullin coming towards the house, and of course that he himself might go to look after his distant transactions in other parts of the country, rather than—but no matter—we do not wish to be too hard on Fin. All we have to say is, that if he wanted a spot from which to keep a sharp lookout,—and between ourselves, he did want it grievously,—barring Slieve Croob, or Slieve Donard, or its own cousin Cullamore, he could not find a neater or more convenient situation for it in the sweet and sagacious province of Ulster.

"God save all here!" said Fin, good-humoredly, on putting his honest face into his own door.

"Musha, Fin, avick, an' you're welcome home to your own Oonagh, you darlin' bully." Here followed a smack that is said to have made the waters of the lake at the bottom of the hill curl, as it were, with kindness and sympathy.

"Faith," said Fin, "beautiful; an' how are you, Oonagh—and how did you sport your figure during my absence, my bilberry?"

"Never a merrier—as bouncing a grass widow as ever there was in sweet 'Tyrone among the bushes.'"

Fin gave a short, good-humored cough, and laughed most heartily, to show her how much he was delighted that she made herself happy in his absence.

"An' what brought you home so soon, Fin?" said she.

"Why, avourneen," said Fin, putting in his answer in the proper way, "never the thing but the purest of love and affection for yourself. Sure you know that's truth, anyhow, Oonagh."

Fin spent two or three happy days with Oonagh, and felt himself very comfortable, considering the dread he had of Cucullin. This, however, grew upon him so much that his wife could not but perceive something lay on his mind which he kept altogether to himself. Let a woman alone, in the mean time, for ferreting or wheedling a secret out of her good man, when she wishes. Fin was a proof of this.

"It's this Cucullin," said he, "that's troubling me. When the fellow gets angry, and begins to stamp, he'll shake you a whole townland; and it's well known that he can stop a thunder-bolt, for he always carries one about him in the shape of a pancake, to show to any one that might misdoubt it."

As he spoke, he clapped his thumb in his mouth, which he always did when he wanted to prophesy, or to know anything that happened in his absence; and the wife, who knew what he did it for, said very sweetly, "Fin, darling, I hope you don't bite your thumb at me, dear?"

"No," said Fin; "but I bite my thumb, acushla," said he.

"Yes, jewel; but take care and don't draw blood," said she. "Ah, Fin! don't, my bully—don't."

"He's coming," said Fin; "I see him below Dungannon."

"Thank goodness, dear! an' who is it, avick? Glory be to God!"

"That baste, Cucullin," replied Fin; "and how to manage I don't know. If I run away, I am disgraced; and I know that sooner or later I must meet him, for my thumb tells me so."

"When will he be here?" said she.

"To-morrow, about two o'clock," replied Fin, with a groan.

"Well, my bully, don't be cast down," said Oonagh; "depend on me, and maybe I'll bring you better out of this scrape than ever you could bring yourself, by your rule o' thumb."

This quieted Fin's heart very much, for he knew that Oonagh was hand and glove with the fairies; and indeed, to tell the truth, she was supposed to be a fairy herself. If she was, however, she must have been a kind-hearted one, for by all accounts she never did anything but good in the neighborhood.

Now it so happened that Oonagh had a sister named Granua, living opposite them, on the very top of Cullamore,

which I have mentioned already, and this Granua was quite as powerful as herself. The beautiful valley that lies between them is not more than about three or four miles broad, so that of a summer's evening, Granua and Oonagh were able to hold many an agreeable conversation across it, from the one hilltop to the other. Upon this occasion Oonagh resolved to consult her sister as to what was best to be done in the difficulty that surrounded them.

"Granua," said she, "are you at home?"

"No," said the other; "I'm picking bilberries in Althahawan" (*Anglicé*, the Devil's Glen).

"Well," said Oonagh, "get up to the top of Cullamore, look about you, and then tell us what you see."

"Very well," replied Granua; after a few minutes, "I am there now."

"What do you see?" asked the other.

"Goodness be about us!" exclaimed Granua, "I see the biggest giant that ever was known coming up from Dungannon."

"Ay," said Oonagh, "there's our difficulty. That giant is the great Cucullin; and he's now comin' up to leather Fin. What's to be done?"

"I'll call to him," she replied, "to come up to Cullamore and refresh himself, and maybe that will give you and Fin time to think of some plan to get yourselves out of the scrape. But," she proceeded, "I'm short of butter, having in the house only half a dozen firkins, and as I'm to have a few giants and giantesses to spend the evenin' with me, I'd feel thankful, Oonagh, if you'd throw me up fifteen or sixteen tubs, or the largest miscaun you have got, and you'll oblige me very much."

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," replied Oonagh; "and, indeed, Granua, I feel myself under great obligations to you for your kindness in keeping him off of us till we see what can be done; for what would become of us all if anything happened Fin, poor man."

She accordingly got the largest miscaun of butter she had — which might be about the weight of a couple a dozen mill-stones, so that you may easily judge of its size — and calling up to her sister, "Granua," said she, "are you ready? I'm going to throw you up a miscaun, so be prepared to catch it."

"I will," said the other; "a good throw now, and take care it does not fall short."

Oonagh threw it; but, in consequence of her anxiety about

Fin and Cucullin, she forgot to say the charm that was to send it up, so that, instead of reaching Cullamore, as she expected, it fell about halfway between the two hills, at the edge of the Broad Bog near Augher.

"My curse upon you!" she exclaimed; "you've disgraced me. I now change you into a gray stone. Lie there as a testimony of what has happened; and may evil betide the first living man that will ever attempt to remove or injure you!"

And, sure enough, there it lies to this day, with the mark of the four fingers and thumb imprinted in it, exactly as it came out of her hand.

"Never mind," said Granua, "I must only do the best I can with Cucullin. If all fail, I'll give him a cast of heather broth to keep the wind out of his stomach, or a panada of oak bark to draw it in a bit; but, above all things, think of some plan to get Fin out of the scrape he's in, otherwise he's a lost man. You know you used to be sharp and ready witted; and my own opinion, Oonagh, is that it will go hard with you or you'll outdo Cucullin yet."

She then made a high smoke on the top of the hill, after which she put her finger in her mouth and gave three whistles, and by that Cucullin knew he was invited to Cullamore — for this was the way that the Irish long ago gave a sign to all strangers and travelers, to let them know they were welcome to come and take share of whatever was going.

In the mean time, Fin was very melancholy, and did not know what to do or how to act at all. Cucullin was an ugly customer, no doubt, to meet with; and, moreover, the idea of the confounded "cake" aforesaid flattened the very heart within him. What chance could he have, strong and brave though he was, with a man who could, when put in a passion, walk the country into earthquakes and knock thunderbolts into pancakes? The thing was impossible; and Fin knew not on what hand to turn him. Right and left — backward or forward — where to go he could form no guess whatsoever.

"Oonagh," said he, "can you do nothing for me? Where's all your invention? Am I to be skivered like a rabbit before your eyes, and to have my name disgraced forever in the sight of all my tribe, and me the best man among them? How am I to fight this man mountain — this huge cross between an earthquake and a thunderbolt? — with a pancake in his pocket that was once ——"

"Be easy, Fin," replied Oonagh; "troth, I'm ashamed of you. Keep your toe in your pump, will you? Talking of pancakes, maybe we'll give him as good as any he brings with him — thunderbolt or otherwise. If I don't treat him to as smart feeding as he's got this many a day, never trust Oonagh again. Leave him to me, and do just as I bid you."

This relieved Fin very much; for, after all, he had great confidence in his wife, knowing, as he did, that she had got him out of many a quandary before. The present, however, was the greatest of all; but still he began to get courage, and was able to eat his victuals as usual. Oonagh then drew the nine woolen threads of different colors, which she always did to find out the best way of succeeding in anything of importance she went about. She then platted them into three plats with three colors in each, putting one on her right arm, one round her heart, and the third round her right ankle, for then she knew that nothing could fail with her that she undertook.

Having everything now prepared, she sent round to the neighbors and borrowed one and twenty iron griddles, which she took and kneaded into the hearts of one and twenty cakes of bread, and these she baked on the fire in the usual way, setting them aside in the cupboard according as they were done. She then put down a large pot of new milk, which she made into curds and whey, and gave Fin due instructions how to use the curds when Cucullin should come. Having done all this, she sat down quite contented, waiting for his arrival on the next day about two o'clock, that being the hour at which he was expected — for Fin knew as much by the sucking of his thumb. Now, this was a curious property that Fin's thumb had; but, notwithstanding all the wisdom and logic he used to suck out of it, it could never have stood to him here were it not for the wit of his wife. In this very thing, moreover, he was very much resembled by his great foe, Cucullin; for it was well known that the huge strength he possessed all lay in the middle finger of his right hand, and that if he happened by any mischance to lose it, he was no more, notwithstanding his bulk, than a common man.

At length, the next day, he was seen coming across the valley, and Oonagh knew that it was time to commence operations. She immediately made the cradle, and desired Fin to lie down in it, and cover himself up with the clothes.

"You must pass for your own child," said she; "so just lie

there snug, and say nothing, but be guided by me." This, to be sure, was wormwood to Fin, — I mean going into the cradle in such a cowardly manner, — but he knew Oonagh well ; and finding that he had nothing else for it, with a very rueful face he gathered himself into it, and lay snug, as she had desired him.

About two o'clock, as he had been expected, Cucullin came in. "God save all here!" said he ; "is this where the great Fin M'Coul lives?"

"Indeed it is, honest man," replied Oonagh ; "God save you kindly — won't you be sitting?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said he, sitting down ; "you're Mrs. M'Coul, I suppose?"

"I am," said she ; "and I have no reason, I hope, to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," said the other, "he has the name of being the strongest and bravest man in Ireland ; but for all that, there's a man not far from you that's very desirous of taking a shake with him. Is he at home?"

"Why, then, no," she replied ; "and if ever a man left his house in a fury, he did. It appears that some one told him of a big basthoon of a giant called Cucullin being down at the Causeway to look for him, and so he set out there to try if he could catch him. Troth, I hope, for the poor giant's sake, he won't meet with him, for if he does, Fin will make paste of him at once."

"Well," said the other, "I am Cucullin, and I have been seeking him these twelve months, but he always kept clear of me; and I will never rest, night or day, till I lay my hands on him."

At this Oonagh set up a loud laugh of great contempt, by the way, and looked at him as if he was only a mere handful of a man.

"Did you ever see Fin?" said she, changing her manner all at once.

"How could I?" said he ; "he always took care to keep his distance."

"I thought so," she replied ; "I judged as much ; and if you take my advice, you poor-looking creature, you'll pray night and day that you may never see him, for I tell you it will be a black day for you when you do. But, in the mean time, you perceive that the wind's on the door, and as Fin himself is from home, maybe you'd be civil enough to turn the house, for it's always what Fin does when he's here."

This was a startler even to Cucullin ; but he got up, however, and after pulling the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked three times, he went outside, and getting his arms about the house, completely turned it as she had wished. When Fin saw this, he felt a certain description of moisture, which shall be nameless, oozing out through every pore of his skin ; but Oonagh, depending upon her woman's wit, felt not a whit daunted.

"Arrah, then," said she, "as you are so civil, maybe you'd do another obliging turn for us, as Fin's not here to do it himself. You see, after this long stretch of dry weather we've had, we feel very badly off for want of water. Now, Fin says there's a fine spring well somewhere under the rocks behind the hill here below, and it was his intention to pull them asunder ; but having heard of you, he left the place in such a fury that he never thought of it. Now, if you try to find it, troth I'd feel it a kindness."

She then brought Cucullin down to see the place, which was then all one solid rock ; and, after looking at it for some time, he cracked his right middle finger nine times, and, stooping down, tore a cleft about four hundred feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in length, which has since been christened by the name of Lumford's Glen. This feat nearly threw Oonagh herself off her guard ; but what won't a woman's sagacity and presence of mind accomplish ?

"You'll now come in," said she, "and eat a bit of such humble fare as we can give you. Fin, even although he and you are enemies, would scorn not to treat you kindly in his own house ; and, indeed, if I didn't do it even in his absence, he would not be pleased with me."

She accordingly brought him in, and placing half a dozen of the cakes we spoke of before him, together with a can or two of butter, a side of boiled bacon, and a stack of cabbage, she desired him to help himself—for this, be it known, was long before the invention of potatoes. Cucullin, who by the way was a glutton as well as a hero, put one of the cakes in his mouth to take a huge whack out of it, when both Fin and Oonagh were stunned with a noise that resembled something between a growl and a yell. "Blood and fury!" he shouted ; "how is this ? Here are two of my teeth out ! What kind of bread is this you gave me ?"

"What's the matter ?" said Oonagh, coolly.

"Matter!" shouted the other again; "why, here are the two best teeth in my head gone."

"Why," said she, "that's Fin's bread—the only bread he ever eats when at home; but, indeed, I forgot to tell you that nobody can eat it but himself, and that child in the cradle there. I thought, however, that, as you were reported to be rather a stout little fellow of your size, you might be able to manage it, and I did not wish to affront a man that thinks himself able to fight Fin. Here's another cake—maybe it's not so hard as that."

Cucullin at the moment was not only hungry, but ravenous, so he accordingly made a fresh set at the second cake, and immediately another yell was heard twice as loud as the first. "Thunder and giblets!" he roared, "take your bread out of this, or I will not have a tooth in my head; there's another pair of them gone!"

"Well, honest man," replied Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly, and don't be wakening the child in the cradle there. There, now, he's awake upon me."

Fin now gave a skirl that startled the giant, as coming from such a youngster as he was represented to be. "Mother," said he, "I'm hungry—get me something to eat." Oonagh went over, and putting into his hand a cake *that had no griddle in it*, Fin, whose appetite in the mean time was sharpened by what he saw going forward, soon made it disappear. Cucullin was thunderstruck, and secretly thanked his stars that he had the good fortune to miss meeting Fin, for, as he said to himself, I'd have no chance with a man who could eat such bread as that, which even his son that's but in his cradle can munch before my eyes.

"I'd like to take a glimpse at the lad in the cradle," said he to Oonagh; "for I can tell you that the infant who can manage that nutriment is no joke to look at, or to feed of a scarce summer."

"With all the veins of my heart," replied Oonagh; "get up, acushla, and show this decent little man something that won't be unworthy of your father, Fin McCoul."

Fin, who was dressed for the occasion as much like a boy as possible, got up, and bringing Cucullin out, "Are you strong?" said he.

"Thunder and 'ounds!" exclaimed the other, "what a voice in so small a chap!"

"Are you strong?" said Fin again; "are you able to

squeeze water out of that white stone?" he asked, putting one into Cucullin's hand. The latter squeezed and squeezed the stone, but to no purpose; he might pull the rocks of Lumford's Glen asunder, and flatten a thunderbolt, but to squeeze water out of a white stone was beyond his strength. Fin eyed him with great contempt, as he kept straining and squeezing and squeezing and straining, till he got black in the face with the efforts.

"Ah, you're a poor creature!" said Fin. "You a giant! Give me the stone here, and when I'll show what Fin's little son can do, you may then judge of what my daddy himself is."

Fin then took the stone, and slyly exchanging it for the curds, he squeezed the latter until the whey, as clear as water, oozed out in a little shower from his hand.

"I'll now go in," said he, "to my cradle; for I scorn to lose my time with any one that's not able to eat my daddy's bread, or squeeze water out of a stone. Bedad, you had better be off out of this before he comes back; for if he catches you, it's in flummery he'd have you in two minutes."

Cucullin, seeing what he had seen, was of the same opinion himself; his knees knocked together with the terror of Fin's return, and he accordingly hastened in to bid Oonagh farewell, and to assure her, that from that day out, he never wished to hear of, much less to see, her husband. "I admit fairly that I'm not a match for him," said he, "strong as I am; tell him I will avoid him as I would the plague, and that I will make myself scarce in this part of the country while I live."

Fin, in the mean time, had gone into the cradle, where he lay very quietly, his heart at his mouth with delight that Cucullin was about to take his departure, without discovering the tricks that had been played off on him.

"It's well for you," said Oonagh, "that he doesn't happen to be here, for it's nothing but hawk's meat he'd make of you."

"I know that," says Cucullin; "divil a thing else he'd make of me; but before I go, will you let me feel what kind of teeth they are that can eat griddle bread like *that*?"—and he pointed to it as he spoke.

"With all pleasure in life," said she; "only as they're far back in his head, you must put your finger a good way in."

Cucullin was surprised to find such a powerful set of grinders in one so young; but he was still much more so on finding, when he took his hand from Fin's mouth, that he had left the very finger upon which his whole strength depended,

behind him. He gave one loud groan, and fell down at once with terror and weakness. This was all Fin wanted, who now knew that his most powerful and bitterest enemy was completely at his mercy. He instantly started out of the cradle, and in a few minutes the great Cucullin, that was for such a length of time the terror of him and all his followers, lay a corpse before him. Thus did Fin, through the wit and invention of Oonagh, his wife, succeed in overcoming his enemy by stratagem, which he never could have done by force : and thus also is it proved that the women, if they bring us *into* many an unpleasant scrape, can sometimes succeed in getting us *out* of others that are as bad.



TALES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

BY EIRIKR MAGNUSSON AND WILLIAM MORRIS.

[WILLIAM MORRIS, English poet and art reformer, was born March 24, 1834; educated at Oxford, and was one of the Pre-Raphaelites. His best-known poem is "The Earthly Paradise"; he has also written "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung," "The Fall of the Niblungs," and smaller ones. In prose he wrote "The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," etc. He founded a manufactory of household decorations to reform public taste, and a printing house for artistic typography. He was also a fervent Socialist. He died October 3, 1896.]

I. THE DRAGON'S HOARD.

OF THE BIRTH AND WAXING OF SIGURD FAFNIR'S-BANE.

Now Sigurd's foster-father was hight Regin, the son of Hreidmar; he taught him all manner of arts, the chess play, and the lore of runes, and the talking of many tongues, even as the wont was with kings' sons in those days. But on a day when they were together Regin asked Sigurd, if he knew how much wealth his father had owned, and who had the ward thereof; Sigurd answered, and said that the kings kept the ward thereof.

Said Regin, "Dost thou trust them all utterly?"

Sigurd said, "It is seemly that they keep it till I may do somewhat therewith, for better they wot how to guard it than I do."

Another time came Regin to talk to Sigurd, and said, —

“A marvelous thing truly that thou must needs be a horse boy to the kings, and go about like a running knave.”

“Nay,” said Sigurd, “it is not so, for in all things I have my will, and whatso thing I desire is granted me with good will.”

“Well, then,” said Regin, “ask for a horse of them.”

“Yea,” quoth Sigurd, “and that shall I have, whenso I have need thereof.”

Thereafter Sigurd went to the king, and the king said, —

“What wilt thou have of us?”

Then said Sigurd, “I would even a horse of thee for my disport.”

Then said the king, “Choose for thyself a horse, and whatso thing else thou desirest among my matters.”

So the next day went Sigurd to the wood, and met on the way an old man, long-bearded, that he knew not, who asked him whither away.

Sigurd said, “I am minded to choose me a horse ; come thou, and counsel me thereon.”

“Well, then,” said he, “go we and drive them to the river which is called Busil-tarn.”

They did so, and drave the horses down into the deeps of the river, and all swam back to land but one horse ; and that horse Sigurd chose for himself ; gray he was of hue, and young of years, great of growth, and fair to look on, nor had any man yet crossed his back.

Then spake the graybeard, “From Sleipnir’s kin is this horse come, and he must be nourished heedfully, for it will be the best of all horses ;” and therewithal he vanished away.

So Sigurd called the horse Grani, the best of all the horses of the world ; nor was the man he met other than Odin himself.

Now yet again spake Regin to Sigurd, and said, —

“Not enough is thy wealth, and I grieve right sore that thou must needs run here and there like a churl’s son ; but I can tell thee where there is much wealth for the winning, and great name and honor to be won in the getting of it.”

Sigurd asked where that might be, and who had watch and ward over it.

Regin answered, “Fafnir is his name, and but a little way hence he lies, on the waste of Gnita-heath ; and when thou

comest there thou mayest well say that thou hast never seen more gold heaped together in one place, and that none might desire more treasure, though he were the most ancient and famed of all kings."

"Young am I," says Sigurd, "yet know I the fashion of this worm, and how that none durst go against him, so huge and evil is he."

Regin said, "Nay, it is not so, the fashion and the growth of him is even as of other lingworms [dragons], and an overgreat tale men make of it; and even so would thy forefathers have deemed; but thou, though thou be of the kin of the Volsungs, shalt scarce have the heart and mind of those, who are told of as the first in all deeds of fame."

Sigurd said, "Yea, belike I have little of their hardihood and prowess, but thou hast naught to do, to lay a coward's name upon me, when I am scarce out of my childish years. Why dost thou egg me on hereto so busily?"

Regin said, "Therein lies a tale which I must needs tell thee."

"Let me hear the same," said Sigurd.

REGIN'S TALE OF HIS BROTHERS, AND OF THE GOLD CALLED ANDVARI'S HOARD.

"Thus the tale begins," said Regin. "Hreidmar was my father's name, a mighty man and a wealthy; and his first son was named Fafnir, his second Otter, and I was the third, and the least of them all both for prowess and good conditions; but I was cunning to work in iron, and silver, and gold, whereof I could make matters that availed somewhat. Other skill my brother Otter followed, and had another nature withal, for he was a great fisher, and above other men herein: in that he had the likeness of an otter by day, and dwelt ever in the river, and bare fish to bank in his mouth, and his prey would he ever bring to our father, and that availed him much; for the most part he kept him in his otter gear, and then he would come home, and eat alone, and slumbering, for on the dry land he might see naught. But Fafnir was by far the greatest and grimpest, and would have all things about called his.

"Now," says Regin, "there was a dwarf called Andvari, who ever abode in that force [waterfall] which was called Andvari's force, in the likeness of a pike, and got meat for himself, for

many fish there were in the force; now Otter, my brother, was ever wont to enter into the force, and bring fish aland, and lay them one by one on the bank. And so it befell that Odin, Loki, and Hœnir, as they went their ways, came to Andvari's force, and Otter had taken a salmon, and ate it slumbering upon the river bank; then Loki took a stone and cast it at Otter, so that he gat his death thereby; the gods were well content with their prey, and fell to flaying off the otter's skin; and in the evening they came to Hreidmar's house, and showed him what they had taken; thereon he laid hands on them, and doomed them to such ransom, as that they should fill the otter skin with gold, and cover it over without with red gold; so they sent Loki to gather gold together for them; he came to Ran [the goddess of the sea] and got her net, and went therewith to Andvari's force, and cast the net before the pike, and the pike ran into the net and was taken. Then said Loki —

“‘What fish of all fishes
Swims strong in the flood,
But hath learnt little wit to beware?
Thine head must thou buy
From abiding in hell,
And find me the wan waters flame.’

He answered —

“‘Andvari folk call me,
Call Oinn my father,
Over many a force have I fared;
For a Norn of ill-luck,
This life on me lay
Through wet days ever to wade.’

“So Loki beheld the gold of Andvari, and when he had given up the gold, he had but one ring left, and that also Loki took from him; then the dwarf went into a hollow of the rocks, and cried out, that that gold ring, yea, and all the gold withal, should be the bane of every man who should own it thereafter.

“Now the gods rode with the treasure to Hreidmar, and fulfilled the otter skin, and set it on its feet, and they must cover it over utterly with gold; but when this was done then Hreidmar came forth, and beheld yet one of the muzzle hairs, and bade them cover that withal; then Odin drew the ring, Andvari's heirloom, from his hand, and covered up the hair therewith, then sang Loki, —

“Gold enow, gold enow,
 A great weregild, thou hast,
 That my head in good hap I may hold;
 But thou and thy son
 Are naught fated to thrive,
 The bane shall it be of you both.’

“Thereafter,” says Regin, “Fafnir slew his father and murdered him, nor got I aught of the treasure, and so evil he grew, that he fell to lying abroad, and begrudged any share in the wealth to any man, and so became the worst of all worms [serpents], and ever now lies brooding upon that treasure; but for me, I went to the king and became his master smith; and thus is the tale told of how I lost the heritage of my father, and the weregild for my brother.”

So spake Regin; but since that time gold is called Ottergild, and for no other cause than this.

But Sigurd answered, “Much hast thou lost, and exceeding evil have thy kinsmen been! but now, make a sword by thy craft, such a sword as that none can be made like unto it; so that I may do great deeds therewith, if my heart avail thereto, and thou wouldst have me slay this mighty dragon.”

Regin says, “Trust me well herein; and with that same sword shalt thou slay Fafnir.”

OF THE WELDING TOGETHER OF THE SHARDS OF THE SWORD GRAM.

So Regin makes a sword, and gives it into Sigurd’s hands. He took the sword, and said,—

“Behold thy smithying, Regin!” and therewith smote it into the anvil, and the sword brake; so he cast down the brand, and bade him forge a better.

Then Regin forged another sword, and brought it to Sigurd, who looked thereon.

Then said Regin, “Belike thou art well content therewith, hard master though thou be in smithying.”

So Sigurd proved the sword, and brake it even as the first; then he said to Regin,—

“Ah, art thou, mayhappen, a traitor and a liar like to those former kin of thine?”

Therewith he went to his mother, and she welcomed him in seemly wise, and they talked and drank together.

Then spake Sigurd, "Have I heard aright, that King Sigmund gave thee the good sword Gram in two pieces?"

"True enough," she said.

So Sigurd said, "Deliver them into my hands, for I would have them."

She said he looked like to win great fame, and gave him the sword. Therewith went Sigurd to Regin, and bade him make a good sword thereof as he best might; Regin grew wroth thereat, but went into the smithy with the pieces of the sword, thinking well meanwhile that Sigurd pushed his head far enow into the matter of smithying. So he made a sword, and as he bore it forth from the forge, it seemed to the smiths as though fire burned along the edges thereof. Now he bade Sigurd take the sword, and said he knew not how to make a sword if this one failed. Then Sigurd smote it into the anvil, and cleft it down to the stock thereof, and neither burst the sword nor brake it. Then he praised the sword much, and thereafter went to the river with a lock of wool, and threw it up against the stream, and it fell asunder when it met the sword. Then was Sigurd glad, and went home.

But Regin said, "Now whereas I have made the sword for thee, belike thou wilt hold to thy troth given, and wilt go meet Fafnir?"

"Surely will I hold thereto," said Sigurd; "yet first must I avenge my father."

OF THE SLAYING OF THE WORM FAFNIR.

Now Sigurd and Regin ride up the heath along that same way wherein Fafnir was wont to creep when he fared to the water; and folk say that thirty fathoms was the height of that cliff along which he lay when he drank of the water below. Then Sigurd spake, —

"How sayedst thou, Regin, that this drake [dragon] was no greater than other lingworms; methinks the track of him is marvelous great?"

Then said Regin, "Make thee a hole, and sit down therein, and whenas the worm comes to the water, smite him into the heart, and so do him to death, and win for thee great fame thereby."

But Sigurd said, "What will betide me if I be before the blood of the worm?"

Says Regin, "Of what avail to counsel thee if thou art still afeard of everything? Little art thou like thy kin in stoutness of heart."

Then Sigurd rides right over the heath; but Regin gets him gone, sore afeard.

But Sigurd fell to digging him a pit, and whiles he was at that work, there came to him an old man with a long beard, and asked what he wrought there, and he told him.

Then answered the old man and said, "Thou doest after sorry counsel: rather dig thee many pits, and let the blood run therein; but sit thee down in one thereof, and so thrust the worm's heart through."

And therewithal he vanished away; but Sigurd made the pits even as it was shewn to him.

Now crept the worm down to his place of watering, and the earth shook all about him, and he snorted forth venom on all the way before him as he went; but Sigurd neither trembled nor was adrad at the roaring of him. So whenas the worm crept over the pits, Sigurd thrust his sword under his left shoulder, so that it sank in up to the hilts; then up leapt Sigurd from the pit and drew the sword back again unto him, and therewith was his arm all bloody, up to the very shoulder.

Now when that mighty worm was ware that he had his death wound, then he lashed out head and tail, so that all things soever that were before him were broken to pieces.

So whenas Fafnir had his death wound, he asked, "Who art thou? and who is thy father? and what thy kin, that thou wert so hardy as to bear weapons against me?"

Sigurd answered, "Unknown to men is my kin. [Sigurd refusing to tell his name is to be referred to the superstition that a dying man could throw a curse on his enemy.] I am called a noble beast: neither father have I nor mother, and all alone have I fared hither."

Said Fafnir, "Whereas thou hast neither father nor mother, of what wonder wert thou born then? But now, though thou tellest me not thy name on this my death day, yet thou knowest verily that thou liest unto me."

He answered, "Sigurd am I called, and my father was Sigmund."

Says Fafnir, "Who egged thee on to this deed, and why wouldst thou be driven to it? Hadst thou never heard how

that all folk were adrad of me, and of the awe of my countenance? But an eager father thou hadst, O bright-eyed swain!"

Sigurd answered, "A hardy heart urged me on hereto; and a strong hand and this sharp sword, which well thou knowest now, stood me in stead in the doing of the deed; *Seldom hath hardy eld a faint-heart youth.*"

Fafnir said, "Well, I wot that hadst thou waxed amid thy kin, thou mightest have good skill to slay folk in thine anger; but more of a marvel is it, that thou, a bondsman taken in war, shouldst have the heart to set on me, *for few among bondsmen have heart for the fight.*"

Said Sigurd, "Wilt thou then cast it in my teeth that I am far away from my kin? Albeit I was a bondsman, yet was I never shackled. God wot thou hast found me free enow."

Fafnir answered, "In angry wise dost thou take my speech; but hearken, for that same gold which I have owned shall be thy bane too."

Quoth Sigurd, "Fain would we keep all our wealth till that day of days; yet shall each man die once for all."

Said Fafnir, "Few things wilt thou do after my counsel; but take heed that thou shalt be drowned if thou farest unwarily over the sea; so bide thou rather on the dry land, for the coming of the calm tide."

And yet again he said, "Regin, my brother, has brought about my end, and it gladdens my heart that thine too he bringeth about; for thus will things be according to his will."

And once again he spake, "A countenance of terror I bore up before all folk, after that I brooded over the heritage of my brother, and on every side did I spout out poison, so that none durst come anigh me, and of no weapon was I adrad, nor ever had I so many men before me, as that I deemed myself not stronger than all; for all men were sore afeard of me."

Sigurd answered and said, "Few may have victory by means of that same countenance of terror, for whoso comes amongst many shall one day find that no one man is by so far the mightiest of all."

Then says Fafnir, "Such counsel I give thee, that thou take thy horse and ride away at thy speediest, for ofttimes it falls out so, that he who gets a death wound avenges himself none the less."

Sigurd answered, "Such as thy reds are I will nowise do after them; nay, I will ride now to thy lair and take to me that great treasure of thy kin."

"Ride there then," said Fafnir, "and thou shalt find gold enow to suffice thee for all thy life days; yet shall that gold be thy bane, and the bane of every one soever who owns it."

Then up stood Sigurd, and said, "Home would I ride and lose all that wealth, if I deemed that by the losing thereof I should never die; but every brave and true man will fain have his hand on wealth till that last day: but thou, Fafnir, wallow in the death pain till Death and Hell have thee."

And therewithal Fafnir died.

OF THE SLAYING OF REGIN, SON OF HREIDMAR.

Thereafter came Regin to Sigurd, and said, "Hail, lord and master, a noble victory hast thou won in the slaying of Fafnir, whereas none durst heretofore abide in the path of him; and now shall this deed of fame be of renown while the world stands fast."

Then stood Regin staring on the earth a long while, and presently thereafter spake from heavy mood, "Mine own brother hast thou slain, and scarce may I be called sackless of the deed."

Then Sigurd took his sword Gram and dried it on the earth, and spake to Regin, —

"Afar thou faredst when I wrought this deed and tried this sharp sword with the hand and the might of me; with all the might and main of a dragon must I strive, while thou wert laid a-low in the heather bush, wotting not if it were earth or heaven."

Said Regin, "Long might this worm have lain in his lair, if the sharp sword I forged with my hand had not been good at need to thee; had that not been, neither thou nor any man would have prevailed against him as at this time."

Sigurd answers, "Whenas men meet foes in fight, better is stout heart than sharp sword."

Then said Regin, exceeding heavily, "Thou hast slain my brother, and scarce may I be sackless of the deed."

Therewith Sigurd cut out the heart of the worm with the sword called Rüdil; but Regin drank of Fafnir's blood, and spake: "Grant me a boon, and do a thing little for thee to do. Bear the heart to the fire, and roast it, and give me thereof to eat."

Then Sigurd went his ways and roasted it on a rod; and when the blood bubbled out he laid his finger thereon to essay it, if it were fully done; and then he set his finger in his mouth, and lo, when the heart blood of the worm touched his tongue, straightway he knew the voice of all fowls, and heard withal how the woodpeckers chattered in the brake beside him, —

“There sittest thou, Sigurd, roasting Fafnir’s heart for another, that thou shouldest eat thine own self, and then thou shouldest become the wisest of all men.”

And another spake, “There lies Regin, minded to beguile the man who trusts in him.”

But yet again said the third, “Let him smite the head from off him then, and be only lord of all that gold.”

And once more the fourth spake and said, “Ah, the wiser were he if he followed after that good counsel, and rode thereafter to Fafnir’s lair, and took to him that mighty treasure that lieth there, and then rode over Hindfell, whereas sleeps Brynhild; for there would he get great wisdom. Ah, wise he were, if he did after your redes, and bethought him of his own weal; *for where wolf’s ears are, wolf’s teeth are near.*”

Then cried the fifth, “Yea, yea, not so wise is he as I deem him, if he spareth him, whose brother he hath slain already.”

At last spake the sixth, “Handy and good rede to slay him, and be lord of the treasure!”

Then said Sigurd, “The time is unborn wherein Regin shall be my bane; nay, rather one road shall both these brothers fare.”

And therewith he drew his sword Gram and struck off Regin’s head.

Then Sigurd ate some deal of Fafnir’s heart, and the remnant he kept. Then he leapt on his horse and rode along the trail of the worm Fafnir, and so right unto his abiding place; and he found it open, and beheld all the doors and the gear of them that they were wrought of iron: yea, and all the beams of the house; and it was dug down deep into the earth: there found Sigurd gold exceeding plenteous, and the sword Rotti; and thence he took the Helm of Awe, and the Gold Byrny, and many things fair and good. So much gold he found there, that he thought verily that scarce might two horses, or three belike, bear it thence. So he took all the gold and laid it in two great chests, and set them on the horse Grani, and took the reins of him, but nowise will he stir, neither will he abide smiting.

Then Sigurd knows the mind of the horse, and leaps on the back of him, and smites and spurs into him, and off the horse goes even as if he were unladen.

II. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE GIUKINGS.

ATLI BIDS THE GIUKINGS TO HIM.

Now tells the tale that on a night King Atli woke from sleep and spake to Gudrun. "Medreamed," said he, "that thou didst thrust me through with a sword."

Then Gudrun areded the dream, and said that it betokened fire, whenas folk dreamed of iron. "It befalls of thy pride belike, in that thou deemest thyself the first of men."

Atli said, "Moreover I dreamed that here waxed two sorb-tree saplings, and fain I was that they should have no scathe of me; then these were riven up by the roots and reddened with blood, and borne to the bench, and I was bidden eat thereof.

"Yea, yet again I dreamed that two hawks flew from my hand hungry and unfed, and fared to hell, and meseemed their hearts were mingled with honey, and that I ate thereof.

"And then again I dreamed that two fair whelps lay before me yelling aloud, and that the flesh of them I ate, though my will went not with the eating."

Gudrun says, "Nowise good are these dreams, yet shall they come to pass; surely thy sons are nigh to death, and many heavy things shall fall upon us."

"Yet again I dreamed," said he, "and methought I lay in a bath, and folk took counsel to slay me."

Now these things wear away with time, but in nowise was their life together fond.

Now falls Atli to thinking of where may be gotten that plenteous gold which Sigurd had owned, but King Gunnar and his brethren were lords thereof now.

Atli was a great king and mighty, wise, and a lord of many men; and now he falls to counsel with his folk as to the ways of them. He wotted well that Gunnar and his brethren had more wealth than any others might have; and so he falls to the rede of sending men to them, and bidding them to a great feast, and honoring them in diverse wise, and the chief of those messengers was hight Vingi.

Now the queen wots of their conspiring, and misdoubts her that this would mean some beguiling of her brethren; so she cuts runes, and took a gold ring and knit therein a wolf's hair, and gave it into the hands of the king's messengers.

Thereafter they go their ways according to the king's bidding; and or ever they came aland Vingi beheld the runes, and turned them about in such a wise as if Gudrun prayed her brethren in her runes to go meet King Atli.

Thereafter they came to the hall of King Gunnar, and had good welcome at his hands, and great fires were made for them, and in great joyance they drank of the best of drink.

Then spake Vingi, "King Atli sends me hither, and is fain that ye go to his house and home in all glory, and take of him exceeding honors, helms and shields, swords and byrnies, gold and goodly raiment, horses, hosts of war, and great and wide lands, for, saith he, he is fainest of all things to bestow his realm and lordship upon you."

Then Gunnar turned his head aside, and spoke to Hogni,—

"In what wise shall we take this bidding? Might and wealth he bids us take; but no kings know I who have so much gold as we have, whereas we have all the hoard which lay once on Gnitaeath; and great are our chambers, and full of gold and weapons for smiting and all kinds of raiment of war, and well I wot that amidst all men my horse is the best, and my sword the sharpest, and my gold the most glorious."

Hogni answers, "A marvel is it to me of his bidding, for seldom hath he done in such a wise, and ill counseled will it be to wend to him; lo now, when I saw those dear-bought things the king sends us, I wondered to behold a wolf's hair knit to a certain gold ring; belike Gudrun deems him to be minded as a wolf towards us, and will have naught of our faring."

But withal Vingi shows him the runes which he said Gudrun had sent.

Now the most of folk go to bed, but these drank on still with certain others; and Kostbera, the wife of Hogni, the fairest of women, came to them, and looked on the runes.

But the wife of Gunnar was Glaumvor, a great-hearted wife.

So these twain poured out, and the kings drank, and were exceeding drunken, and Vingi notes it, and says,—

“Naught may I hide that King Atli is heavy of foot and over old for the warding of his realm; but his sons are young and of no account; now will he give you rule over his realms while they are yet thus young, and most fain will he be that ye have the joy thereof before all others.”

Now so it befell both that Gunnar was drunk, and that great dominion was held out to him, nor might he work against the fate sharpen for him; so he gave his word to go, and tells Hogni his brother thereof.

But he answered, “Thy word given must even stand now, nor will I fail to follow thee, but most loth am I to this journey.”

OF THE JOURNEY OF THE GIUKINGS TO KING ATLI.

Now tells the tale of Gunnar, that in the same wise it fared with him; for when they awoke, Glaumvor his wife told him many dreams which seemed to her like to betoken guile coming; but Gunnar areded [counseled] them all in other wise.

“This was one of them,” said she; “methought a bloody sword was borne into the hall here, wherewith thou wert thrust through, and at either end of that sword wolves howled.”

The king answered, “Cur dogs shall bite me belike; blood-stained weapons oft betoken dogs’ snappings.”

She said, “Yet again I dreamed—that women came in, heavy and drooping, and chose thee for their mate; mayhappen these would be thy fateful women.”

He answered, “Hard to arede is this, and none may set aside the fated measure of his days, nor is it unlike that my time is short.”

So in the morning they arose, and were minded for the journey, but some letted them herein.

Then cried Gunnar to the man who is called Fjornir,—

“Arise, and give us to drink goodly wine from great tuns, because mayhappen this shall be very last of all our feasts; for belike if we die the old wolf shall come by the gold, and that bear shall nowise spare the bite of his war tusks.”

Then all the folk of his household brought them on their way weeping.

The son of Hogni said, —

“Fare ye well with merry tide.”

The more part of their folk were left behind; Solar and Gnævar, the sons of Hogni, fared with them, and a certain great champion, named Orkning, who was the brother of Kostbera.

So folk followed them down to the ships, and all letted them of their journey, but attained to naught therein.

Then spake Glaumvor, and said, —

“O Vingi, most like that great ill hap will come of thy coming, and mighty and evil things shall betide in thy traveling.”

He answered, “Hearken to my answer; that I lie not aught; and may the high gallows and all things of grame have me, if I lie one word!”

Then cried Kostbera, “Fare ye well with merry days.”

And Hogni answered, “Be glad of heart, howsoever it may fare with us!”

And therewith they parted, each to their own fate. Then away they rowed, so hard and fast that well nigh the half of the keel slipped away from the ship, and so hard they laid on to the oars that thole and gunwale brake.

But when they came aland they made their ship fast, and then they rode awhile on their noble steeds through the murk wildwood.

And now they behold the king's army, and huge uproar, and the clatter of weapons they hear from thence; and they see there a mighty host of men, and the manifold array of them, even as they wrought there; and all the gates of the burg were full of men.

So they rode up to the burg, and the gates thereof were shut; then Hogni brake open the gates, and therewith they ride into the burg.

Then spake Vingi, “Well might ye have left this deed undone; go to now, bide ye here while I go seek your gallows tree! Softly and sweetly I bade you hither, but an evil thing abode thereunder; short while to bide ere ye are tied up to that same tree!”

Hogni answered, “None the more shall we waver for that cause; for little methinks have we shrunk aback whenas men fell to fight; and naught shall it avail thee to make us afeard, — and for an ill fate hast thou wrought.”

And therewith they cast him down to earth, and smote him with their ax hammers till he died.

THE BATTLE IN THE BURG OF KING ATLI.

Then they rode unto the king's hall, and King Atli arrayed his host for battle, and the ranks were so set forth that a certain wall there was betwixt them and the brethren.

"Welcome hither," said he. "Deliver unto me that plentiful gold which is mine of right; even the wealth which Sigurd once owned, and which is now Gudrun's of right."

Gunnar answered, "Never gettest thou that wealth; and men of might must thou meet here, or ever we lay by life if thou wilt deal with us in battle: ah, belike thou settest forth this feast like a great man, and wouldst not hold thine hand from erne and wolf!"

"Long ago I had it in my mind," said Atli, "to take the lives of you, and be lord of the gold, and reward you for that deed of shame, wherein ye beguiled the best of all your affinity; but now shall I revenge him."

Hogni answered, "Little will it avail to lie long brooding over that rede, leaving the work undone."

And therewith they fell to hard fighting, at the first brunt with shot.

But therewithal came the tidings to Gudrun, and when she heard thereof she grew exceeding wroth, and cast her mantle from her, and ran out and greeted those newcomers, and kissed her brethren, and showed them all love—and the last of all greetings was that betwixt them.

Then said she, "I thought I had set forth counsels whereby ye should not come hither, but none may deal with his shapen fate."

And withal she said, "Will it avail aught to seek for peace?"

But stoutly and grimly they said nay thereto. So she sees that the game goeth sorely against her brethren, and she gathers to her great stoutness of heart, and does on her a mail coat and takes to her a sword, and fights by her brethren, and goes as far forward as the bravest of man folk; and all spoke in one wise that never saw any fairer defense than in her.

Now the men fell thick, and far before all others was the fighting of those brethren, and the battle endured a long while unto midday; Gunnar and Hogni went right through the folk

of Atli, and so tells the tale that all the mead ran red with blood; the sons of Hogni withal set on stoutly.

Then spake Atli the king, "A fair host and a great have we, and mighty champions withal, and yet have many of us fallen, and but evil am I apaid in that nineteen of my champions are slain, and but six left alive."

And therewithal was there a lull in the battle.

Then spake Atli the king, "Four brethren were we, and now am I left alone; great affinity I gat to me, and deemed my fortune well sped thereby; a wife I had, fair and wise, high of mind, and great of heart; but no joyance may I have of her wisdom, for little peace is betwixt us; but ye—ye have slain many of my kin, and beguiled me of realm and riches, and for the greatest of all woes have slain my sister withal."

Quoth Hogni: "Why babblest thou thus? thou wert the first to break the peace. Thou didst take my kinswoman and pine her to death by hunger, and didst murder her, and take her wealth; an ugly deed for a king!—meet for mocking and laughter I deem it, that thou must needs make long tale of thy woes; rather will I give thanks to the gods that thou fallest into ill."

OF THE SLAYING OF THE GIUKINGS.

Now King Atli eggs on his folk to set on fiercely, and eagerly they fight; but the Giukings fell on so hard that King Atli gave back into the hall, and within doors was the fight, and fierce beyond all fights.

That battle was the death of many a man, but such was the ending thereof that there fell all the folk of those brethren, and they twain alone stood up on their feet, and yet many more must fare to hell first before their weapons.

And now they fell on Gunnar the king, and because of the host of men that set on him was hand laid on him, and he was cast into fetters; afterwards fought Hogni, with the stoutest heart and the greatest manlihood; and he felled to earth twenty of the stoutest of the champions of King Atli, and many he thrust into the fire that burnt amidst the hall, and all were of one accord that such a man might scarce be seen; yet in the end was he borne down by many and taken.

Then said King Atli : " A marvelous thing how many men have gone their ways before him ! Cut the heart from out of him, and let that be his bane ! "

Hogni said, " Do according to thy will ; merrily will I abide whatso thou wilt do against me ; and thou shalt see that my heart is not adrad, for hard matters have I made trial of ere now, and all things that may try a man was I fain to bear, whiles yet I was unhurt ; but now sorely am I hurt, and thou alone henceforth will bear mastery in our dealings together."

Then spake a counselor of King Atli, " Better rede I see thereto ; take we the thrall Hjalli, and give respite to Hogni ; for this thrall is made to die, since the longer he lives the less worth shall he be."

The thrall hearkened, and cried out aloft, and fled away anywhither where he might hope for shelter, crying out that a hard portion was his because of their strife and wild doings, and an ill day for him whereon he must be dragged to death from his sweet life and his swine keeping. But they caught him, and turned a knife against him, and he yelled and screamed or ever he felt the point thereof.

Then in such wise spake Hogni as a man seldom speaketh who is fallen into hard need, for he prayed for the thrall's life, and said that these shrieks he could not away with, and that it were a lesser matter to him to play out the play to the end ; and therewithal the thrall gat his life as for that time ; but Gunnar and Hogni are both laid in fetters.

Then spake King Atli with Gunnar the king, and bade him tell out concerning the gold, and where it was, if he would have his life.

But he answered, " Nay, first will I behold the bloody heart of Hogni, my brother."

So now they caught hold of the thrall again, and cut the heart from out of him, and bore it unto King Gunnar, but he said, —

" The faint heart of Hjalli may ye here behold, little like the proud heart of Hogni, for as much as it trembleth now, more by the half it trembled whenas it lay in the breast of him."

So now they fell on Hogni even as Atli urged them, and cut the heart from out of him, but such was the might of his manhood that he laughed while he abode that torment, and

all wondered at his worth, and in perpetual memory is it held sithence.

Then they showed it to Gunnar, and he said,—

“The mighty heart of Hogni, little like the faint heart of Hjalli, for little as it trembleth now, less it trembled whenas in his breast it lay! But now, O Atli, even as we die so shalt thou die; and lo, I alone wot where the gold is, nor shall Hogni be to tell thereof now; to and fro played the matter in my mind whiles we both lived, but now have I myself determined for myself, and the Rhine River shall rule over the gold, rather than that the Huns shall bear it on the hands of them.”

Then said King Atli, “Have away the bondsman,” and so they did.

But Gudrun called to her men, and came to Atli, and said, “May it fare ill with thee now and from henceforth, even as thou hast ill held to thy word with me!”

So Gunnar was cast into a worm close [snake pen], and many worms abode him there, and his hands were fast bound; but Gudrun sent him a harp, and in such wise did he set forth his craft that wisely he smote the harp, smiting it with his toes, and so excellently well he played that few deemed they had heard such playing, even when the hand had done it. And with such might and power he played that all the worms fell asleep in the end, save one adder only, great and evil of aspect, that crept unto him and thrust its sting into him until it smote his heart; and in such wise with great hardihood he ended his life days.



LEMMINKAINEN'S VOYAGE.

(From the “Kalevala.” Translated by John M. Crawford. Used by permission of Robert Clarke & Co.)

[KALEVALA (signifying “abode of heroes”): The national epic of Finland, the elements of which are popular songs, legendary poems, etc. It owes its present form to Dr. Elias Lönnroth, a Finnish scholar (1802–1884), who spent many years in travel in Finland and the Finnish parts of Lapland and Russia, faithfully recording all the songs and stories that he heard from peasants, fishermen, etc. The first version (1835) contained twelve thousand verses, in thirty-two runes or cantos; the second version (1849), the present form of the poem, has

twenty-three thousand verses, in fifty runes. Professor Max Müller said that the Kalevala possessed merits not dissimilar to those of the Iliad, and would claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world.]

RUNE XXIX: THE ISLE OF REFUGE.

LEMMINKAINEN, full of joyance,
 Handsome hero, Kaukomieli,
 Took provisions in abundance,
 Fish and butter, bread and bacon,
 Hastened to the Isle of Refuge,
 Sailed away across the oceans,
 Spake these measures on departing:—
 "Fare thee well, mine island dwelling,
 I must sail to other borders,
 To an island more protective,
 Till the second summer passes;
 Let the serpents keep the island,
 Lynxes rest within the glenwood,
 Let the blue moose roam the mountains,
 Let the wild geese eat the barley.
 Fare thee well, my helpful mother!
 When the warriors of the Northland,
 From the dismal Sariola,
 Come with swords, and spears, and crossbows,
 Asking for my head in vengeance,
 Say that I have long departed,
 Left my mother's island dwelling,
 When the barley had been garnered."

Then he launched his boat of copper,
 Threw the vessel to the waters,
 From the iron-banded rollers,
 From the cylinders of oak wood,
 On the masts the sails he hoisted,
 Spread the magic sails of linen,
 In the stern the hero settled
 And prepared to sail his vessel,
 One hand resting on the rudder.

Then the sailor spake as follows,
 These the words of Lemminkainen:—
 "Blow, ye winds, and drive me onward,
 Blow ye steady, winds of heaven,
 Toward the island in the ocean,
 That my bark may fly in safety
 To my father's place of refuge,
 To the far and nameless island!"

Soon the winds arose as bidden,
Rocked the vessel o'er the billows,
O'er the blue back of the waters,
O'er the vast expanse of ocean;
Blew two months and blew unceasing,
Blew a third month toward the island,
Toward his father's Isle of Refuge.

Sat some maidens on the seaside,
On the sandy beach of ocean,
Turned about in all directions,
Looking out upon the billows;
One was waiting for her brother,
And a second for her father,
And a third one, anxious, waited
For the coming of her suitor;
There they spied young Lemminkainen,
There perceived the hero's vessel
Sailing o'er the bounding billows;
It was like a hanging cloudlet,
Hanging 'twixt the earth and heaven.

Thus the island maidens wondered,
Thus they spake to one another: —
“What this stranger on the ocean,
What is this upon the waters?
Art thou one of our sea vessels?
Wert thou builded on this island?
Sail thou straightway to the harbor,
To the island point of landing,
That thy tribe may be discovered.”

Onward did the waves propel it,
Rocked his vessel o'er the billows,
Drove it to the magic island,
Safely landed Lemminkainen
On the sandy shore and harbor.

Spake he thus when he had landed,
These the words that Ahti uttered: —
“Is there room upon this island,
Is there space within this harbor,
Where my bark may lie at anchor,
Where the sun may dry my vessel?”

This the answer of the virgins,
Dwellers on the Isle of Refuge: —
“There is room within this harbor,
On this island, space abundant,
Where thy bark may lie at anchor,

Where the sun may dry thy vessel;
 Lying ready are the rollers,
 Cylinders adorned with copper;
 If thou hadst a hundred vessels,
 Shouldst thou come with boats a thousand.
 We would give them room in welcome."

Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
 Rolled his vessel in the harbor,
 On the cylinders of copper,
 Spake these words when had ended:—
 "Is there room upon this island,
 Or a spot within these forests,
 Where a hero may be hidden
 From the coming din of battle,
 From the play of spears and arrows?"
 Thus replied the island maidens:—

"There are places on this island,
 On these plains a spot befitting,
 Where to hide thyself in safety,
 Hero son of little valor.
 Here are many, many castles,
 Many courts upon this island;
 Though there come a thousand heroes,
 Though a thousand spearmen follow,
 Thou canst hide thyself in safety."
 Spake the hero, Lemminkainen:—

"Is there room upon this island,
 Where the birch tree grows abundant,
 Where this son may fell the forest,
 And may cultivate the fallow?"

Answered thus the island maidens:—

"There is not a spot befitting,
 Not a place upon the island,
 Where to rest thy wearied members,
 Not the smallest patch of birch wood,
 Thou canst bring to cultivation.
 All our fields have been divided,
 All these woods have been apportioned,
 Fields and forests have their owners."

Lemminkainen asked this question,
 These the words of Kaukomieli:—

"Is there room upon this island,
 Worthy spot in field or forest,
 Where to sing my songs of magic,
 Chant my gathered store of wisdom,

Sing mine ancient songs and legends ? ”

Answered thus the island maidens : —

“ There is room upon this island,
Worthy place in these dominions,
Thou canst sing thy garnered wisdom,
Thou canst chant thine ancient legends,
Legends of the times primeval,
In the forest, in the castle,
On the island plains and pastures.”

Then began the reckless minstrel
To intone his wizard sayings ;
Sang he alders to the waysides,
Sang the oaks upon the mountains,
On the oak trees sang he branches,
On each branch he sang an acorn,
On the acorns, golden rollers,
On each roller sang a cuckoo ;
Then began the cuckoos, calling,
Gold from every throat came streaming,
Copper fell from every feather,
And each wing emitted silver,
Filled the isle with precious metals.

Sang again young Lemminkainen,
Conjured on, and sang, and chanted,
Sang to precious stones the sea sands,
Sang the stones to pearls resplendent,
Robed the groves in iridescence,
Sang the island full of flowers,
Many-colored as the rainbow.
Sang again the magic minstrel,
In the court a well he conjured,
On the wall a golden cover,
On the lid a silver dipper,
That the boys might drink the water,
That the maids might lave their eyelids.
On the plains he conjured lakelets,
Sang the duck upon the waters,
Golden-cheeked and silver-headed,
Sang the feet from shining copper ;
And the island maidens wondered,
Stood entranced at Ahti's wisdom,
At the songs of Lemminkainen,
At the hero's magic power.

Spake the singer, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli : —

"I would sing a wondrous legend,
Sing in miracles of sweetness,
If within some hall or chamber,
I were seated at the table.
If I sing not in the castle,
In some spot by walls surrounded,
Then I sing my songs to zephyrs,
Fling them to the fields and forests."
Answered thus the island maidens:—
"On this isle are castle chambers,
Halls for use of magic singers,
Courts complete for chanting legends,
Where thy singing will be welcome,
Where thy songs will not be scattered
To the forests of the island,
Nor thy wisdom lost in ether."

Straightway Lemminkainen journeyed
With the maidens to the castle;
There he sang and conjured pitchers
On the borders of the tables,
Sang and conjured golden goblets
Foaming with the beer of barley;
Sang he many well-filled vessels,
Bowls of honey drink abundant,
Sweetest butter, toothsome biscuit,
Bacon, fish, and veal, and venison,
All the dainties of the Northland,
Wherewithal to still his hunger.
But the proud heart, Lemminkainen,
Was not ready for the banquet,
Did not yet begin his feasting,
Waited for a knife of silver,
For a knife of golden handle;
Quick he sang the precious metals,
Sang a blade from purest silver,
To the blade a golden handle,
Straightway then began his feasting,
Quenched his thirst and stilled his hunger,
Charmed the maidens on the island.

Then the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Roamed throughout the island hamlets,
To the joy of all the virgins,
All the maids of braided tresses;
Wheresoe'er he turned his footsteps,
There appeared a maid to greet him;

When his hand was kindly offered,
There his hand was kindly taken ;
When he wandered out at evening,
Even in the darksome places,
There the maidens bade him welcome ;
There was not an island village
Where there were not seven castles,
In each castle seven daughters,
And the daughters stood in waiting,
Gave the hero joyful greetings,
Only one of all the maidens
Whom he did not greet with pleasure.

Thus the merry Lemminkainen
Spent three summers in the ocean,
Spent a merry time in refuge,
In the hamlets on the island,
To the pleasure of the maidens,
To the joy of all the daughters ;
Only one was left neglected,
She a poor and graceless spinster,
On the isle's remotest border,
In the smallest of the hamlets.

Then he thought about his journey
O'er the ocean to his mother,
To the cottage of his father.
There appeared the slighted spinster,
To the Northland son departing,
Spake these words to Lemminkainen : —
" O thou handsome Kaukomeli,
Wisdom bard, and magic singer,
Since this maiden thou hast slighted,
May the winds destroy thy vessel,
Dash thy bark to countless fragments
On the ocean rocks and ledges ! "

Lemminkainen's thoughts were homeward,
Did not heed the maiden's murmurs,
Did not rise before the dawning
Of the morning on the island,
To the pleasure of the maiden
Of the much-neglected hamlet.
Finally at close of evening,
He resolved to leave the island,
He resolved to waken early,
Long before the dawn of morning ;
Long before the time appointed,

He arose that he might wander
Through the hamlets of the island,
Bid adieu to all the maidens,
On the morn of his departure.
As he wandered hither, thither,
Walking through the village pathways
To the last of all the hamlets;
Saw he none of all the castles,
Where three dwellings were not standing;
Saw he none of all the dwellings
Where three heroes were not watching;
Saw he none of all the heroes,
Who was not engaged in grinding
Swords, and spears, and battle-axes,
For the death of Lemminkainen.
And these words the hero uttered:—
“Now alas! the Sun arises
From his couch within the ocean,
On the frailest of the heroes,
On the saddest child of Northland;
On my neck the cloak of Lempo
Might protect me from all evil,
Though a hundred foes assail me,
Though a thousand archers follow.”

Then he left the maids ungreeted,
Left his longing for the daughters
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge,
With his farewell words unspoken,
Hastened toward the island harbor,
Toward his magic bark at anchor;
But he found it burned to ashes,
Sweet revenge had fired his vessel,
Lighted by the slighted spinster.
Then he saw the dawn of evil,
Saw misfortune hanging over,
Saw destruction round about him.
Straightway he began rebuilding
Him a magic sailing vessel,
New and wondrous, full of beauty;
But the hero needed timber,
Boards, and planks, and beams, and braces,
Found the smallest bit of lumber,
Found of boards but seven fragments,
Of a spool he found three pieces,
Found six pieces of the distaff;

With these fragments builds his vessel,
Builds a ship of magic virtue,
Builds the bark with secret knowledge,
Through the will of the magician ;
Strikes one blow, and builds the first part,
Strikes a second, builds the center,
Strikes a third with wondrous power,
And the vessel is completed.

Thereupon the ship he launches,
Sings the vessel to the ocean,
And these words the hero utters : —
“ Like a bubble swim these waters,
Like a flower ride the billows ;
Loan me of thy magic feathers,
Three, O eagle, four, O raven,
For protection to my vessel,
Lest it flounder in the ocean ! ”

Now the sailor, Lemminkainen,
Seats himself upon the bottom
Of the vessel he has builded,
Hastens on his journey homeward,
Head depressed and evil-humored,
Cap awry upon his forehead,
Mind dejected, heavy-hearted,
That he could not dwell forever
In the castles of the daughters ;
Of the nameless Isle of Refuge.

Spake the minstrel, Lemminkainen,
Handsome hero, Kaukomieli : —
“ Leave I must this merry island,
Leave her many joys and pleasures,
Leave her maids with braided tresses,
Leave her dances and her daughters,
To the joys of other heroes ;
But I take this comfort with me :
All the maidens on the island,
Save the spinster who was slighted,
Will bemoan my loss for ages,
Will regret my quick departure ;
They will miss me at the dances,
In the halls of mirth and joyance,
In the homes of merry maidens,
On my father's Isle of Refuge.”

Wept the maidens on the island,
Long lamenting, loudly calling

To the hero sailing homeward : —
" Whither goest, Lemminkainen,
Why depart, thou best of heroes ?
Dost thou leave from inattention,
Is there here a dearth of maidens,
Have our greetings been unworthy ? "

Sang the magic Lemminkainen
To the maids as he was sailing,
This in answer to their calling : —
" Leaving not for want of pleasure,
Do not go from dearth of women ;
Beautiful the island maidens,
Countless as the sands their virtues.
This the reason of my going,
I am longing for my home land,
Longing for my mother's cabins,
For the strawberries of Northland,
For the raspberries of Kalew,
For the maidens of my childhood,
For the children of my mother."

Then the merry Lemminkainen
Bade farewell to all the island ;
Winds arose and drove his vessel
On the blue back of the ocean,
O'er the far extending waters,
Toward the island of his mother.
On the shore were grouped the daughters
Of the magic Isle of Refuge,
On the rocks sat the forsaken,
Weeping stood the island maidens,
Golden daughters, loud lamenting.
Weep the maidens of the island
While the sail yards greet their vision,
While the copper beltings glisten ;
Do not weep to lose the sail yards,
Nor to lose the copper beltings ;
Weep they for the loss of Ahti,
For the fleeing Kaukomieli
Guiding the departing vessel.
Also weeps young Lemminkainen,
Sorely weeps, and loud lamenting,
Weeps while he can see the island,
While the island hilltops glisten ;
Does not mourn the island mountains,
Weeps he only for the maidens,
Left upon the Isle of Refuge.

Thereupon sailed Kaukomieli
On the blue back of the ocean ;
Sailed one day, and then a second,
But, alas ! upon the third day,
There arose a mighty stormwind,
And the sky was black with fury.
Blew the black winds from the northwest,
From the southeast came the whirlwind,
Tore away the ship's forecastle,
Tore away the vessel's rudder,
Dashed the wooden hull to pieces.
Thereupon wild Lemminkainen
Headlong fell upon the waters ;
With his head he did the steering,
With his hands and feet, the rowing ;
Swam whole days and nights unceasing,
Swam with hope and strength united,
Till at last appeared a cloudlet,
Growing cloudlet to the westward,
Changing to a promontory,
Into land within the ocean.

Swiftly to the shore swam Ahti,
Hastened to a magic castle,
Found therein a hostess baking,
And her daughters kneading barley,
And these words the hero uttered : --
" O thou hostess, filled with kindness,
Couldst thou know my pangs of hunger,
Couldst thou guess my name and station,
Thou wouldst hasten to the storehouse.
Bring me beer and foaming liquor,
Bring the best of thy provisions,
Bring me fish, and veal, and bacon,
Butter, bread, and honeyed biscuits,
Set for me a wholesome dinner,
Wherewithal to still my hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.
Days and nights have I been swimming,
Buffeting the waves of ocean,
Seemed as if the wind protected,
And the billows gave me shelter."

Then the hostess, filled with kindness,
Hastened to the mountain storehouse,
Cut some butter, veal, and bacon,
Bread, and fish, and honeyed biscuit,

Brought the best of her provisions,
Brought the mead and beer of barley,
Set for him a toothsome dinner,
Wherewithal to still his hunger,
Quench the thirst of Lemminkainen.

When the hero's feast had ended,
Straightway was a magic vessel
Given by the kindly hostess
To the weary Kaukomieli,
Bark of beauty, new and hardy,
Wherewithal to aid the stranger
In his journey to his home land,
To the cottage of his mother.

Quickly sailed wild Lemminkainen
On the blue back of the ocean;
Sailed he days and nights unceasing,
Till at last he reached the borders
Of his own loved home and country;
There beheld he scenes familiar,
Saw the islands, capes, and rivers,
Saw his former shipping stations,
Saw he many ancient landmarks,
Saw the mountains with their fir trees,
Saw the pine trees on the hilltops,
Saw the willows in the lowlands;
Did not see his father's cottage,
Nor the dwellings of his mother.
Where a mansion once had risen,
There the alder trees were growing,
Shrubs were growing on the homestead,
Junipers within the courtyard.
Spake the reckless Lemminkainen: —
"In this glen I played and wandered,
On these stones I rocked for ages,
On this lawn I rolled and tumbled,
Frolicked on these woodland borders,
When a child of little stature.
Where then is my mother's dwelling,
Where the castles of my father?
Fire, I fear, has found the hamlet,
And the winds dispersed the ashes."

Then he fell to bitter weeping,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept the third day without ceasing;
Did not mourn the ancient homestead,
Nor the dwellings of his father;

Wept he for his darling mother,
Wept he for the dear departed,
For the loved ones of the island.

Then he saw the bird of heaven,
Saw an eagle flying near him,
And he asked the bird this question: --
"Mighty eagle, bird majestic,
Grant to me the information,
Where my mother may have wandered,
Whither I may go and find her!"

But the eagle knew but little,
Only knew that Ahti's people
Long ago together perished;
And the raven also answered
That his people had been scattered
By the swords, and spears, and arrows,
Of his enemies from Pohya.
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: --
"Faithful mother, dear departed,
Thou who nursed me in my childhood,
Art thou dead and turned to ashes,
Didst thou perish for my follies,
O'er thy head are willows weeping,
Junipers above thy body,
Alders watching o'er thy slumbers?
This my punishment for evil,
This the recompense of folly!
Fool was I, a son unworthy,
That I measured swords in Northland
With the landlord of Pohyola.
To my tribe came fell destruction,
And the death of my dear mother,
Through my crimes and misdemeanors."

Then the minstrel looked about him,
Anxious, looked in all directions,
And beheld some gentle footprints,
Saw a pathway lightly trodden
Where the heather had been beaten.
Quick as thought the path he followed,
Through the meadows, through the brambles,
O'er the hills, and through the valleys,
To a forest, vast and cheerless;
Traveled far and traveled farther,
Still a greater distance traveled,
To a dense and hidden glenwood,

In the middle of the island;
Found therein a sheltered cabin,
Found a small and darksome dwelling
Built between the rocky ledges,
In the midst of triple pine trees;
And within he spied his mother,
Found his gray-haired mother weeping.

Lemminkainen loud rejoices,
Cries in tones of joyful greetings,
These the words that Ahti utters: —
“Faithful mother, well-beloved,
Thou that gavest me existence,
Happy I, that thou art living,
That thou hast not yet departed
To the kingdom of Tuoni,
To the islands of the blessed.
I had thought that thou hadst perished,
Hadst been murdered by my foemen,
Hadst been slain with bows and arrows.
Heavy are mine eyes from weeping,
And my cheeks are white with sorrow,
Since I thought my mother slaughtered
For the sins I had committed!”
Lemminkainen's mother answered: —
“Long, indeed, hast thou been absent,
Long, my son, hast thou been living
In thy father's Isle of Refuge,
Roaming on the secret island,
Living at the doors of strangers,
Living in a nameless country,
Refuge from the Northland foeman.”
Spake the hero, Lemminkainen: —
“Charming is that spot for living,
Beautiful the magic island,
Rainbow-colored was the forest,
Blue the glimmer of the meadows,
Silvered were the pine-tree branches,
Golden were the heather blossoms;
All the woodlands dripped with honey,
Eggs in every rock and crevice,
Honey flowed from birch and sorb tree,
Milk in streams from fir and aspen,
Beer foam dripping from the willows,
Charming there to live and linger,
All their edibles delicious.

This their only source of trouble :
Great the fear for all the maidens,
All the heroes filled with envy,
Feared the coming of the stranger ;
Thought that all the island maidens,
Thought that all the wives and daughters,
All the good, and all the evil,
Gave thy son too much attention ;
Thought the stranger, Lemminkainen,
Saw the island maids too often :
Yet the virgins I avoided,
Shunned the good and shunned the evil,
Shunned the host of charming daughters,
As the black wolf shuns the sheepfold,
As the hawk neglects the chickens."



SLYBOOTS.

AN ESTHONIAN FOLK TALE.

EDITED BY W. F. KIRBY.

IN the days of the son of Kaliv there reigned a very rich king of Kungla, who gave a great feast to his subjects every seven years at midsummer, which lasted for two or three weeks together. The time for the feast came round again, and its commencement had been looked forward to for some months, though with some uncertainty ; for twice already, seven years ago and fourteen years ago, the anticipated festival had come to nothing. Both times the king had made full preparations for the feast, but no man had tasted it. This seemed strange and incredible, but there were many people everywhere who could bear witness to the facts. It was said that on both these occasions an unknown stranger had come to the head cook and asked to be permitted to taste a little of the food and drink, but the moment he had dipped his spoon in the soup kettle, and put the froth in the beer can to his mouth, the whole contents of the storehouses, pantries, and cellars vanished in a moment, so that not a scrap or drop of anything remained. The cooks and kitchen boys had all seen and sworn to the truth of the matter, but the people were so enraged at the collapse of the

feast that the king was obliged to appease them seven years before, by ordering the head cook to be hanged for having given the stranger permission to taste the food. In order to prevent any repetition of the trouble, the king proclaimed that he would richly reward any one who would undertake the preparation of the feast; and at length, when no one would undertake the responsibility, the king promised his youngest daughter in marriage to any one who should succeed, but added that failure would be punished with death.

A long way from the capital, and near the borders of the kingdom, lived a rich farmer who had three sons, the youngest of whom showed great intelligence from his youth, because the Meadow Queen had nursed him, and had often secretly given him the breast. The father called him Slyboots, and used to say to the brothers, "You two elder ones must earn your living by your bodily strength and by the work of your hands, but as for you, little Slyboots, you will be able to rise higher in the world than your brothers, by your own cleverness."

Before the father died, he divided all his corn land and meadows between his two elder sons, but to the youngest he gave enough money to enable him to go forth into the wide world to seek his fortune. But the father's corpse was scarcely cold when the two elder brothers stripped the youngest of every farthing, and thrust him out of the door, saying mockingly, "Your cleverness alone, Slyboots, is to exalt you over our heads, and therefore you might find the money troublesome to you."

The youngest brother scorned to notice the ill treatment of his brothers, and went cheerfully on his way. "Good fortune may come from God," was the comforting reflection which he took with him from his father's house, and he whistled away his sad thoughts. Just as he was beginning to feel hungry, he encountered two traveling journeymen. His pleasant countenance and cheerful talk pleased them, and when they rested, they shared their provisions with him, so that Slyboots did not fare so badly on the first day. He parted from his companions before evening quite contented, for his present comfort left him without anxiety for the morrow. He could sleep anywhere, with the green grass for a couch and the blue sky above, and a stone under his head served as well as a soft pillow. Next morning he set out on his way again, and arrived at a lonely farm, where a young woman was sitting at the door, weeping

bitterly. Slyboots asked what was her trouble, and she answered, "I have a bad husband, who beats me every day if I cannot humor his mad freaks. He has ordered me to-day to cook him a fish which is not a fish, and which has eyes, but not in its head. Where in the world shall I find such a creature?" "Don't cry, young woman," answered Slyboots. "Your husband wants a crab, which is a water animal to be sure, but is not a fish, and which has eyes, but not in its head." The woman thanked him for his good advice, and gave him something to eat, and a bag of provisions which would last him for several days. As soon as he received this unexpected assistance, he determined to set out for the royal capital, where cleverness was likely to be in most request, and where he hoped to make his fortune.

Wherever he went, he heard every one talking of the king's midsummer banquet, and when he heard of the reward which was offered to the man who should prepare the feast, he began to reflect whether he might not be able to accomplish the adventure. "If I succeed," said he to himself, "I shall find myself at a stroke on the highway to fortune; and in the worst case of all, I shall only lose my life, and we must all die sooner or later. If I begin in the right way, why shouldn't I succeed? Perhaps I may be more fortunate than others. And even if the king should refuse me his daughter, he must at least give me the promised reward in money, which will make me a rich man."

Buoyed up with such thoughts he pursued his journey, singing and whistling like a lark, sometimes resting under the shadow of a bush during the heat of the day, and sleeping at night under a tree or in the open fields. One morning he finished the last remains of his provisions, and in the evening he arrived safe and sound at the city.

Next day he craved audience of the king. The king saw that he had to deal with an intelligent and enterprising man, and it was easy for them to come to terms. "What is your name?" asked the king. The man of brains replied, "My baptismal name is Nicodemus, but I was always called Slyboots at home, to show that I did not fall on my head." "I will leave you your name," returned the king, "but your head must answer for all the mischief if the affair should go wrong."

Slyboots asked the king to give him seven hundred workmen, and set about his preparations without delay. He ordered twenty large sheds to be constructed, and arranged in a square

like a series of large cow houses, so that a great open space was left in the middle, to which led one single large gate. He ordered great cooking pots and caldrons to be built in the rooms which were to be heated, and the ovens were furnished with iron spits, where meat and sausages could be roasted. Other sheds were furnished with great boilers and vats for brewing beer, so that the boilers were above the vats below. Other houses without fireplaces were fitted up as storehouses for cold provisions, such as black bread, barm bracks, white bread, etc. All needful stores, such as flour, groats, meat, salt, lard, butter, etc., were brought into the open space, and fifty soldiers were stationed before the door, so that nothing should be touched by the finger of any thief. The king came every day to view the preparations, and praised the skill and forethought of Slyboots. Besides all this, several dozen bakehouses were built in the open air, and a special guard of soldiers was stationed before each. They slaughtered for the feast a thousand oxen, two hundred calves, five hundred swine, ten thousand sheep, and many more small animals, which were driven together in flocks from all quarters. Stores of provisions were constantly brought by river in boats and barges, and by land in wagons, and this went on without intermission for several weeks. Seven thousand hogsheads were brewed of beer alone. Although the seven hundred assistants toiled late and early, and many additional laborers were engaged, yet most of the toil and trouble fell upon Slyboots, who was obliged to look sharply after the others at every point. He had warned the cooks, the bakers, and the brewers, in the most stringent manner, not to allow any strange mouth to taste the food or drink, and any one who broke this command was threatened with the gallows. If such a greedy stranger should make his appearance anywhere, he was to be brought immediately to the superintendent of the preparations.

On the morning of the first day of the feast, word was brought to Slyboots that an unknown old man had come into one of the kitchens, and asked the cook to allow him to taste a little from the soup kettle with a spoon, which the cook could not permit him to do on his own responsibility. Slyboots ordered the stranger to be brought before him, and presently he beheld a little old man with gray hair, who humbly begged to be allowed to taste the food and drink prepared for the banquet. Slyboots told him to come into one of the kitchens, when

he would gratify his wish if it were possible. As they went, he scanned the old man sharply, to see whether he could not detect something strange about him. Presently he observed a shining gold ring on the ring finger of the old man's left hand. When they reached the kitchen, Slyboots asked, "What security can you give me that no harm shall come of it if I let you taste the food?" "My lord," answered the stranger, "I have nothing to offer you as a pledge." Slyboots pointed to the fine gold ring and demanded that as a pledge. The old fellow resisted with all his might, protesting that the ring was a token of remembrance from his dead wife, and he had vowed never to take it from his hand, lest some misfortune should happen. "Then it is quite impossible for me to grant your request," said Slyboots, "for I cannot permit any one to taste either the food or drink without a pledge." The old man was so anxious about it that at last he gave his ring as a pledge.

Just as he was about to dip his spoon in the pot, Slyboots struck him so heavy a blow on the head with the flat of an ax that it might have felled the strongest ox; but the old fellow did not fall, but only staggered a little. Then Slyboots seized him by the beard with both hands, and ordered strong ropes to be brought, with which he bound the old man hand and foot, and hung him up by the legs to a beam. Then Slyboots said to him mockingly: "You may wait there till the feast is over, and then we will resume our conversation. Meantime, I'll keep your ring, on which your power depends, as a token." The old man was obliged to submit, whether he liked it or not, for he was bound so firmly that he could not move hand or foot.

Then the great feast began, to which the people flocked in thousands from all quarters. Although the feasting lasted for three whole weeks, there was no want of either food or drink, for there was plenty and to spare.

The people were much pleased, and had nothing but praise for the king and the manager of the feast. When the king was about to pay Slyboots the promised reward, he answered, "I have still a little business to transact with the stranger before I receive my reward." Then he took seven strong men with him, armed with heavy cudgels, and took them to the place where the old man had been hanging for the last three weeks. "Now, then," said Slyboots, "grasp your cudgels firmly, and belabor the old man so that he shall never forget his hospitable reception for the rest of his life." The

seven men began to whack the old man all at once, and would soon have made an end of his life if the rope had not given way under their blows. The little man fell down and vanished underground in an instant, leaving a wide opening behind him. Then said Slyboots: "I have his pledge, with which I must follow him. Bring the king a thousand greetings from me, and tell him to divide my reward among the poor, if I should not return."

He then crept downwards through the hole in which the old man had disappeared. At first he found the pathway very narrow, but it widened considerably at the depth of a few fathoms, so that he was able to advance easily. Steps were hewn in the rock, so that he did not slip, notwithstanding the darkness. Slyboots went on for some distance, till he came to a door. He looked through a crack, and saw three young girls sitting with the old man, whose head was resting on the lap of one of them. The girl was saying, "If I only rub the bruise a few times more with the bell, the pain and swelling will disappear." Slyboots thought, "That is certainly the place where I struck the old man with the back of the ax three weeks ago." He decided to wait behind the door till the master of the house had lain down to sleep and the fire was extinguished. Presently the old man said, "Help me into my room, that I may go to bed, for my body is quite out of joint and I can't move hand or foot." Then they brought him to his room. When it grew dark, and the girls had left the room, Slyboots crept gently in and hid himself behind the beer barrel.

Presently the girls came back, and spoke gently, so as not to rouse the old man. "The bruise on the head is of no consequence," said one, "and the sprained body will also soon be cured; but the loss of the ring of strength is irreparable, and this troubles the old man more than his bodily sufferings." Soon afterwards they heard the old man snoring; and Slyboots came out of his hiding place and made friends with the maidens. At first they were rather frightened, but the clever youth soon contrived to dispel their alarm, and they allowed him to stay there for the night. The maidens told him that the old man possessed two great treasures,—a magic sword and a rod of rowan wood,—and he resolved to possess himself of both. The rod would form a bridge over the sea for its possessor, and he who bore the sword could destroy the

most numerous army. On the following evening, Slyboots contrived to seize upon the wand and the sword, and escaped before daybreak with the help of the youngest girl. But the passage had disappeared from before the door, and in its place he found a large inclosure, beyond which was a broad sea.

As soon as Slyboots was gone, the girls began to quarrel, and their loud talking woke up the old man. He learned from what they said that a stranger had been there, and he rose up in a passion, and found the wand and sword gone. "My best treasures are stolen!" he roared, and, forgetting his bruises, he rushed out. Slyboots was still sitting on the beach, thinking whether he should try the power of the wand or seek for a dry path. Suddenly he heard a rushing sound behind him like a gust of wind. When he looked round, he saw the old man charging upon him like a madman. He sprang up, and had just time to strike the waves with the rod and to cry out, "Bridge before, water behind!" He had scarcely spoken when he found himself standing on a bridge over the sea, already at some distance from the shore.

The old man came to the beach panting and puffing, but stopped short when he saw the thief on the bridge over the sea. He called out, snuffling, "Nicodemus, my son, where are you going?" "Home, papa," was the reply. "Nicodemus, my son, you struck me on the head with an ax, and hung me up to a beam by the legs." "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, did you call seven men to beat me, and steal my gold ring from me?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, have you bamboozled my daughters?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, have you stolen my sword and wand?" "Yes, papa." "Nicodemus, my son, will you come back?" "Yes, papa," answered Slyboots again. Meantime he had advanced so far on the bridge that he could no longer hear the old man speak. When he had crossed the sea, he inquired the nearest way to the royal city, and hastened thither to claim his reward.

But lo! he found everything very different from what he had expected. Both his brothers had entered the service of the king, one as a coachman and the other as a chamberlain. Both were living in grand style and were rich people. When Slyboots applied to the king for his reward, the latter answered: "I waited for you for a whole year, and I neither saw nor heard anything of you. I supposed you were dead, and was about to

divide your reward among the poor, as you desired. But one day your elder brothers arrived to inherit your fortune. I left the matter to the court, who assigned the money to them, because it was supposed that you were dead. Since then your brothers have entered my service, and both still remain in it."

When Slyboots heard what the king said, he thought he must be dreaming, for he imagined that he had been only two nights in the old man's subterranean dwelling, and had then taken a few days to return home; but now it appeared that each night had been as long as a year. He would not go to law with his brothers, but abandoned the money to them, thanked God that he had escaped with his life, and looked out for some fresh employment. The king's cook engaged him as kitchen boy, and he now had to turn the joints on the spit every day. His brothers despised him for his mean employment, and did not like to have anything to do with him, although he still loved them. One evening he told them of much that he had seen in the underworld, where the geese and ducks had gold and silver plumage. The brothers related this to the king, and begged them to send their youngest brother to fetch these curious birds. The king sent for the kitchen boy, and ordered him to start next morning in search of the birds with the costly feathers.

Slyboots set out next day with a heavy heart, but he took with him the ring, the wand, and the sword, which he had carefully preserved. Some days afterwards he searched the sea, and saw an old man with a long gray beard sitting on a stone at the place where he had reached land after his flight. When Slyboots came nearer, the old man asked, "Why are you so sad, my friend?" Slyboots told him how badly he had fared, and the old man bid him be of good cheer, and not vex himself, adding, "No harm can happen to you as long as you wear the ring of strength." He then gave Slyboots a mussel shell, and advised him to build the bridge with the magic wand to the middle of the sea, and then to step on the shell with his left foot, when he would immediately find himself in the underworld, while every one there was asleep. He also advised him to make himself a bag of spun yarn, in which to put the water birds with gold and silver plumage, and then he could return unmolested. Everything fell out as the old man predicted, but Slyboots had hardly reached the seashore with his booty when

he heard his former acquaintance behind him ; and when he was on the bridge he heard him calling out, "Nicodemus, my son," and repeating the same questions as before. At last he asked if he had stolen the birds. Slyboots answered "Yes" to every question, and hastened on.

Slyboots arrived at the royal city in the evening, as his friend with the gray beard had foretold, and the yarn bag held the birds so well that none had escaped. The king made him a present, and told him to go back next day, for he had heard from the two elder brothers that the lord of the underworld had many gold and silver utensils, which the king desired for his own use. Slyboots did not venture to refuse, but he went very unwillingly, because he did not know how to manage the affair. However, when he reached the seashore he met his friend with the gray beard, who asked the reason of his sadness. The old man gave Slyboots another mussel shell and a handful of small stones, with the following advice: "If you go there in the afternoon, you will find the father in bed taking his siesta, the daughters spinning in the sitting room, and the grandmother in the kitchen scouring the gold and silver vessels bright. Climb nimbly on the chimney, throw down the stones tied up in a bag on the old woman's neck, come down yourself as quick as possible, put the costly vessels in the yarn bag, and then run off as fast as your legs will carry you."

Slyboots thanked his friend, and followed his advice exactly. But when he dropped the bag of pebbles, it expanded into a six hundredweight sack of paving stones, which dashed the old woman to the ground. In a moment Slyboots swept all the gold and silver vessels into his bag and took to flight. When the Old Boy heard the noise, he thought the chimney had fallen down, and did not venture to get up directly. But when he had called the grandmother for a long time without receiving any answer, he was obliged to go himself. When he discovered the misfortune that had happened, he hastened in pursuit of the thief, who could not be gone far. Slyboots was already on the sea when his pursuer reached the shore, panting and puffing. As before, the Old Boy cried out, "Nicodemus, my son," and repeated the former questions. At last he asked, "Nicodemus, my son, have you stolen my gold and silver utensils?" "Certainly, my father," answered Slyboots. "Nicodemus, my son, do you promise to come again?" "No, my father," answered Slyboots, hurrying along the bridge. Although the old man

cursed and scolded after the thief, he could not catch him, and he had now been despoiled of all his magic treasures.

Slyboots found his friend with the gray beard waiting for him on the other side of the sea, and he threw down the bag of heavy gold and silver ware, which the ring of strength had enabled him to bring away, and sat down to rest his weary limbs.

The old man now told him much that shocked him. "Your brothers hate you, and will do all they can to destroy you, if you do not oppose their wicked attempts. They will urge the king on to set you tasks in which you are very likely to perish. When you bring your rich load to the king this evening, you will find him friendly disposed towards you; and then ask, as your only reward, that his daughter should be hidden behind the door in the evening, to hear what your brothers talk about together."

When Slyboots came before the king with his rich booty, which was enough to make at least ten horse loads, he found him extremely kind and friendly, and he took the opportunity to make the request which his old friend had advised. The king was glad that the treasure bringer asked for no greater reward, and ordered his daughter to hide herself behind the door in the evening, to overhear what the coachman and the chamberlain were talking about.

The brothers had grown haughty with prosperity, and boasted of their good luck, and what was worse, they both boasted to each other of the favors of the princess in her own hearing! She ran to her father, flushed with shame and anger, and told him, weeping, what shameful lies she had heard with her own ears, and begged him to punish the wretches. The king immediately ordered them both to be thrown into prison, and when they had confessed their guilt before the court next day, they were executed, while Slyboots was promoted to the rank of king's councillor.

Some time afterwards the country was invaded by a foreign king, and Slyboots was sent against the enemy in the field. Then he drew the sword which he had brought from the underworld for the first time, and began to slaughter the hostile army, and soon none were left alive on the bloody field. The king was so pleased at the victory that he made Slyboots his son-in-law.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.

EDITED BY R. NISBET BAIN.

THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN.

THERE was once upon a time a merchant's son who squandered and wasted all his goods. To such a pass did he come at last that he had nothing to eat. So he seized a spade, went out into the market place, and began waiting to see if any one would hire him as a laborer. And behold, the merchant who was one in seven hundred [seven hundred times richer than any one else] came along that way in his gilded coach; all the day laborers saw him, and the whole lot of them immediately scattered in every direction and hid themselves in corners. The merchant's son alone of them all remained standing in the market place.

"Do you want work, young man?" said the merchant who was one in seven hundred; "then take hire from me."

"Right willingly; 'twas for no other reason that I came to the market place."

"And what wage do you require?"

"If you lay me down one hundred roubles a day, 'tis a bargain."

"That is somewhat dear!"

"If you think it dear, go and seek a cheaper article; but this I know, crowds of people were here just now, you came, and — away they all bolted."

"Well, agreed! come to-morrow to the haven."

The next day, early in the morning, our merchant's son came to the haven; the merchant who was one in seven hundred had already been awaiting him some time. They went on board ship and went to sea. They sailed and sailed. In the midst of the sea an island appeared; on this island stood high mountains, and on the sea-shore something or other was burning like fire.

"Can that which I see be fire?" said the merchant's son.

"Nay, that is my little golden castle."

They drew near to the island; they went ashore; his wife and daughter came forth to meet the merchant who was one in seven hundred, and the daughter was beautiful with a beauty that no man can imagine or devise, and no tale can tell. As soon as

they had greeted one another they went on to the castle, and took the new laborer along with them; they sat them down at table, they began to eat, drink, and be merry. "A fig for to-day," said the host; "to-day we'll feast, to-morrow we'll work."

And the merchant's son was a fair youth, strong and stately, of a ruddy countenance like milk and blood, and he fell in love with the lovely damsel. She went out into the next room; she called him secretly, and gave him a flint and steel. "Take them," said she, "and if you should be in any need, use them."

Next day the merchant who was one in seven hundred set out with his servant for the high golden mountain. They climbed and climbed, but they climbed not up to the top; they crawled and crawled, but they crawled not up to the top.

"Well," said the merchant, "let's have a drink first of all." And the merchant handed him a sleeping poison. The laborer drank and fell asleep.

The merchant drew out his knife, killed his wretched nag which he had brought with him, took out its entrails, put the young man into the horse's stomach, put the spade in too, sewed up the wound, and went and hid himself among the bushes.

Suddenly there flew down a whole host of black iron-beaked ravens. They took up the carcass, carried it up into the mountain, and fell a-pecking it; they began eating up the horse, and soon pierced right down to the merchant's son. Then he awoke, beat off the black crows, looked hither and thither, and asked himself, "Where am I?"

The merchant who was one in seven hundred bawled up at him, "On the golden mountain; come, take your spade and dig gold."

So he digged and digged, throwing it all down below, and the merchant put it on wagons. By evening he had filled nine wagons.

"That'll do," cried the merchant who was one in seven hundred; "thanks for your labor. Adieu!"

"But how about me?"

"You may get on as best you can. Ninety-nine of your sort have perished on that mountain—you will just make up the hundred!" Thus spake the merchant, and departed.

"What's to be done now?" thought the merchant's son: "to get down from this mountain is quite impossible. I shall certainly starve to death." So there he stood on the mountain, and above him wheeled the black iron-beaked crows: they plainly scented their prey. He began to bethink him how all this had come to pass, and then it occurred to him how the lovely damsel had taken him aside and given him the flint and steel, and said to him herself, "Take it, and if you are in need make use of it."

"And look now, she did not say it in vain. Let us try it."

The merchant's son took out the flint and steel, struck it once, and immediately out jumped two fair young heroes.

"What do you want? What do you want?"

"Take me from this mountain to the sea-shore."

He had no sooner spoken than they took him under the arms and bore him carefully down from the mountain. The merchant's son walked about by the shore; and, lo, a ship was sailing by the island.

"Hi, good ship folk, take me with you!"

"Nay, brother, we cannot stop: such a stoppage would lose us one hundred knots."

The mariners passed by the island: contrary winds began to blow, a frightful hurricane arose. "Alas! he is plainly no simple man of our sort, we had better turn back and take him on board ship." So they returned to the island, stopped by the shore, took up the merchant's son, and conveyed him to his native town.

A long time and a little time passed by, and then the merchant's son took his spade and again went out into the market place to wait for some one to hire him. Again the merchant who was one in seven hundred passed by in his gilded carriage; the day laborers saw him and scattered in every direction, and hid them in corners. The merchant's son was the sole solitary little one left.

"Will you take hire from me?" said the merchant who was one in seven hundred.

"Willingly; put down two hundred roubles a day, and set me my work."

"Rather dear, eh?"

"If you find it dear, go and seek cheaper labor. You saw how

many people were here, and the moment you appeared they all ran away."

"Well, then, done; come to-morrow to the haven."

The next morning they met at the haven, went on board the ship, and sailed to the island. There they ate and drank their fill one whole day, and the next day they got up and went towards the golden mountain.

They arrived there; the merchant who was one in seven hundred pulled out his drinking glass. "Come now, let us have a drink first," said he.

"Stop, mine host! You who are the chief ought to drink the first: let me treat you with mine own drink." And the merchant's son, who had betimes provided himself with sleeping poison, poured out a full glass of it and gave it to the merchant who was one in seven hundred. He drank it off and fell into a sound sleep.

The merchant's son slaughtered the sorriest horse, disemboweled it, laid his host in the horse's belly, put the spade there too, sewed up the wound, and went and hid himself among the bushes. Instantly the black iron-beaked crows flew down, took up the carcass, carried it to the mountain, and fell a-pecking at it. The merchant who was one in seven hundred awoke and looked hither and thither. "Where am I?" he asked.

"On the mountain," bawled the merchant's son. "Take your spade and dig gold: if you dig much, I will show you how to get off the mountain."

The merchant who was one in seven hundred took his spade and dug and dug; he dug up twenty wagon loads.

"Stop, that's enough now," said the merchant's son; "thanks for your labor, and good-by."

"But what about me?"

"You? why, get off as best you can. Ninety-nine of your sort have perished on that mountain, you can make up the hundred."

So the merchant's son took all the twenty wagons, went to the golden castle, married the lovely damsel, the daughter of the merchant who was one in seven hundred, took possession of all her riches, and came to live in the capital with his whole family.

But the merchant who was one in seven hundred remained there on the mountain, and the black iron-beaked crows picked his bones.

THE STORY OF GORE-GORINSKOE [WOEFUL WOE].

There once lived in a village two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. With the rich man everything went swimmingly, in everything he laid his hand to he found luck and bliss; but as for the poor man, slave and toil as he might, fortune flew away from him. The rich man, in a few years, so grew out of bounds that he went to live in the town, and built him the biggest house there, and settled down as a merchant; but the poor man got into such straits that sometimes he had not even a crust of bread in the house to feed a whole armful of children, small — smaller — smallest, who all cried together, and begged for something to eat and drink.

And the poor man began to repine at his fate, he began to lose heart, and his disheveled head began to sink deeper between his shoulders. And he went to his rich brother in the town and said: "Help me! I am quite worn out."

"Why should I not?" replied the rich man. "We can well afford it, only you must come and work it out with me all this week."

"Willingly," said the poor man; so he set to work, swept out the yard, curried the horses, and split up firewood. At the end of the week the rich brother gave him a *grisenka* [five cents] in money and a large lump of bread. "Thanks even for that," said the poor man, and was about to turn away homewards, when his brother's conscience evidently pricked him, and he said, "Why dost thou slip off like that? To-morrow is my name day: stay and feast with us."

And the poor man stayed to his brother's banquet. But, unfortunately for him, a great many rich guests assembled at his brother's — men of renown; and these guests his brother served most zealously, bowing down low before them, and imploring them as a favor to be so good as to eat and drink their fill. But he forgot altogether about his poor brother, who could only look on from afar, and see all the good people eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves, and making merry.

At last the banquet was over, the guests arose, they began to thank the host and hostess, and the poor man also bowed to his very girdle. The guests also went home, and very merry they all were; they laughed, and joked, and sang songs all the way. And the poor man went home as hungry as ever, and he thought to himself, "Come, now, I will sing a song too, so that

people may think that I too was not overlooked or passed over on my brother's name day, but ate to surfeit, and drank myself drunk with the best of them."

And so the peasant began singing a song, but suddenly his voice died away. He heard quite plainly that some one behind his back was imitating his song in a thin piping voice. He stopped short, and the voice stopped short; he went on singing, and again the voice imitated him.

"Who is that singing? come forth!" shrieked the poor man, and he saw before him a monster, all shriveled up and yellow, with scarcely any life in it, huddled up in rags, and girded about with the same vile rags, and its feet wound round with linden bast. The peasant was quite petrified with horror, and he said to the monster, "Who art thou?"

"I am Gore-Gorinskoe; I have compassion on thee; I will help thee to sing."

"Well, Gore, let us go together through the wide world arm in arm. I see that I shall find no other friends and kinsmen there."

"Let us go, then, master; I will never desert thee."

"And on what shall we go, then?"

"I know not what you are going upon, but I will go upon you," and flop! in an instant he was on the peasant's shoulders. The peasant had not strength enough to shake him off. And so the peasant went on his way, carrying Woeful Woe on his shoulders, though he was scarce able to drag one leg after the other, and the monster was singing all the time, and beating time to it, and driving him along with his little stick. "I say, master, wouldst thou like me to teach thee my favorite song?--

"I am Woe, the woefully woeful!
Girt about with linden bast rags,
Shod with beggars' buskins, bark stript.
Live with me, then; live with Woe,
And sorrow never know.
If you say you have no money,
You can always raise it, honey;
Yet provide a hard-won penny
'Gainst the day thou'lt not have any."

And besides," added Woe, "thou already hast this penny against an evil day, besides a crust of bread; let us then go on our way, and drink and be merry."

So they went on and on, and drank and drank, and so they got home. There sat the wife and all the children, without food, weeping, but Woe set the peasant a-dancing.

On the following day Woe began to sigh, and said, "My head aches from drinking!" and again he called upon the master to drink a thimbleful.

"I have no money," said the peasant.

"But didn't I tell thee thou canst always raise it, honey? Pawn thy harrow and plow, sledge and cart, and let us drink; we'll have a rare time of it to-day, at any rate."

What could he do? The peasant could not rid himself of Woe, so painfully tight did he sit upon him by this time; so he let himself be dragged about by Woe, and drank and idled away the whole day. And on the next day Woe groaned still more, and even began howling, and said, "Come, let us saunter about; let us drink away everything and pawn it. Sell thyself into slavery, and so get money to drink with."

The peasant saw that ruin was approaching him, so he had resort to subtlety; and he said to Woeful Woe, "I have heard our old men say that a treasure was buried about here a long time ago, but it was buried beneath such heavy stones that my single strength would be quite unable to raise it; now, if only we could raise this treasure, darling little Woe, what a fine time of loafing and drinking we should have together!"

"Come, then, and let us raise it; Woe has strength enough for everything."

So they went all about the place, and they came to a very large and heavy stone: five peasants together could not have moved it from the spot, but our friend and Woe lifted it up at the first go. And lo! beneath the stone there was indeed a coffer dark and heavy, and at the very bottom of this coffer something was sparkling. And the peasant said to Woe, "You just creep into the coffer and get out the gold, and I'll stand here and hold up the stone."

So Woe crept into the coffer with great glee, and cried out: "Hi, master, here are riches incalculable! Twenty jars choke-full of gold, all standing one beside the other!" and he handed up to the peasant one of the jars.

The peasant took the jar into his lap, and, as at the same time he let the stone fall back into its old place, he shut up Woeful Woe in the coffer with all the gold. 'Perish thou

and thy riches with thee!" thought the peasant; "no good luck goes along with thee."

And he went home to his own, and with the money he got from the jar he bought wood, repaired his cottage, added live stock to his possessions, and worked harder than ever, and he began to engage in trade, and it went well with him. In a single year he grew so much richer that in place of his hut he built him a large wooden house. And then he went to town to invite his brother and his wife to the house warming.

"What are you thinking of?" said his rich brother, with a scornful smile. "A little while ago you were naked, and had nothing to eat, and now you are giving house warmings, and laying out banquets!"

"Well, at one time, certainly, I had nothing to eat, but now, thank God, I am no worse off than you. Come and see."

The next day the rich brother went out into the country to his poor brother, and there on the pebbly plain he saw wooden buildings, all new and lofty, such as not every town merchant can boast of. And the poor brother who dwelt on the pebbles fed the rich brother till he could eat no more, and made him drink his fill; and after that, when the strings of his tongue were loosened, he made a clean breast of it, and told his brother how he had grown so rich.

Envy overcame the rich brother. He thought to himself, "This brother of mine is a fool. Out of twenty kegs he only took one. With all that money, Woe itself is not terrible. I'll go there myself, I'll take away the stone, take the money, and let Woe out from beneath the stone. Let him hound my brother to death if he likes."

No sooner said than done. The rich man took leave of his brother; but instead of going home he went to the stone. He pulled and tugged at it, and managed at last to push it a little to one side, so as to be able to peep into the coffer; but before he could pull his head back again, Woe had already skipped out, and was sitting on his neck. Our rich man felt the grievous burden on his shoulders, looked round, and saw the frightful monster bestriding him. And Woe shrieked in his ear, "A pretty fellow you are! You wanted to starve me to death in there, did you? You shall not shake me off again in a hurry, I warrant you. I'll never leave you again."

"Oh, senseless Woe!" cried the rich man, "indeed 'twas not I who placed you beneath that stone, and 'tis not me, the

rich man, you should cleave to; go hence, and torment my brother."

But Woeful Woe would not listen to him. "No," it screeched, "you lie! You deceived me once, but you shan't do it a second time."

And so the rich man carried Woe home with him, and all his wealth turned to dust and ashes. But the poor brother now lives in peace and plenty, and sings jesting ditties of Woe the outwitted.

THE WOMAN ACCUSER.

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old woman was not a bad old woman, but there was this one bad thing about her—she did not know how to hold her tongue. Whatever she might hear from her husband, or whatever might happen at home, she was sure to spread it over the whole village; she even doubled everything in the telling, and so things were told which never happened at all. Not unfrequently the old man had to chastise the old woman, and her back paid for the faults of her tongue.

One day the old man went into the forest for wood. He had just got to the border of the forest, when his foot, in treading on a certain place, sank right into the ground. "Why, what's this?" thought the old man. "Come, now, I'll dig a bit here; maybe I shall be lucky enough to dig out something." He dug several times, and saw, buried in the ground, a little caldron quite full of silver and gold. "Look, now, what good luck has befallen me! But what am I to do with it? I cannot hide it from that good wife of mine at home, and she will be sure to blab to all the world about my lucky find, and thou wilt repent the day thou didst ever see it."

For a long time the old man sat brooding over his treasure, and at last he made up his mind what to do. He buried the treasure, threw a lot of wood over it, and went to town. There he bought at the bazaar a live pike and a live hare, returned to the wood, and hung the pike upon a tree, at the very top of it; and carried the hare to the stream, where he had a fish basket, and he put the hare into it in a shallow place.

Then he went off home, whipped up his little nag for pure lightness of heart, and so entered his hut. "Wife, wife," he cried, "such a piece of luck has befallen me that I cannot describe it!"

"What is it, what is it, hubby darling? Why dost thou not tell me?"

"What's the good, when thou wilt only blab it all about?"

"On my word, I'll say nothing to anybody. I swear it. I'll take the holy image from the wall and kiss it if thou dost not believe me."

"Well, well, all right. Listen, old woman!" and he bent down towards her ear and whispered, "I have found in the wood a caldron full of silver and gold."

"Then why didst thou not bring it hither?"

"Because we had both better go together, and so bring it home." And the old man went with his old woman to the forest.

They went along the road, and the peasant said to his wife, "From what I hear, old woman, and from what people told me the other day, it would seem that fish are now to be found growing on trees, while the beasts of the forest live in the water."

"Why, what art thou thinking about, little hubby? People nowadays are much given to lying."

"Lying, dost thou call it? Then come and see for thyself." And he pointed to the tree where the pike was hanging.

"Why, what marvel is this?" screamed the old woman. "However did that pike get there? Or have the people been speaking the truth to thee after all?"

But the peasant stood there, and moved his arms about, and shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, as if he could not believe his own eyes.

"Why dost thou keep standing there?" said the old woman. "Go up the tree, rather, and take the pike: 'twill do for supper."

So the peasant took the pike, and then they went on further. They passed by the stream, and the peasant stopped his horse. But his wife began screeching at him, and said, "What art gaping at now? let us make haste and go on."

"Nay, but look! I see something struggling about all round my fish basket. I'll go and see what it is." So he ran, looked into the fish basket, and called to his wife. "Just come and look here, old woman! Why, a hare has got into our fishing basket!"

"Then people must have told thee the truth after all. Fetch it out quickly; it will do for dinner on the feast day."

The old man took up the hare, and then went straight towards the treasure. He pitched away the wood, digged wide and deep, dragged the caldron out of the earth, and they took it home.

The old man and the old woman grew rich, they lived right merrily, and the old woman did not improve; she went to invite guests every day, and gave such banquets that she nearly drove her husband out of the house. The old man tried to correct her. "What's come to thee?" he cried. "Canst thou not listen to me?"

"Don't order me about," said she. "I found the treasure as well as thou, and have as much right to make merry with it."

The old man put up with it for a very long time, but at last he said to the old woman straight out, "Do as best thou canst, but I'm not going to give thee any more money to cast to the winds."

But the old woman immediately fell foul of him. "I see what thou art up to," screeched she; "thou wouldst keep all the money for thyself. No, thou rogue, I'll drive thee whither the crows will pick thy bones. Thou wilt have no good from thy money."

The old man would have chastised her, but the old woman thrust him aside, and went straight to the magistrate to lay a complaint against her husband. "I have come to throw myself on thy honor's compassion, and to present my petition against my good-for-nothing husband. Ever since he found that treasure there is no living with him. Work he won't, and he spends all his time in drinking and gadding about. Take away all his gold from him, father. What a vile thing is gold when it ruins a man so!"

The magistrate was sorry for the old woman, and he sent his eldest clerk to him, and bade him judge between the husband and wife. The clerk assembled all the village elders, and went to the peasant and said to him, "The magistrate has sent me to thee, and bids thee deliver up all thy treasure into my hands."

The peasant only shrugged his shoulders. "What treasure?" said he. "I know nothing whatever about any treasure."

"Not know? Why, thy old woman has just been to complain to the magistrate, and I tell thee what, friend, if thou deniest it, 'twill be worse for thee. If thou dost not give up the whole treasure to the magistrate, thou must give an account

of thyself for daring to search for treasures, and not revealing them to the authorities."

"But I cry your pardon, honored sirs! what *is* this treasure you are talking of? My wife must have seen this treasure in her sleep; she has told you a pack of nonsense, and you listen to her."

"Nonsense!" burst forth the old woman; "it is not nonsense, but a whole caldron full of gold and silver!"

"Thou art out of thy senses, dear wife. Honored sirs, I cry your pardon. Cross-examine her thoroughly about the affair, and if she proves this thing against me, I will answer for it with all my goods."

"And dost thou think that I cannot prove it against thee? Thou rascal, I will prove it. This is how the matter went, Mr. Clerk," began the old woman; "I remember it, every bit. We went to the forest, and we saw a pike on a tree."

"A pike?" roared the clerk at the old woman; "or dost thou want to make a fool of me?"

"Nay, I am not making a fool of thee, Mr. Clerk; I am speaking the simple truth."

"There, honored sirs," said the old man, "how can you believe her if she goes on talking such rubbish?"

"I am not talking rubbish, yokel! I am speaking the truth—or hast thou forgotten how we found a hare in thy fishing basket in the stream?"

All the elders rolled about for laughter; even the clerk smiled, and began to stroke down his long beard. The peasant again said to his wife, "Recollect thyself, old woman: dost thou not see that every one is laughing at thee? But ye, honored gentlemen, can now see for yourselves how far you can believe my wife."

"Yes," cried all the elders, with one voice, "long as we have lived in the world, we have never heard of hares living in rivers, and fish hanging on the trees of the forest." The clerk himself saw that this was a matter he could not get to the bottom of, so he dismissed the assembly with a wave of his hand, and went off to town to the magistrate.

And everybody laughed so much at the old woman that she was forced to bite her own tongue and listen to her husband; and the husband bought wares with his treasure, went to live in the town, and began to trade there, exchanged his wares for money, grew rich and prosperous, and was as happy as the day was long.

GREEK MYTHS.

By JOHN RUSKIN.

(From "The Queen of the Air.")

[JOHN RUSKIN : English critic and essayist ; born at London, February 8, 1819. In 1839 he took the Newdigate prize for a poem. During his Oxford days he published many verses over the signature "J. R." In 1850 his poems were collected and privately printed. A reprint was made of them in New York in 1882. He studied art, but rather for the purposes of criticism. In 1843 appeared the first part of "Modern Painters," which was a vehement eulogy of J. M. W. Turner ; the last volume in 1856. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851-1853, are his best-known works. Among his popular lectures have been "Munera Pulveris," 1862-1863 ; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865 ; "Crown of Wild Olive," 1866 ; and "The Queen of the Air," 1869. His works include dozens of other titles on artistic, social, and economic subjects. His "Præterita," 1885, is autobiographical. Died January 20, 1900.]

1. I WILL not ask your pardon for endeavoring to interest you in the subject of Greek Mythology ; but I must ask your permission to approach it in a temper differing from that in which it is frequently treated. We cannot justly interpret the religion of any people, unless we are prepared to admit that we ourselves, as well as they, are liable to error in matters of faith ; and that the convictions of others, however singular, may in some points have been well founded ; while our own, however reasonable, may in some particulars be mistaken. You must forgive me, therefore, for not always distinctively calling the creeds of the past "superstition," and the creeds of the present day "religion" ; as well as for assuming that a faith now confessed may sometimes be superficial, and that a faith long forgotten may once have been sincere. It is the task of the Divine to condemn the errors of antiquity, and of the philologists to account for them ; I will only pray you to read, with patience, and human sympathy, the thoughts of men who lived without blame in a darkness they could not dispel ; and to remember that, whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying, "There is no God," the folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable, in saying, "There is no God but for me."

2. A myth, in its simplest definition, is a story with a meaning attached to it other than it seems to have at first ; and the fact that it has such a meaning is generally marked by some of its circumstances being extraordinary, or, in the common use of the word, unnatural. Thus if I tell you that Hercules killed

a water serpent in the lake of Lerna, and if I mean, and you understand, nothing more than that fact, the story, whether true or false, is not a myth. But if by telling you this, I mean that Hercules purified the stagnation of many streams from deadly miasmata, my story, however simple, is a true myth; only, as, if I left it in that simplicity, you would probably look for nothing beyond, it will be wise in me to surprise your attention by adding some singular circumstance; for instance, that the water snake had several heads, which revived as fast as they were killed, and which poisoned even the foot that trod upon them as they slept. And in proportion to the fullness of intended meaning I shall probably multiply and refine upon these improbabilities; as, suppose, if, instead of desiring only to tell you that Hercules purified a marsh, I wished you to understand that he contended with the venom and vapor of envy and evil ambition, whether in other men's souls or in his own, and choked *that* malaria only by supreme toil. — I might tell you that this serpent was formed by the goddess whose pride was in the trial of Hercules; and that its place of abode was by a palm tree; and that for every head of it that was cut off, two rose up with renewed life; and that the hero found at last he could not kill the creature at all by cutting its heads off or crushing them, but only by burning them down; and that the midmost of them could not be killed even that way, but had to be buried alive. Only in proportion as I mean more, I shall certainly appear more absurd in my statement; and at last when I get unendurably significant, all practical persons will agree that I was talking mere nonsense from the beginning, and never meant anything at all.

3. It is just possible, however, also, that the story-teller may all along have meant nothing but what he said; and that, incredible as the events may appear, he himself literally believed — and expected you also to believe — all this about Hercules, without any latent moral or history whatever. And it is very necessary, in reading traditions of this kind, to determine, first of all, whether you are listening to a simple person, who is relating what, at all events, he believes to be true (and may, therefore, possibly have been so to some extent), or to a reserved philosopher, who is veiling a theory of the universe under the grotesque of a fairy tale. It is, in general, more likely that the first supposition should be the right one: simple and credulous persons are, perhaps fortunately, more common

than philosophers ; and it is of the highest importance that you should take their innocent testimony as it was meant, and not efface, under the graceful explanation which your cultivated ingenuity may suggest, either the evidence their story may contain (such as it is worth) of an extraordinary event having really taken place, or the unquestionable light which it will cast upon the character of the person by whom it was frankly believed. And to deal with Greek religion honestly, you must at once understand that this literal belief was, in the mind of the general people, as deeply rooted as ours in the legends of our own sacred book ; and that a basis of unmiraculous event was as little suspected, and an explanatory symbolism as rarely traced, by them, as by us.

You must, therefore, observe that I deeply degrade the position which such a myth as that just referred to occupied in the Greek mind, by comparing it (for fear of offending you) to our story of St. George and the Dragon. Still, the analogy is perfect in minor respects ; and though it fails to give you any notion of the vitally religious earnestness of the Greek faith, it will exactly illustrate the manner in which faith laid hold of its objects.

4. This story of Hercules and the Hydra, then, was to the general Greek mind, in its best days, a tale about a real hero and a real monster. Not one in a thousand knew anything of the way in which the story had arisen, any more than the English peasant generally is aware of the plebeian original of St. George ; or supposes that there were once alive in the world, with sharp teeth and claws, real, and very ugly, flying dragons. On the other hand, few persons traced any moral or symbolical meaning in the story, and the average Greek was as far from imagining any interpretation like that I have just given you, as an average Englishman is from seeing in St. George the Red Cross Knight of Spenser, or in the Dragon the Spirit of Infidelity. But, for all that, there was a certain undercurrent of consciousness in all minds that the figures meant more than they at first showed ; and, according to each man's own faculties of sentiment, he judged and read them ; just as a Knight of the Garter reads more in the jewel on his collar than the George and Dragon of a public house expresses to the host or to his customers. Thus, to the mean person the myth always meant little ; to the noble person, much ; and the greater their familiarity with it, the more contemptible it became to one, and the

more sacred to the other ; until vulgar commentators explained it entirely away, while Virgil made it the crowning glory of his choral hymn to Hercules.

Around thee, powerless to infect thy soul,
Rose, in his crested crowd, the Lerna worm.

Non te rationis egentem
Lernæus turbâ capitum circumstetit anguis.

And although, in any special toil of the hero's life, the moral interpretation was rarely with definiteness attached to its event, yet in the whole course of the life, not only a symbolical meaning, but the warrant for the existence of a real spiritual power, was apprehended of all men. Hercules was no dead hero, to be remembered only as a victor over monsters of the past — harmless now as slain. He was the perpetual type and mirror of heroism, and its present and living aid against every ravenous form of human trial and pain.

5. But, if we seek to know more than this and to ascertain the manner in which the story first crystallized into its shape, we shall find ourselves led back generally to one or other of two sources — either to actual historical events, represented by the fancy under figures personifying them ; or else to natural phenomena similarly endowed with life by the imaginative power usually more or less under the influence of terror. The historical myths we must leave the masters of history to follow ; they, and the events they record, being yet involved in great, though attractive and penetrable, mystery. But the stars, and hills, and storms are with us now, as they were with others of old ; and it only needs that we look at them with the earnestness of those childish eyes to understand the first words spoken of them by the children of men, and then, in all the most beautiful and enduring myths, we shall find, not only a literal story of a real person, not only a parallel imagery of moral principle, but an underlying worship of natural phenomena, out of which both have sprung, and in which both forever remain rooted. Thus, from the real sun, rising and setting, — from the real atmosphere, calm in its dominion of unfading blue, and fierce in its descent of tempest. — the Greek forms first the idea of two entirely personal and corporeal gods, whose limbs are clothed in divine flesh, and whose brows are crowned with divine beauty ; yet so real that the quiver rattles at their shoulder, and the

chariot bends beneath their weight. And, on the other hand, collaterally with these corporeal images, and never for one instant separated from them, he conceives also two omnipresent spiritual influences, of which one illuminates, as the sun, with a constant fire, whatever in humanity is skillful and wise; and the other, like the living air, breathes the calm of heavenly fortitude, and strength of righteous anger, into every human breast that is pure and brave.

6. Now, therefore, in nearly every myth of importance, you have to discern these three structural parts, — the root and the two branches: the root, in physical existence, sun, or sky, or cloud, or sea; then the personal incarnation of that, becoming a trusted and companionable deity, with whom you may walk hand in hand, as a child with its brother or its sister; and, lastly, the moral significance of the image, which is in all the great myths eternally and beneficently true.

7. The great myths; that is to say, myths made by great people. For the first plain fact about myth making is one which has been most strangely lost sight of, — that you cannot make a myth unless you have something to make it of. You cannot tell a secret which you don't know. If the myth is about the sky, it must have been made by somebody who had looked at the sky. If the myth is about justice and fortitude, it must have been made by some one who knew what it was to be just or patient. According to the quantity of understanding in the person will be the quantity of significance in his fable; and the myth of a simple and ignorant race must necessarily mean little, because a simple and ignorant race have little to mean. So the great question in reading a story is always, not what wild hunter dreamed, or what childish race first dreaded it; but what wise man first perfectly told, and what strong people first perfectly lived by it. And the real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought, which, indeed, contains the germ of the accomplished tradition; but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend; leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections, and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell.

8. But through whatever changes it may pass, remember that our right reading of it is wholly dependent on the materials we have in our own minds for an intelligent answering sympathy. If it first arose among a people who dwelt under stainless skies, and measured their journeys by ascending and declining stars, we certainly cannot read their story, if we have never seen anything above us in the day but smoke, nor anything around us in the night but candles. If the tale goes on to change clouds or planets into living creatures, — to invest them with fair forms and inflame them with mighty passions, — we can only understand the story of the human-hearted things, in so far as we ourselves take pleasure in the perfectness of visible form, or can sympathize, by an effort of imagination, with the strange people who had other loves than that of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce. And, lastly, if the myth complete itself to the fulfilled thoughts of the nation, by attributing to the gods, whom they have carved out of their fantasy, continual presence with their own souls; and their every effort for good is finally guided by the sense of the companionship, the praise, and the pure will of immortals, we shall be able to follow them into this last circle of their faith only in the degree in which the better parts of our own beings have been also stirred by the aspects of nature, or strengthened by her laws. It may be easy to prove that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot signifies nothing but the rising of the sun. But what does the sunrise itself signify to us? If only languid return to frivolous amusement, or fruitless labor, it will, indeed, not be easy for us to conceive the power, over a Greek, of the name of Apollo. But if, for us also, as for the Greek, the sunrise means daily restoration to the sense of passionate gladness and of perfect life, — if it means the thrilling of new strength through every nerve, — the shedding over us of a better peace than the peace of night, in the power of the dawn, — and the purging of evil vision and fear by the baptism of its dew; — if the sun itself is an influence, to us also, of spiritual good — and becomes thus in reality, not in imagination, to us also, a spiritual power, — we may then soon overpass the narrow limit of conception which kept that power impersonal, and rise with the Greek to the thought of an angel who rejoiced as a strong man to run his course, whose voice calling to life and to labor rang round the earth, and whose going forth was to the ends of heaven.

BALLADE OF THE MYSTERIOUS HOSTS OF THE FOREST.

By THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

[THÉODORE FAÜLLAIN DE BANVILLE, French novelist and poet, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823; died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of a naval officer; became a Parisian man of letters. His best-known works were the volumes of poetry, "The Caryatides" (1842), "The Stalactites" (1846), "Odes Funambulesques" (1857), "New Odes Funambulesques" (1868), "Russian Idyls" (1872), and "Thirty-six Merry Ballads" (1873). He wrote also prose tales and sketches; as, "The Poor Mountebanks" (1853), "The Parisians of Paris" (1866), "Tales for Women" (1881), and "The Soul of Paris" (1890). He published his autobiography, "My Recollections," in 1882.

For biography of Andrew Lang, the distinguished scholar, poet, and man of letters, see "Calypso," Vol. 2.]

STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
 Beneath the shade of thorn and holly tree;
 The west wind breathes upon them pure and cold,
 And still wolves dread Diana roving free,
 In secret woodland with her company.
 'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite
 When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,
 And first the moonrise breaks the dusky gray;
 Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
 And through the dim wood, Dian thrids her way.

With waterweeds twined in their locks of gold
 The strange cold forest fairies dance in glee;
 Sylphs overtimorous and overbold
 Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be.
 The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy:
 Then, 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
 The sudden goddess enters, tall and white,
 With one long sigh for summers passed away;
 The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright,
 And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.

She gleans her sylvan trophies; down the wold
 She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee,
 Mixed with the music of the hunting rolled:
 But her delight is all in archery,
 And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she
 More than the hounds that follow on the flight;

The tall nymph draws a golden bow of might,
 And thick she rains the gentle shafts that **slay**,
 She tosses loose her locks upon the night,
 And Dian through the dim wood thrids her **way**.

ENVOI.

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
 The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight;
 Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray
 There is the mystic home of our delight,
 And through the dim wood Dian thrids her way.



THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

BY SIR GEORGE W. COX (rewritten).

DECEIVED by the evil advice of Ate, the mischief-maker of the gods, Jupiter said to Juno his queen, "This day a child shall be born of the race of Perseus, who shall be the mightiest of all on earth." He meant his son Hercules; but Juno had a crafty trick in her mind to lay a heavy curse on that son, whom naturally she hated for his being such. She asked Jupiter if what he had just said should surely be so, and he gave the nod which meant the vow that could not be recalled; then she went to the Fates and induced them to have Eurystheus born first, so that he should be the one mortal more powerful than Hercules, though he was a weak, jealous, and spiteful man.

So the lot was fixed that all his life long Hercules should toil at the will of a mean and envious master. He was matchless in strength, courage, and beauty; but he was to have neither profit nor comfort from them till he should pass from the land of mortals. But Jupiter was enraged at the ruin of his plans for the child by Juno's plot; he cast forth Ate from the halls of Olympus and forbade her to dwell again among the gods, and ordained that Hercules should dwell with the gods in Olympus as soon as his days of toils on earth were ended.

So Hercules grew up in the house of Amphitryon (the husband of Almena, the mother of the baby demigod), full of beauty and wonderful might. One day, as he lay sleeping, two huge serpents came into the chamber, twisted their coils round

the cradle, and gazed on him with their cold, glassy eyes, till the sound of their hissing woke him; but instead of being frightened, he stretched out his little arms, caught hold of the serpents' necks, and strangled them to death. All knew by this sign that he was to have terrible struggles with the evil things of the world, but was to come off the victor.

As he grew up, no one could compare with him for strength of arm and swiftness of foot, in taming horses, or in wrestling. The best men in Argos were his teachers; and the wise centaur Chiron was his friend, and taught him always to help the weak and take their part against any who oppressed them. For all his great strength, none were more gentle than Hercules; none more full of pity for those bowed down by pain and labor.

But it was bitter to him that he must spend his life slaving for Eurystheus, while others were rich in joy and pleasures, feasts and games. One day, thinking of these things, he sat down by the wayside where two paths met, in a lonely valley far from the dwellings of men. Suddenly lifting up his eyes, he saw two women coming toward him, each from a different road. Both were fair to look upon: but one had a soft and gentle face, and was clad in pure white. The other looked boldly at Hercules; her face was ruddier, and her eyes shone with a hot and restless glitter; her thin, embroidered robe, streaming in long folds from her shoulders, clung about her voluptuous figure, revealing more than it hid. With a quick and eager step she hastened to him, so as to be the first to speak. And she said: "I know, man of toils and grief, that your heart is sad within you, and that you know not which way to turn. Come with me, and I will lead you on a soft and pleasant road, where no storms shall vex you and no sorrows shall trouble you. You shall never hear of wars or fighting; sickness and pain shall not come near you: but you shall feast all day long at rich banquets and listen to the songs of minstrels. You shall not want for sparkling wine, soft robes, or pleasant couches; you shall not lack the delights of love, for the bright eyes of maidens shall look gently upon you, and their song shall lull you to sleep."

Hercules said: "You promise me pleasant things, lady, and I am sorely pressed down by a hard master. What is your name?"

"My friends," said she, "call me Pleasure; those who look

on me with disfavor have given me more than one bad name and an ill repute, but they speak falsely."

Then the other said: "Hercules, I too know who you are and the doom laid on you, and how you have toiled and endured even from childhood; that is the very reason I feel sure you will give me your love. If you do so, men will speak of your good deeds in future times, and my name will be still more exalted. But I have no fine words to cheat you with. Nothing good is ever reached, nothing great is ever won, without toil. If you seek for fruit from the earth, you must tend and till it; if you would have the favor of the gods, you must come before them with prayers and offerings; if you long for the love of men, you must do them good."

Then the other broke in and said: "You see, Hercules, that Virtue seeks to lead you on a long and weary path; but my broad and easy road leads quickly to happiness."

Virtue answered with a flash of anger in her pure eyes: "Wretched thing, what good thing have you to give, and what pleasure can you feel, who know not what it is to toil? Your lusts are satiated, your taste is dulled into indifference or nausea. You drink the wine before you are thirsty, and fill yourself with dainties before you are hungry. Though you are numbered among the immortals, the gods have cast you forth out of heaven, and good men scorn you. The sweetest of all sounds, when a man's heart praises him, you have never heard; the sweetest of all sights, when a man looks on his good deeds, you have never seen. Those who bow down to you are weak and feeble in youth, and wretched and loathsome in old age. But I dwell with the gods in heaven, and with good men on the earth; and without me nothing good can be done or thought. More than all others I am honored by the gods and cherished by the men who love me. In peace and in war, in health and in sickness, I am the aid of all who seek me; and my help never fails. My children know the purest of all pleasures, when the hour of rest comes after the toil of day. In youth they are strong, and their limbs are quick with health; in old age they look back upon a happy life; and when they lie down to the sleep of death, their name is cherished among men for their good and useful deeds. Love me, therefore, Hercules, and obey my words, and when your labors are ended you shall dwell with me in the home of the immortal gods."

Hercules bowed his head and swore to follow Virtue's counsels,

and went forth with a good courage to his labor and suffering. He lived and wrought in many lands to obey Eurystheus' orders. He did good deeds for men; but he gained nothing by them except the love of the gentle Iole. Far away in Œchalia, where the sun rises from the eastern sea, he saw the maiden in the halls of Eurytus, and sought to win her love. But Jupiter's vow to Juno gave him no rest. Eurystheus sent him to other lands, and he saw the maiden no more.

But Hercules kept up a good heart, and the glory of his great deeds became spread abroad through all the earth. Minstrels sang how he slew the monsters and savage beasts who vexed the sons of men; how he smote the Hydra in the land of Lerna, and the wild boar which haunted the groves of Erymanthus, and the Harpies who lurked in the swamps of Stymphalus. They told how he traveled far away to the land of the setting sun, where Eurystheus bade him pluck the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides: how over hill and dale, across marsh and river, through thicket and forest, he came to the western sea, and crossed to the African land where Atlas lifts up his white head to the high heaven; how he smote the dragon which guarded the brazen gates, and brought the apples to King Eurystheus. They sang of his weary journey when he roamed through the land of the Ethiopians and came to the wild and desolate heights of Caucasus; how he saw a giant form high on the naked rock, and the vulture which gnawed the Titan's heart with its beak; how he slew the bird, and smote off the cruel chains, and set Prometheus free. They sang how Eurystheus laid on him a fruitless task, by sending him down to the dark land of King Hades to bring up the monster Cerberus; how upon the shore of the gloomy Acheron he found the mighty hound who guards the home of Hades and Persephone, seized him and brought him to Eurystheus. They sang of the days when he worked in the land of Queen Omphale beneath the Libyan sun; how he destroyed the walls of Ilion when Laomedon was king; how he was bid to cleanse the vast stables where King Augeas had kept a thousand horses for thirty years without removing a spadeful of the filth, and accomplished the task by turning a river through them; and how he went to Calydon and wooed and won Dejanira, the daughter of the chieftain Œneus.

He dwelt a long time in Calydon, and the people there loved him for his kindly deeds. But one day he accidentally killed

with his spear the boy Eunomus. The father held no grudge against Hercules, knowing that he did not intend the death; but Hercules was so grieved for the death that he left the country, and went again on his travels. On the banks of the Evenus he wounded with a poisoned arrow the centaur Nessus, for attempting to assault Dejanira. As the poison ran through the centaur's veins, he was frenzied with a desire to revenge himself on Hercules; and under guise of forgiveness and good will to Dejanira, he advised her to fill a shell with his blood, and if ever she lost the love of Hercules, to spread it on a robe for him to wear, and the love would return.

So Nessus died; and Hercules went to the land of Trachis, and there Dejanira remained while he journeyed to the far East. Years passed, and he did not return. At last news came of great deeds he had done in distant lands; among them that he had slain Eurytus, the king of Œchalia, and taken a willing captive his daughter Iole, the most beautiful maiden in the land.

Then the words of Nessus came back to Dejanira: she thought Hercules' love had gone from her, and to win it back she smeared a richly embroidered robe with the centaur's blood, and with a message full of heartfelt love and honor sent it to him to wear. The messenger found him offering sacrifice to his father Jupiter, and gave him the robe in token of Dejanira's love. Hercules wrapped it round him, and stood by the altar while the black smoke rolled up toward heaven. Presently the vengeance of Nessus was accomplished: the poison began to burn fiercely through Hercules' veins. He strove in vain to tear off the robe: it had become as part of his own skin, and he only tore pieces out of his own flesh in the attempt: as he writhed in agony, the blood poured from his body in streams.

Then the maiden Iole came to his side, and sought to soothe his agony with her gentle hands and to cheer him with pitying words. Then once more his face flushed with a deep joy, and his eye glanced with a pure light, as in the days of his young might; and he said: "Ah, Iole, my first and best love, your voice is my comfort as I sink down into the sleep of death. I loved you in my morning time; but Fate would not give you to me for a companion in my long wanderings. But I will waste none of my short final happiness in grieving now: you are with me to be the last thing I see or hear or think of in life."

Then he made them carry him to the high crest of Mount Cæta and gather wood. When all was ready, he lay down to rest on the huge pyre, and they kindled it. The shades were darkening the sky, but Hercules tried still to pierce them with his eyes to gaze on Iole's face and cheer her in her sorrow. "Weep not, Iole," he said; "my labors are done, and now is the time for rest. I shall see you again in the land where night never comes."

Darker and darker grew the evening shades; and only the blazing of the funeral pile on the mountain top pierced the blackness of the gloom. Then a thundercloud came down from heaven and its bolt crashed through the air. So Jupiter carried his child home, and the halls of Olympus were opened to welcome the hero, who rested at last from his matchless labors.



HYMN OF APOLLO.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
 Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and, climbing heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;—
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
 Are filled with my bright presence; and the air
 Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
 All men who do or even imagine ill
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
 Good minds and open actions take new might,
 Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
 With their ethereal colors; the moon's globe,
 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
 Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
 Whate'er lamps on earth or heaven may shine
 Are portions of one power which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven;
 Then with unwilling steps I wander down
 Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
 For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
 What look is more delightful than the smile
 With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the universe
 Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
 All harmony of instrument or verse,
 All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
 All light of Art or Nature; — to my song
 Victory and praise in its own right belong.



THE GOLDEN APPLES.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(From "The Earthly Paradise.")

[WILLIAM MORRIS, English poet and art reformer, was born March 24, 1834; educated at Oxford, and was one of the Preraphaelites. His best-known poem is "The Earthly Paradise"; he has also written "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung," "The Fall of the Niblungs," and smaller ones. In prose he wrote "The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," etc. He founded a manufactory of household decorations to reform public taste, and a printing house for artistic typography. He was also a fervent Socialist. He died October 3, 1896.]

As many as the leaves fall from the tree,
 From the world's life the years are fallen away
 Since King Eurystheus sat in majesty
 In fair Mycenæ; midmost of whose day
 It once befell that in a quiet bay

A ship of Tyre was swinging nigh the shore,
Her folk for sailing handling rope and oar.

Fresh was the summer morn, a soft wind stole
Down from the sheep-browsed slopes the cliffs that crowned,
And ruffled lightly the long gleaming roll
Of the peaceful sea, and bore along the sound
Of shepherd folk and sheep and questing hound;
For in the first dip of the hillside there
Lay bosomed 'mid its trees a homestead fair.

Amid regrets for last night, when the moon,
Risen on the soft dusk, shone on maidens' feet
Brushing the gold-heart lilies to the tune
Of pipes complaining, o'er the grass down-beat
That mixed with dewy flowers its odor sweet,
The shipmen labored, till the sail unfurled
Swung round the prow to meet another world.

But ere the anchor had come home, a shout
Rang from the strand, as though the ship were hailed.
Whereat the master bade them stay, in doubt
That they without some needful thing had sailed;
When, lo! from where the cliffs' steep gray sides failed
Into a ragged, stony slip, came twain
Who seemed in haste the ready keel to gain.

Soon they drew nigh, and he who first came down
Unto the surf was a man huge of limb,
Gray-eyed, with crisp-curved hair 'twixt black and brown;
Who had a lion's skin cast over him,
So wrought with gold that the fell showed but dim
Betwixt the threads, and in his hand he bore
A mighty club with bands of steel done o'er.

Panting there followed him a gray old man,
Bearing a long staff, clad in gown of blue,
Feeble of aspect, hollow-cheeked, and wan,
Who, when unto his fellow's side he drew,
Said faintly: "Now, do that which thou shouldst do;
This is the ship." Then in the other's eye
A smile gleamed, and he spake out merrily:

"Masters, folk tell me that ye make for Tyre,
And after that still nearer to the sun;
And since Fate bids me look to die by fire,

Fain am I, ere my worldly day be done,
To know what from earth's hottest can be won;
And this old man, my kinsman, would with me.
How say ye, will ye bear us o'er the sea?"

"What is thy name?" the master said: "And know
That we are merchants, and for naught give naught;
What wilt thou pay? — thou seem'st full rich, I trow."
The old man muttered, stooped adown and caught
At something in the sand: "E'en so I thought,"
The younger said, "when I set out from home —
As to my name, perchance in days to come

"Thou shalt know that — but have heed, take this toy.
And call me the Strong Man." And as he spake
The master's deep brown eyes 'gan gleam with joy,
For from his arm a huge ring did he take,
And cast it on the deck, where it did break
A water jar, and in the wet shards lay
Golden, and gleaming like the end of day.

But the old man held out a withered hand,
Wherein there shone two pearls most great and fair,
And said, "If any nigher I might stand,
Then mightst thou see the things I give thee here —
And for name — a many names I bear,
But call me Shepherd of the Shore this tide,
And for more knowledge with a good will bide."

From one to the other turned the master's eyes;
The Strong Man laughed as at some hidden jest,
And wild doubts in the shipman's heart did rise;
But thinking on the thing, he deemed it best
To bid them come aboard, and take such rest
As they might have of the untrusty sea,
'Mid men who trusty fellows still should be.

Then no more words the Strong Man made, but straight
Caught up the elder in his arms, and so,
Making no whit of all that added weight,
Strode to the ship, right through the breakers low,
And catching at the rope that they did throw
Out toward his hand, swung up into the ship:
Then did the master let the hawser slip.

The shapely prow cleft the wet mead and green,
And wondering drew the shipmen round to gaze
Upon those limbs, the mightiest ever seen;
And many deemed it no light thing to face
The splendor of his eyen, though they did blaze
With no wrath now, no hate for them to dread,
As seaward 'twixt the summer isles they sped.

Freshened the wind, but ever fair it blew
Unto the southeast; but as failed the land,
Unto the plunging prow the Strong Man drew,
And, silent, gazing with wide eyes did stand,
As though his heart found rest; but 'mid the band
Of shipmen in the stern the old man sat,
Telling them tales that no man there forgot.

As one who had beheld, he told them there
Of the sweet singer, who, for his song's sake,
The dolphins back from choking death did bear;
How in the mid sea did the vine outbreak
O'er that ill bark when Bacchus 'gan to wake;
How anigh Cyprus, ruddy with the rose
The cold sea grew as any June-loved close;

While on the flowery shore all things alive
Grew faint with sense of birth of some delight,
And the nymphs waited trembling there, to give
Glad welcome to the glory of that sight:
He paused then, ere he told how, wild and white,
Rose ocean, breaking o'er a race accurst,
A world once good, now come unto its worst.

And then he smiled, and said, "And yet ye won,
Ye men, and tremble not on days like these,
Nor think with what a mind Prometheus' son
Beheld the last of the torn reeling trees
From high Parnassus: slipping through the seas
Ye never think, ye men folk, how ye seem
From down below through the green waters' gleam."

Dusk was it now when these last words he said,
And little of his visage might they see,
But o'er their hearts stole vague and troublous dread,
They knew not why; yet ever quietly
They sailed that night; nor might a morning be

Fairer than was the next morn; and they went
Along their due course after their intent.

The fourth day, about sunrise, from the mast
The watch cried out he saw Phœnician land;
Whereat the Strong Man on the elder cast
A look askance, and he straight took his stand
Anigh the prow, and gazed beneath his hand
Upon the low sun and the scarce-seen shore,
Till cloud flecks rose, and gathered and drew o'er.

The morn grown cold; then small rain 'gan to fall,
And all the wind dropped dead, and hearts of men
Sank, and their bark seemed helpless now and small;
Then suddenly the wind 'gan moan again;
Sails flapped, and ropes beat wild about; and then
Down came the great east wind; and the ship ran
Straining, heeled o'er, through seas all changed and wan.

Westward, scarce knowing night from day, they drave
Through sea and sky grown one; the Strong Man wrought
With mighty hands, and seemed a god to save;
But on the prow, heeding all weather naught,
The elder stood, nor any prop he sought,
But swayed to the ship's wallowing, as on wings
He there were set above the wrack of things.

And westward still they drave; and if they saw
Land upon either side, as on they sped,
'Twas but as faces in a dream may draw
Anigh, and fade, and leave naught in their stead;
And in the shipmen's hearts grew heavy dread
To sick despair; they deemed they should drive on
Till the world's edge and empty space were won.

But 'neath the Strong Man's eyes e'en as they might
They toiled on still; and he sang to the wind,
And spread his arms to meet the waters white,
As o'er the deck they tumbled, making blind
The brine-drenched shipmen; nor with eye unkind
He gazed up at the lightning; nor would frown
When o'er the wet waste Jove's bolt rattled down.

And they, who at the last had come to think
Their guests were very gods, with all their fear
Feared naught belike that their good ship would sink

Amid the storm ; but rather looked to hear
The last moan of the wind that them should bear
Into the windless stream of ocean gray,
Where they should float till dead was every day.

Yet their fear mocked them ; for the storm 'gan die
About the tenth day, though unto the west
They drave on still ; soon fair and quietly
The morn would break ; and though amid their rest
Naught but long evil wandering seemed the best
That they might hope for ; still, despite their dread,
Sweet was the quiet sea and goodlihead

Of the bright sun at last come back again ;
And as the days passed, less and less fear grew,
If without cause, till faded all their pain ;
And they 'gan turn unto their guests anew,
Yet durst ask naught of what that evil drew
Upon their heads ; or of returning speak.
Happy they felt, but listless, spent, and weak.

And now as at the first the elder was,
And sat and told them tales of yore ago ;
But ever the Strong Man up and down would pass
About the deck, or on the prow alone
Would stand and stare out westward ; and still on
Through a fair summer sea they went, nor thought
Of what would come when these days turned to naught.

And now when twenty days were well passed o'er
They made a new land ; cloudy mountains high
Rose from the sea at first ; then a green shore
Spread fair below them : as they drew anigh
No sloping, stony strand could they espy,
And no surf breaking ; the green sea and wide
Wherethrough they slipped was driven by no tide.

Dark fell ere they might set their eager feet
Upon the shore ; but night-long their ship lay
As in a deep stream, by the blossoms sweet
That flecked the grass whence flowers ne'er passed away.
But when the cloud-barred east brought back the day,
And turned the western mountain tops to gold,
Fresh fear the shipmen in their bark did hold.

For as a dream seemed all ; too fair for those
Who needs must die ; moreover they could see,
A furlong off, 'twixt apple tree and rose,
A brazen wall that gleamed out wondrously
In the young sun, and seemed right long to be ;
And memory of all marvels lay upon
Their shrinking hearts now this sweet place was won.

But when unto the nameless guests they turned,
Who stood together nigh the plank shot out
Shoreward, within the Strong Man's eyes there burned
A wild light, as the other one in doubt
He eyed a moment ; then with a great shout
Leaped into the blossomed grass ; the echoes rolled
Back from the hills, harsh still and overbold.

Slowly the old man followed him, and still
The crew held back : they knew now they were brought
Over the sea the purpose to fulfill
Of these strange men ; and in their hearts they thought,
"Perchance we yet shall live, if, meddling naught
With dreams, we bide here till these twain come back ;
But prying eyes the fire blast seldom lack."

Yet 'mongst them were two fellows bold and young,
Who, looking each upon the other's face,
Their hearts to meet the unknown danger strung,
And went ashore, and at a gentle pace
Followed the strangers, who unto the place
Where the wall gleamed had turned ; peace and desire
Mingled together in their hearts, as nigher

They drew unto that wall, and dulled their fear :
Fair wrought it was, as though with bricks of brass ;
And images upon its face there were,
Stories of things a long while come to pass :
Nor that alone — as looking in a glass
Its maker knew the tales of what should be,
And wrought them there for bird and beast to see.

So on they went ; the many birds sang sweet
Through all that blossomed thicket from above,
And unknown flowers bent down before their feet ;
The very air, cleft by the gray-winged dove,
Throbbled with sweet scent, and smote their souls with love.

Slowly they went till those twain stayed before
A strangely wrought and iron-covered door.

They stayed, too, till o'er noise of wind, and bird,
And falling flower, there rang a mighty shout
As the Strong Man his steel-bound club upreared,
And drave it 'gainst the hammered iron stout,
Where 'neath his blows flew bolt and rivet out,
Till shattered on the ground the great door lay,
And into the guarded place bright poured the day.

The Strong Man entered, but his fellow stayed
Leaning against a tree trunk as they deemed.
They faltered now, and yet all things being weighed
Went on again; and thought they must have dreamed
Of the old man, for now the sunlight streamed
Full on the tree he had been leaning on,
And him they saw not go, yet was he gone:

Only a slim green lizard fitted there
Amidst the dry leaves; him they noted naught,
But, trembling, through the doorway 'gan to peer,
And still of strange and dreadful saw not aught,
Only a garden fair beyond all thought.
And there, 'twixt sun and shade, the Strong Man went
On some long-sought-for end belike intent.

They 'gan to follow down a narrow way
Of greensward that the lilies trembled o'er,
And whereon thick the scattered rose leaves lay;
But a great wonder weighed upon them sore,
And well they thought they should return no more;
Yet scarce a pain that seemed; they looked to meet
Before they died things strange and fair and sweet.

So still to right and left the Strong Man thrust
The blossomed boughs, and passed on steadily,
As though his hardy heart he well did trust,
Till in a while he gave a joyous cry,
And hastened on, as though the end drew nigh;
And women's voices then they deemed they heard,
Mixed with a noise that made desire afraid.

Yet through sweet scents and sounds on did they bear
Their panting hearts, till the path ended now
In a wide space of green; a streamlet clear

From out a marble basin there did flow,
And close by that a slim-trunked tree did grow,
And on a bough low o'er the water cold
There hung three apples of red-gleaming gold.

About the tree, new risen e'en now to meet
The shining presence of that mighty one,
Three damsels stood, naked from head to feet
Save for the glory of their hair, where sun
And shadow flickered, while the wind did run
Through the gray leaves o'erhead, and shook the grass
Where nigh their feet the wandering bee did pass.

But 'midst their delicate limbs and all around
The tree roots, gleaming blue black could they see
The spires of a great serpent, that, enwound
About the smooth bole, looked forth threateningly,
With glittering eyes and raised crest, o'er the three
Fair heads fresh crowned, and hissed above the speech
Wherewith they murmured softly each to each.

Now the Strong Man amid the green space stayed,
And, leaning on his club, with eager eyes
But brow yet smooth, in voice yet friendly said :
"O daughters of old Hesperus the Wise,
Well have ye held your guard here; but time tries
The very will of gods, and to my hand
Must give this day the gold fruit of your land."

Then spake the first maid—sweet as the west wind
Amidst of summer noon her sweet voice was :
"Ah, me! what knows this place of changing mind
Of men or gods? here shall long ages pass,
And clean forget thy feet upon the grass,
Thy hapless bones amid the fruitful mold;
Look at thy death envenomed, swift and cold!"

Hiding new flowers, the dull coils, as she spake,
Moved near her limbs: but then the second one,
In such a voice as when the morn doth wake
To song of birds, said, "When the world foredone
Has moaned its last, still shall we dwell alone
Beneath this bough, and have no tales to tell
Of things deemed great that on the earth befell."

Then spake the third, in voice as of the flute
That wakes the maiden to her wedding morn :
" If any god should gain our golden fruit,
Its curse would make his deathless life forlorn.
Lament thou, then, that ever thou wert born ;
Yet all things, changed by joy or loss or pain,
To what they were shall change and change again."

" So be it," he said, " the Fates that drive me on
Shall slay me or shall save ; blessing or curse
That followeth after when the thing is won
Shall make my work no better now nor worse ;
And if it be that the world's heart must nurse
Hatred against me, how then shall I choose
To leave or take ? — let your dread servant loose !"

E'en therewith, like a pillar of black smoke,
Swift, shifting ever, drave the worm at him ;
In deadly silence now that nothing broke,
Its folds were writhing round him trunk and limb,
Until his glittering gear was naught but dim
E'en in that sunshine, while his head and side
And breast the fork-tongued, pointed muzzle tried.

Closer the coils drew, quicker all about
The forked tongue darted, and yet stiff he stood,
E'en as an oak that sees the straw flare out
And lick its ancient bole for little good :
Until the godlike fury of his mood
Burst from his heart in one great shattering cry,
And rattling down the loosened coils did lie ;

And from the torn throat and crushed dreadful head
Forth flowed a stream of blood along the grass ;
Bright in the sun he stood above the dead,
Panting with fury ; yet as ever was
The wont of him, soon did his anger pass,
And with a happy smile at last he turned
To where the apples o'er the water burned.

Silent and moveless ever stood the three ;
No change came o'er their faces, as his hand
Was stretched aloft unto the sacred tree ;
Nor shrank they aught aback, though he did stand
So close that tresses of their bright hair, fanned

By the sweet garden breeze, lay light on him,
And his gold fell brushed by them breast and limb.

He drew adown the wind-stirred bough, and took
The apples thence; then let it spring away,
And from his brow the dark hair backward shook,
And said: "O sweet, O fair, and shall this day
A curse upon my life henceforward lay —
'This day alone? Methinks of coming life
Somewhat I know, with all its loss and strife.

"But this I know, at least: the world shall wend
Upon its way, and, gathering joy and grief
And deeds done, bear them with it to the end;
So shall it, though I lie as last year's leaf
Lies 'neath a summer tree, at least receive
My life gone by, and store it, with the gain
That men alive call striving, wrong, and pain.

"So for my part I rather bless than curse,
And bless this fateful land; good be with it;
Nor for this deadly thing's death is it worse,
Nor for the lack of gold; still shall ye sit
Watching the swallow o'er the daisies flit;
Still shall your wandering limbs ere day is done
Make dawn desired by the sinking sun.

"And now, behold! in memory of all this
Take ye this girdle that shall waste and fade
As fadeth not your fairness and your bliss,
That when hereafter 'mid the blossoms laid
Ye talk of days and men now nothing made,
Ye may remember how the Theban man,
The son of Jove, came o'er the waters wan."

Their faces changed not aught for all they heard;
As though all things now fully told out were,
They gazed upon him without any word:
Ah! craving kindness, hope, or loving care,
Their fairness scarcely could have made more fair,
As with the apples folded in his fell
He went, to do more deeds for folk to tell.

Now as the girdle on the ground was cast,
Those fellows turned and hurried toward the door;
And as across its broken leaves they passed

The old man saw they not, e'en as before ;
But an unearthed blind mole bewildered sore
Was wandering there in fruitless, aimless wise,
That got small heed from their full-sated eyes.

Swift gat they to their anxious folk ; nor had
More time than just to say, "Be of good cheer,
For in our own land may we yet be glad,"
When they beheld the guests a drawing near ;
And much bewildered the two fellows were
To see the old man, and must even deem
That they should see things stranger than a dream.

But when they were aboard the elder cried,
"Up sails, my masters, fair now is the wind ;
Nor good it is too long here to abide,
Lest what ye may not loose your souls should bind."
And as he spake, the tall trees left behind
Stirred with the rising land wind, and the crew,
Joyous thereat, the hawsers shipward drew.

Swift sped the ship, and glad at heart were all,
And the Strong Man was merry with the rest,
And from the elder's lips no word did fall
That did not seem to promise all the best ;
Yet with a certain awe were men oppressed,
And felt as if their inmost hearts were bare,
And each man's secret babbled through the air.

Still oft the old man sat with them and told
Tales of past time, as on the outward way ;
And now would they the face of him behold
And deem it changed ; the years that on him lay
Seemed to grow naught, and no more wan and gray
He looked, but ever glorious, wise and strong,
As though no lapse of time for him were long.

At last, when six days through the kindly sea
Their keel had slipped, he said : "Come hearken now,
For so it is that things fare wondrously
E'en in these days ; and I a tale can show
That, told by you unto your sons shall grow
A marvel of the days that are to come :
Take heed and tell it when ye reach your home.

“Yet living in the world a man there is
Men call the Theban King Amphitryon’s son,
Although perchance a greater sire was his;
But certainly his lips have hung upon
Almena’s breasts: great deeds this man hath won
Already, for his name is Hercules,
And e’en ye Asian folk have heard of these.

“Now ere the moon, this eve in his last wane,
Was born, this Hercules, the fated thrall
Of King Eurystheus, was straight bid to gain
Gifts from a land whereon no foot doth fall
Of mortal man, beyond the misty wall
Of unknown waters; pensively he went
Along the sea on his hard life intent.

“And at the dawn he came into a bay
Where the sea, ebb’d far down, left wastes of sand,
Walled from the green earth by great cliffs and gray;
Then he looked up, and wondering there did stand,
For strange things lay in slumber on the strand;
Strange counterparts of what the firm earth hath
Lay scattered all about his weary path:

“Sea lions and sea horses and sea kine,
Sea boars, sea men strange skinned, of wondrous hair;
And in their midst a man who seemed divine
For changeless eld, and round him women fair,
Clad in the sea webs glassy green and clear,
With gems on head and girdle, limb and breast,
Such as earth knoweth not among her best.

“A moment at the fair and wondrous sight
He stared; then, since the heart in him was good,
He went about with careful steps and light
Till o’er the sleeping sea god now he stood;
And if the white-foot maids had stirred his blood
As he passed by, now other thoughts had place
Within his heart when he beheld that face.

“For Nereus now he knew, who knows all things
And to himself he said, ‘If I prevail,
Better than by some god-wrought eagle wings
Shall I be holpen;’ then he cried out: ‘Hail,
O Nereus! lord of shifting hill and dale!

Arise and wrestle ; I am Hercules !
Not soon now shalt thou meet the ridgy seas.'

"And mightily he cast himself on him;
And Nereus cried out shrilly; and straightway
That sleeping crowd, fair maid with half-hid limb,
Strange man and green-haired beast, made no delay,
But glided down into the billows gray,
And, by the lovely sea embraced, were gone,
While they two wrestled on the sea strand lone.

"Soon found the sea god that his bodily might
Was naught in dealing with Jove's dear one there;
And soon he 'gan to use his magic sleight:
Into a lithe leopard, and a hugging bear,
He turned him; then the smallest fowl of air
The straining arms of Hercules must hold,
And then a mud-born wriggling eel and cold.

"Then as the firm hands mastered this, forth brake
A sudden rush of waters all around,
Blinding and choking: then a thin green snake
With golden eyes; then o'er the shell-strewn ground
Forth stole a fly, the least that may be found;
Then earth and heaven seemed wrapped in one huge flame,
But from the midst thereof a voice there came:

"'Kinsman and stout heart, thou hast won the day,
Nor to my grief: what wouldst thou have of me?'
And therewith to an old man small and gray
Faded the roaring flame, who wearily
Sat down upon the sand and said, 'Let be!
I know thy tale; worthy of help thou art;
Come now, a short way hence will there depart

"'A ship of Tyre for the warm southern seas,
Come we aboard; according to my will
Her way shall be.' Then up rose Hercules,
Merry of face, though hot and panting still;
But the fair summer day his heart did fill
With all delight; and so forth went the twain,
And found those men desirous of all gain.

"Ah, for these gainful men — somewhat indeed
Their sails are rent, their bark beat; kin and friend
Are wearying for them; yet a friend in need

They yet shall gain, if at their journey's end,
Upon the last ness where the wild goats wend
To lick the salt-washed stones, a house they raise
Bedight with gold in kindly Nereus' praise."

Breathless they waited for these latest words,
That like the soft wind of the gathering night
Were grown to be : about the mast flew birds
Making their moan, hovering long-winged and white ;
And now before their straining anxious sight
The old man faded out into the air,
And from his place flew forth a sea mew fair.

Then to the Mighty Man, Alemena's son,
With yearning hearts they turned till he should speak.
And he spake softly : " Naught ill have ye done
In helping me to find what I did seek :
The world made better by me knows if weak
My hand and heart are : but now, light the fire
Upon the prow and worship the gray sire."

So did they ; and such gifts as there they had
Gave unto Nereus ; yea, and sooth to say,
Amid the tumult of their hearts made glad,
Had honored Hercules in e'en such way ;
But he laughed out amid them, and said, " Nay,
Not yet the end is come ; nor have I yet
Bowed down before vain longing and regret.

" It may be — who shall tell, when I go back
There whence I came, and looking down behold
The place that my once eager heart shall lack,
And all my dead desires a lying cold,
But I may have the might then to enfold
The hopes of brave men in my heart ? — but long life
Lies before first with its change and wrong."

So fair **along** the watery ways they sped
In happy **wise**, nor failed of their return ;
Nor failed in ancient Tyre the ways to tread,
Teaching their tale to whomsoever would learn,
Nor failed at last the flesh of beasts to burn
In Nereus' house, turned toward the bright day's end
On the last ness, round which the wild goats wend.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

BY JOHN KEATS.

[JOHN KEATS: An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but the story is very difficult to follow, and is mainly a vehicle for luscious verbal music. Its promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. His highest flight was reached in the sublime "Hyperion," but he had no constructive imagination and let it drop after the first canto. He had enormous effect on the coming poets of his time, and Tennyson was his thoroughgoing disciple. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends" in 1891.]

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting, and forever young;

HYMN TO MINERVA.

All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or seashore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.



HYMN TO MINERVA.

ATTRIBUTED TO HOMER; TRANSLATED BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I SING the glorious power with azure eyes,
 Athenian Pallas, tameless, chaste, and wise,
 Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,
 Revered and mighty from his awful head
 Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armor dressed,
 Golden, all radiant. Wonder strange possessed
 The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
 Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
 Rush from the crest of ægis-bearing Jove.
 Fearfully heaven was shaken, and did move
 Beneath the might of the cerulean-eyed;
 Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide;
 And, lifted from his depths, the Sea swelled high

In purple billows; the tide suddenly
 Stood still; and great Hyperion's Son long time
 Checked his swift steeds: till, where she stood sublime,
 Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
 The arms divine. Wise Jove rejoiced to view.
 Child of the ægis bearer, hail to thee!
 Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.



THE GORGON'S HEAD.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter," 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860; "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

PERSEUS was the son of Danaë, who was the daughter of a king, and when Perseus was a very little boy some wicked people put his mother and himself into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. The wind blew freshly and drove the chest away from the shore, and the uneasy billows tossed it up and down, while Danaë clasped her child closely to her bosom, and dreaded that some big wave would dash its foamy crest over them both. The chest sailed on, however, and neither sank nor was upset, until, when night was coming, it floated so near an island that it got entangled in a fisherman's nets and was drawn out high and dry upon the sand. The island was called Seriphus, and it was reigned over by King Polydectes, who happened to be the fisherman's brother.

This fisherman, I am glad to tell you, was an exceedingly humane and upright man. He showed great kindness to Danaë and her little boy, and continued to befriend them until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active and skillful in the use of arms. Long before this time King Polydectes had seen the two strangers—the mother and her

child—who had come to his dominions in a floating chest. As he was not good and kind like his brother the fisherman, but extremely wicked, he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous enterprise in which he would probably be killed, and then to do some great mischief to Danaë herself. So this bad-hearted king spent a long while in considering what was the most dangerous thing that a young man could possibly undertake to perform. At last, having hit upon an enterprise that promised to turn out as fatally as he desired, he sent for the youthful Perseus.

The young man came to the palace, and found the king sitting upon his throne.

"Perseus," said King Polydectes, smiling craftily upon him, "you are grown up a fine young man. You and your good mother have received a great deal of kindness from myself, as well as from my worthy brother the fisherman, and I suppose you would not be sorry to repay some of it."

"Please, your majesty," answered Perseus, "I would willingly risk my life to do so."

"Well, then," continued the king, still with a cunning smile on his lips, "I have a little adventure to propose to you; and, as you are a brave and enterprising youth, you will doubtless look upon it as a great piece of good luck to have so rare an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. You must know, my good Perseus, I think of getting married to the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and it is customary on these occasions to make the bride a present of some far-fetched and elegant curiosity. I have been a little perplexed, I must honestly confess, where to obtain anything likely to please a princess of her exquisite taste. But this morning, I flatter myself, I have thought of precisely the article."

"And can I assist your majesty in obtaining it?" cried Perseus, eagerly.

"You can, if you are as brave a youth as I believe you to be," replied King Polydectes, with the utmost graciousness of manner. "The bridal gift which I have set my heart on presenting to the beautiful Hippodamia is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky locks, and I depend on you, my dear Perseus, to bring it to me. So, as I am anxious to settle affairs with the princess, the sooner you go in quest of the Gorgon the better I shall be pleased."

"I will set out to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Pray do so, my gallant youth," rejoined the king. "And, Perseus, in cutting off the Gorgon's head be careful to make a clean stroke, so as not to injure its appearance. You must bring it home in the very best condition in order to suit the exquisite taste of the beautiful Princess Hippodamia."

Perseus left the palace, but was scarcely out of hearing before Polydectes burst into a laugh, being greatly amused, wicked king that he was, to find how readily the young man fell into the snare. The news quickly spread abroad that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snake locks. Everybody was rejoiced, for most of the inhabitants of the island were as wicked as the king himself, and would have liked nothing better than to see some enormous mischief happen to Danaë and her son. The only good man in this unfortunate island of Seriphus appears to have been the fisherman. As Perseus walked along, therefore, the people pointed after him, and made mouths, and winked to one another, and ridiculed him as loudly as they dared.

"Ho, ho!" cried they; "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!"

Now, there were three Gorgons alive at that period, and they were the most strange and terrible monsters that had ever been seen since the world was made, or that have been seen in after days, or that are likely to be seen in all time to come. I hardly know what sort of creature or hobgoblin to call them. They were three sisters, and seem to have borne some distant resemblance to woman, but were really a very frightful and mischievous species of dragon. It is indeed difficult to imagine what hideous beings these three sisters were. Why, instead of locks of hair, if you can believe me, they had each of them a hundred enormous snakes growing on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and thrusting out their venomous tongues with forked stings at the end. The teeth of the Gorgons were terribly long tusks; their hands were made of brass; and their bodies were all over scales, which, if not iron, were something as hard and impenetrable. They had wings, too, and exceedingly splendid ones, I can assure you, for every feather in them was pure, bright, glittering, burnished gold, and they looked very dazzling, no doubt, when the Gorgons were flying about in the sunshine.

But when people happened to catch a glimpse of their glittering brightness aloft in the air, they seldom stopped to gaze,

but ran and hid themselves as speedily as they could. You will think, perhaps, that they were afraid of being stung by the serpents that served the Gorgons instead of hair, or of having their heads bitten off by their ugly tusks, or of being torn all to pieces by their brazen claws. Well, to be sure, these were some of the dangers, but by no means the greatest nor the most difficult to avoid. For the worst thing about these abominable Gorgons was that if once a poor mortal fixed his eyes full upon one of their faces, he was certain that very instant to be changed from warm flesh and blood into cold and lifeless stone.

Thus, as you will easily perceive, it was a very dangerous adventure that the wicked King Polydectes had contrived for this innocent young man. Perseus himself, when he had thought over the matter, could not help seeing that he had very little chance of coming safely through it, and that he was far more likely to become a stone image than to bring back the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. For, not to speak of other difficulties, there was one which it would have puzzled an older man than Perseus to get over. Not only must he fight with and slay this golden-winged, iron-sealed, long-tusked, brazen-clawed, snaky-haired monster, but he must do it with his eyes shut, or at least without so much as a glance at the enemy with whom he was contending. Else, while his arm was lifted to strike, he would stiffen into stone, and stand with that uplifted arm for centuries, until time and the wind and weather should crumble him quite away. This would be a very sad thing to befall a young man who wanted to perform a great many brave deeds and to enjoy a great deal of happiness in this bright and beautiful world.

So disconsolate did these thoughts make him that Perseus could not bear to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from the island to the mainland, where he sat down in a solitary place and hardly refrained from shedding tears.

But while he was in this sorrowful mood he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

He lifted his head from his hands, in which he had hidden it, and, behold! all alone as Perseus had supposed himself to be, there was a stranger in the solitary place. It was a brisk, intelligent, and remarkably shrewd-looking young man, with

a cloak over his shoulders, an odd sort of cap on his head, a strangely twisted staff in his hand, and a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side. He was exceeding light and active in his figure, like a person much accustomed to gymnastic exercises and well able to leap or run. Above all, the stranger had such a cheerful, knowing, and helpful aspect (though it was certainly a little mischievous into the bargain) that Perseus could not help feeling his spirits grow livelier as he gazed at him. Besides, being really a courageous youth, he felt greatly ashamed that anybody should have found him with tears in his eyes, like a timid little schoolboy, when, after all, there might be no occasion for despair. So Perseus wiped his eyes and answered the stranger pretty briskly, putting on as brave a look as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said he; "only thoughtful about an adventure that I have undertaken."

"Oho!" answered the stranger. "Well, tell me all about it, and possibly I may be of service to you. I have helped a good many young men through adventures that looked difficult enough beforehand. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I have more names than one, but the name of Quicksilver suits me as well as any other. Tell me what your trouble is, and we will talk the matter over and see what can be done."

The stranger's words and manner put Perseus into quite a different mood from his former one. He resolved to tell Quicksilver all his difficulties, since he could not easily be worse off than he already was, and very possibly his new friend might give him some advice that would turn out well in the end. So he let the stranger know, in few words, precisely what the case was — how that King Polydectes wanted the head of Medusa with the snaky locks as a bridal gift for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and how that he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"And that would be a great pity," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile. "You would make a very handsome marble statue, it is true, and it would be a considerable number of centuries before you crumbled away, but, on the whole, one would rather be a young man for a few years than a stone image for a great many."

"Oh, far rather!" exclaimed Perseus, with the tears again standing in his eyes. "And, besides, what would my dear mother do if her beloved son were turned into a stone?"

"Well, well ! let us hope that the affair will not turn out so very badly," replied Quicksilver in an encouraging tone. "I am the very person to help you, if anybody can. My sister and myself will do our utmost to bring you safe through the adventure, ugly as it now looks."

"Your sister?" repeated Perseus.

"Yes, my sister," said the stranger. "She is very wise, I promise you : and as for myself, I generally have all my wits about me, such as they are. If you show yourself bold and cautious and follow our advice, you need not fear being a stone image yet a while. But, first of all, you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as distinctly as in a mirror."

This seemed to Perseus rather an odd beginning of the adventure, for he thought it of far more consequence that the shield should be strong enough to defend him from the Gorgons' brazen claws than that it should be bright enough to show him the reflection of his face. However, concluding that Quicksilver knew better than himself, he immediately set to work and scrubbed the shield with so much diligence and good will that it very quickly shone like the moon at harvest time. Quicksilver looked at it with a smile and nodded his approbation. Then, taking off his own short and crooked sword, he girded it about Perseus, instead of the one which he had before worn.

"No sword but mine will answer your purpose," observed he ; "the blade has a most excellent temper, and will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slenderest twig. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Gray Women !" cried Perseus, to whom this seemed only a new difficulty in the path of his adventure ; "pray, who may the Three Gray Women be ? I never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange old ladies," said Quicksilver, laughing. "They have but one eye among them, and only one tooth. Moreover, you must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, for they never show themselves by the light either of the sun or moon."

"But," said Perseus, "why should I waste my time with these Three Gray Women ? Would it not be better to set out at once in search of the terrible Gorgons ?"

"No, no," answered his friend. "There are other things to be done before you can find your way to the Gorgons. There is nothing for it but to hunt up these old ladies, and when we meet with them you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring."

Perseus by this time felt so much confidence in his companion's sagacity that he made no more objections, and professed himself ready to begin the adventure immediately. They accordingly set out and walked at a pretty brisk pace—so brisk, indeed, that Perseus found it rather difficult to keep up with his nimble friend Quicksilver. To say the truth, he had a singular idea that Quicksilver was furnished with a pair of winged shoes, which of course helped him along marvelously. And then, too, when Perseus looked sideways at him out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to see wings on the side of his head, although, if he turned a full gaze, there were no such things to be perceived, but only an odd kind of cap. But, at all events, the twisted staff was evidently a great convenience to Quicksilver, and enabled him to proceed so fast that Perseus, though a remarkably active young man, began to be out of breath.

"Here!" cried Quicksilver at last—for he knew well enough, rogue that he was, how hard Perseus found it to keep pace with him—"take you the staff, for you need it a great deal more than I. Are there no better walkers than yourself in the island of Seriphus?"

"I could walk pretty well," said Perseus, glancing slyly at his companion's feet, "if I had only a pair of winged shoes."

"We must see about getting you a pair," answered Quicksilver.

But the staff helped Perseus along so bravely that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand, and to lend some of its life to Perseus. He and Quicksilver now walked onward at their ease, talking very sociably together, and Quicksilver told so many pleasant stories about his former adventures, and how well his wits had served him on various occasions, that Perseus began to think him a very wonderful person. He evidently knew the world, and nobody is so charming to a young man as a friend who has that kind of knowledge. Perseus listened the more eagerly in the hope of brightening his own wits by what he heard.

At last he happened to recollect that Quicksilver had spoken

of a sister who was to lend her assistance in the adventure which they were now bound upon.

"Where is she?" he inquired. "Shall we not meet her soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his companion. "But this sister of mine, you must understand, is quite a different sort of character from myself. She is very grave and prudent, seldom smiles, never laughs, and makes it a rule not to utter a word unless she has something particularly profound to say. Neither will she listen to any but the wisest conversation."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Perseus; "I shall be afraid to say a syllable."

"She is a very accomplished person, I assure you," continued Quicksilver, "and has all the arts and sciences at her fingers' ends. In short, she is so immoderately wise that many people call her wisdom personified. But, to tell you the truth, she has hardly vivacity enough for my taste, and I think you would scarcely find her so pleasant a traveling companion as myself. She has her good points, nevertheless, and you will find the benefit of them in your encounter with the Gorgons."

By this time it had grown quite dusk. They were now come to a very wild and desert place, overgrown with shaggy bushes, and so silent and solitary that nobody seemed ever to have dwelt or journeyed there. All was waste and desolate in the gray twilight, which grew every moment more obscure. Perseus looked about him rather disconsolately, and asked Quicksilver whether they had a great deal farther to go.

"Hist! hist!" whispered his companion. "Make no noise. This is just the time and place to meet the Three Gray Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you see them, for, though they have but a single eye among the three, it is as sharp-sighted as half a dozen common eyes."

"But what must I do," asked Perseus, "when we meet them?"

Quicksilver explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye. They were in the habit, it seems, of changing it from one to another, as if it had been a pair of spectacles or — which would have suited them better — a quizzing glass. When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters whose turn it might happen to be, and who im-

mediately clapped it into her own head and enjoyed a peep at the visible world. Thus it will easily be understood that only one of the Three Gray Women could see, while the other two were in utter darkness; and, moreover, at the instant when the eye was passing from hand to hand neither of the poor old ladies was able to see a wink. I have heard of a great many strange things in my day, and have witnessed not a few, but none, it seems to me, that can compare with the oddity of these Three Gray Women all peeping through a single eye.

So thought Perseus likewise, and was so astonished that he almost fancied his companion was joking with him, and that there were no such old women in the world.

"You will soon find whether I tell the truth or no," observed Quicksilver. "Hark! hush! hist! hist! There they come, now!"

Perseus looked earnestly through the dusk of the evening, and there, sure enough, at no great distance off, he descried the Three Gray Women. The light being so faint, he could not well make out what sort of figures they were, only he discovered that they had long gray hair, and as they came nearer he saw that two of them had but the empty socket of an eye in the middle of their foreheads. But in the middle of the third sister's forehead there was a very large, bright, and piercing eye, which sparkled like a great diamond in a ring; and so penetrating did it seem to be that Perseus could not help thinking it must possess the gift of seeing in the darkest midnight just as perfectly as at noonday. The sight of three persons' eyes was melted and collected into that single one.

Thus the three old dames got along about as comfortably, upon the whole, as if they could all see at once. She who chanced to have the eye in her forehead led the other two by the hands, peeping sharply about her all the while, inso-much that Perseus dreaded lest she should see right through the thick clump of bushes behind which he and Quicksilver had hidden themselves. My stars! it was positively terrible to be within reach of so very sharp an eye.

But before they reached the clump of bushes one of the Three Gray Women spoke.

"Sister! Sister Scarecrow!" cried she, "you have had the eye long enough. It is my turn now!"

"Let me keep it a moment longer, Sister Nightmare," an-

swered Scarecrow. "I thought I had a glimpse of something behind that thick bush."

"Well, and what of that?" retorted Nightmare, peevishly. "Can't I see into a thick bush as easily as yourself? The eye is mine as well as yours, and I know the use of it as well as you, or maybe a little better. I insist upon taking a peep immediately."

But here the third sister, whose name was Shakejoint, began to complain, and said that it was her turn to have the eye, and that Scarecrow and Nightmare wanted to keep it all to themselves. To end the dispute, old Dame Scarecrow took the eye out of her forehead and held it forth in her hand.

"Take it, one of you," cried she, "and quit this foolish quarreling. For my part, I shall be glad of a little thick darkness. Take it quickly, however, or I must clap it into my own head again."

Accordingly, both Nightmare and Shakejoint stretched out their hands, groping eagerly to snatch the eye out of the hand of Scarecrow. But, being both alike blind, they could not easily find where Scarecrow's hand was; and Scarecrow, being now just as much in the dark as Shakejoint and Nightmare, could not at once meet either of their hands in order to put the eye into it. Thus (as you will see with half an eye, my wise little auditors) these good old dames had fallen into a strange perplexity. For, though the eye shone and glistened like a star as Scarecrow held it out, yet the Gray Women caught not the least glimpse of its light, and were, all three, in utter darkness from too impatient a desire to see.

Quicksilver was so much tickled at beholding Shakejoint and Nightmare both groping for the eye, and each finding fault with Scarecrow and with one another, that he could scarcely help laughing aloud.

"Now is your time!" he whispered to Perseus. "Quick, quick! before they can clap the eye into either of their heads. Rush out upon the old ladies and snatch it from Scarecrow's hand."

In an instant, while the Three Gray Women were still scolding each other, Perseus leaped from behind the clump of bushes and made himself master of the prize. The marvelous eye, as he held it in his hand, shone very brightly, and seemed to look up into his face with a knowing air, and an expression as if it would have winked had it been provided with a pair of

eyelids for that purpose. But the Gray Women knew nothing of what had happened, and, each supposing that one of her sisters was in possession of the eye, they began their quarrel anew. At last, as Perseus did not wish to put these respectable dames to greater inconvenience than was really necessary, he thought it right to explain the matter.

"My good ladies," said he, "pray do not be angry with one another. If anybody is in fault, it is myself, for I have the honor to hold your very brilliant and excellent eye in my own hand."

"You! you have our eye? And who are you?" screamed the Three Gray Women all in a breath, for they were terribly frightened, of course, at hearing a strange voice and discovering that their eyesight had got into the hands of they could not guess whom. "Oh, what shall we do, sisters? what shall we do? We are all in the dark! Give us our eye! Give us our one precious, solitary eye! You have two of your own! Give us our eye!"

"Tell them," whispered Quicksilver to Perseus, "that they shall have back the eye as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet, and the helmet of darkness."

"My dear, good, admirable old ladies," said Perseus, addressing the Gray Women, "there is no occasion for putting yourselves into such a fright. I am by no means a bad young man. You shall have back your eye, safe and sound and as bright as ever, the moment you tell me where to find the Nymphs."

"The Nymphs! Goodness me! sisters, what Nymphs does he mean?" screamed Scarecrow. "There are a great many Nymphs, people say — some that go a hunting in the woods, and some that live inside of trees, and some that have a comfortable home in fountains of water. We know nothing at all about them. We are three unfortunate old souls that go wandering about in the dusk, and never had but one eye among us, and that one you have stolen away. Oh, give it back, good stranger! whoever you are, give it back!"

All this while the Three Gray Women were groping with their outstretched hands and trying their utmost to get hold of Perseus, but he took good care to keep out of their reach.

"My respectable dames," said he — for his mother had taught him always to use the greatest civility — "I hold your eye fast in my hand, and shall keep it safely for you until you please to

tell me where to find these Nymphs—the Nymphs, I mean, who keep the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers, and the—what is it?—the helmet of invisibility.”

“Mercy on us, sisters! what is the young man talking about?” exclaimed Scarecrow, Nightmare, and Shakejoint one to another, with great appearance of astonishment. “A pair of flying slippers, quoth he! His heels would quickly fly higher than his head if he were silly enough to put them on. And a helmet of invisibility! How could a helmet make him invisible unless it were big enough for him to hide under it? And the enchanted wallet! What sort of a contrivance may that be, I wonder? No, no, good stranger! we can tell you nothing of these marvelous things. You have two eyes of your own, and we but a single one among us three. You can find out such wonders better than three blind old creatures like us.”

Perseus, hearing them talk in this way, began really to think that the Gray Women knew nothing of the matter, and, as it grieved him to have put them to so much trouble, he was just on the point of restoring their eye and asking pardon for his rudeness in snatching it away. But Quicksilver caught his hand.

“Don’t let them make a fool of you,” said he. “These Three Gray Women are the only persons in the world that can tell you where to find the Nymphs, and unless you get that information you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Keep fast hold of the eye and all will go well.”

As it turned out, Quicksilver was in the right. There are but few things that people prize so much as they do their eyesight, and the Gray Women valued their single eye as highly as if it had been half a dozen, which was the number they ought to have had. Finding that there was no other way of recovering it, they at last told Perseus what he wanted to know. No sooner had they done so than he immediately and with the utmost respect clapped the eye into the vacant socket in one of their foreheads, thanked them for their kindness, and bade them farewell. Before the young man was out of hearing, however, they had got into a new dispute because he happened to have given the eye to Scarecrow, who had already taken her turn of it when their trouble with Perseus commenced.

It is greatly to be feared that the Three Gray Women were very much in the habit of disturbing their mutual harmony by

bickerings of this sort, which was the more pity as they could not conveniently do without one another, and were evidently intended to be inseparable companions. As a general rule, I would advise all people, whether sisters or brothers, old or young, who chance to have but one eye among them, to cultivate forbearance, and not all insist upon peeping through it at once.

Quicksilver and Perseus in the mean time were making the best of their way in quest of the Nymphs. The old dames had given them such particular directions that they were not long in finding them out. They proved to be very different persons from Nightmare, Shakejoint, and Scarecrow, for instead of being old they were young and beautiful, and instead of one eye among the sisterhood each Nymph had two exceedingly bright eyes of her own, with which she looked very kindly at Perseus. They seemed to be acquainted with Quicksilver, and when he told them the adventure which Perseus had undertaken they made no difficulty about giving him the valuable articles that were in their custody. In the first place, they brought out what appeared to be a small purse, made of deerskin and curiously embroidered, and bade him be sure and keep it safe. This was the magic wallet. The Nymphs next produced a pair of shoes or slippers or sandals with a nice little pair of wings at the heel of each.

"Put them on, Perseus," said Quicksilver. "You will find yourself as light-heeled as you can desire for the remainder of our journey."

So Perseus proceeded to put one of the slippers on, while he laid the other on the ground by his side. Unexpectedly, however, this other slipper spread its wings, fluttered up off the ground, and would probably have flown away if Quicksilver had not made a leap and luckily caught it in the air.

"Be more careful," said he as he gave it back to Perseus. "It would frighten the birds up aloft if they should see a flying slipper amongst them."

When Perseus had got on both of these wonderful slippers he was altogether too buoyant to tread on earth. Making a step or two, lo and behold! upward he popped into the air, high above the heads of Quicksilver and the Nymphs, and found it very difficult to clamber down again. Winged slippers and all such high-flying contrivances are seldom quite easy to manage until one grows a little accustomed to them. Quicksilver

laughed at his companion's involuntary activity, and told him that he must not be in so desperate a hurry, but must wait for the invisible helmet.

The good-natured Nymphs had the helmet with its dark tuft of waving plumes all in readiness to put upon his head. And now there happened about as wonderful an incident as anything that I have yet told you. The instant before the helmet was put on, there stood Perseus, a beautiful young man with golden ringlets and rosy cheeks, the crooked sword by his side, and the brightly polished shield upon his arm—a figure that seemed all made up of courage, sprightliness, and glorious light. But when the helmet had descended over his white brow there was no longer any Perseus to be seen! Nothing but empty air! Even the helmet that covered him with its invisibility had vanished!

“Where are you, Perseus?” asked Quicksilver.

“Why, here, to be sure!” answered Perseus, very quietly, although his voice seemed to come out of the transparent atmosphere. “Just where I was a moment ago. Don’t you see me?”

“No, indeed!” answered his friend. “You are hidden under the helmet. But if I cannot see you, neither can the Gorgons. Follow me, therefore, and we will try your dexterity in using the winged slippers.”

With these words Quicksilver’s cap spread its wings, as if his head were about to fly away from his shoulders; but his whole figure rose lightly into the air, and Perseus followed. By the time they had ascended a few hundred feet the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him and to be able to flit about like a bird.

It was now deep night. Perseus looked upward and saw the round, bright, silvery moon, and thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again and saw the earth, with its seas and lakes, and the silver courses of its rivers, and snowy mountain peaks, and the breadth of its fields, and the dark cluster of its woods, and its cities of white marble; and, with the moonshine sleeping over the whole scene, it was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be. And, among other objects, he saw the island of Seriphus, where his dear mother was. Sometimes he and Quicksilver approached a cloud that at a distance looked as if it were made of fleecy silver, although

when they plunged into it they found themselves chilled and moistened with gray mist. So swift was their flight, however, that in an instant they emerged from the cloud into the moonlight again. Once a high-soaring eagle flew right against the invisible Perseus. The bravest sights were the meteors that gleamed suddenly out as if a bonfire had been kindled in the sky, and made the sunshine pale for as much as a hundred miles around them.

As the two companions flew onward Perseus fancied that he could hear the rustle of a garment close by his side; and it was on the side opposite to the one where he beheld Quicksilver, yet only Quicksilver was visible.

"Whose garment is this," inquired Perseus, "that keeps rustling close beside me in the breeze?"

"Oh, it is my sister's!" answered Quicksilver. "She is coming along with us, as I told you she would. We could do nothing without the help of my sister. You have no idea how wise she is. She has such eyes, too! Why, she can see you at this moment just as distinctly as if you were not invisible, and I'll venture to say she will be the first to discover the Gorgons."

By this time, in their swift voyage through the air, they had come within sight of the great ocean, and were soon flying over it. Far beneath them the waves tossed themselves tumultuously in mid sea, or rolled a white surf line upon the long beaches, or foamed against the rocky cliffs with a roar that was thunderous in the lower world, although it became a gentle murmur, like the voice of a baby half asleep, before it reached the ears of Perseus. Just then a voice spoke in the air close by him. It seemed to be a woman's voice, and was melodious, though not exactly what might be called sweet, but grave and mild.

"Perseus," said the voice, "there are the Gorgons."

"Where?" exclaimed Perseus. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island beneath you," replied the voice. "A pebble dropped from your hand would strike in the midst of them."

"I told you she would be the first to discover them," said Quicksilver to Perseus. "And there they are!"

Straight downward, two or three thousand feet below him, Perseus perceived a small island with the sea breaking into white foam all around its rocky shore except on one side, where there was a beach of snowy sand. He descended toward it,

and, looking earnestly at a cluster or heap of brightness at the foot of a precipice of black rocks, behold, there were the terrible Gorgons ! They lay fast asleep, soothed by the thunder of the sea, for it required a tumult that would have deafened everybody else to lull such fierce creatures into slumber. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales and on their golden wings, which drooped idly over the sand. Their brazen claws, horrible to look at, were thrust out and clutched the wave-beaten fragments of rock, while the sleeping Gorgons dreamed of tearing some poor mortal all to pieces. The snakes that served them instead of hair seemed likewise to be asleep, although now and then one would writhe and lift its head and thrust out its forked tongue, emitting a drowsy hiss, and then let itself subside among its sister snakes.

The Gorgons were more like an awful gigantic kind of insect—immense golden-winged beetles or dragon flies or things of that sort, at once ugly and beautiful—than like anything else, only that they were a thousand and a million times as big. And, with all this, there was something partly human about them, too. Luckily for Perseus, their faces were completely hidden from him by the posture in which they lay, for had he but looked one instant at them he would have fallen heavily out of the air, an image of senseless stone.

"Now," whispered Quicksilver, as he hovered by the side of Perseus,—"now is your time to do the deed ! Be quick, for if one of the Gorgons should awake, you are too late."

"Which shall I strike at ?" asked Perseus, drawing his sword and descending a little lower. "They all three look alike. All three have snaky locks. Which of the three is Medusa ?"

It must be understood that Medusa was the only one of these dragon monsters whose head Perseus could possibly cut off. As for the other two, let him have the sharpest sword that ever was forged, and he might have hacked away by the hour together without doing them the least harm.

"Be cautious," said the calm voice which had before spoken to him. "One of the Gorgons is stirring in her sleep, and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. The sight would turn you to stone. Look at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Perseus now understood Quicksilver's motive for so earnestly exhorting him to polish his shield. In its surface he could safely

look at the reflection of the Gorgon's face. And there it was, that terrible countenance, mirrored in the brightness of the shield, with the moonlight falling over it and displaying all its horror. The snakes, whose venomous natures could not altogether sleep, kept twisting themselves over the forehead. It was the fiercest and most horrible face that ever was seen or imagined, and yet with a strange, fearful, and savage kind of beauty in it. The eyes were closed and the Gorgon was still in a deep slumber, but there was an unquiet expression disturbing her features, as if the monster was troubled with an ugly dream. She gnashed her white tusks and dug into the sand with her brazen claws.

The snakes, too, seemed to feel Medusa's dream and to be made more restless by it. They twined themselves into tumultuous knots, writhed fiercely, and uplifted a hundred hissing heads without opening their eyes.

"Now, now!" whispered Quicksilver, who was growing impatient. "Make a dash at the monster!"

"But be calm," said the grave, melodious voice at the young man's side. "Look in your shield as you fly downward, and take care that you do not miss your first stroke."

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still keeping his eyes on Medusa's face as reflected in his shield. The nearer he came the more terrible did the snaky visage and metallic body of the monster grow. At last, when he found himself hovering over her within arm's length, Perseus uplifted his sword, while at the same instant each separate snake upon the Gorgon's head stretched threateningly upward and Medusa unclosed her eyes. But she awoke too late. The sword was sharp, the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and the head of the wicked Medusa tumbled from her body!

"Admirably done!" cried Quicksilver. "Make haste and clap the head into your magic wallet."

To the astonishment of Perseus, the small embroidered wallet which he had hung about his neck, and which had hitherto been no bigger than a purse, grew all at once large enough to contain Medusa's head. As quick as thought he snatched it up, with the snakes still writhing upon it, and thrust it in.

"Your task is done," said the calm voice. "Now fly, for the other Gorgons will do their utmost to take vengeance for Medusa's death."

It was indeed necessary to take flight, for Perseus had not done the deed so quietly but that the clash of his sword and the hissing of the snakes and the thump of Medusa's head as it tumbled upon the sea-beaten sand awoke the other two monsters. There they sat for an instant, sleepily rubbing their eyes with their brazen fingers, while all the snakes on their heads reared themselves on end with surprise and with venomous malice against they knew not what. But when the Gorgons saw the scaly carcass of Medusa headless, and her golden wings all ruffled and half spread out on the sand, it was really awful to hear what yells and screeches they set up. And then the snakes ! They sent forth a hundredfold hiss with one consent, and Medusa's snakes answered them out of the magic wallet.

No sooner were the Gorgons broad awake than they hurtled upward into the air, brandishing their brass talons, gnashing their horrible tusks, and flapping their huge wings so wildly that some of the golden feathers were shaken out and floated down upon the shore. And there, perhaps, those very feathers lie scattered till this day. Up rose the Gorgons, as I tell you, staring horribly about in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had he fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her boy again. But he took good care to turn his eyes another way, and as he wore the helmet of invisibility, the Gorgons knew not in what direction to follow him ; nor did he fail to make the best use of the winged slippers by soaring upward a perpendicular mile or so. At that height, when the screams of those abominable creatures sounded faintly beneath him, he made a straight course for the island of Seriphus, in order to carry Medusa's head to King Polydectes.

I have no time to tell you of several marvelous things that befell Perseus on his way homeward, such as his killing a hideous sea monster just as it was on the point of devouring a beautiful maiden, nor how he changed an enormous giant into a mountain of stone merely by showing him the head of the Gorgon. If you doubt this latter story, you may make a voyage to Africa some day or other and see the very mountain, which is still known by the ancient giant's name.

Finally, our brave Perseus arrived at the island, where he expected to see his dear mother. But during his absence the wicked king had treated Danaë so very ill that she was compelled to make her escape, and had taken refuge in a temple,

where some good old priests were extremely kind to her. These praiseworthy priests, and the kind-hearted fisherman who had first shown hospitality to Danaë and little Perseus when he found them afloat in the chest, seem to have been the only persons on the island who cared about doing right. All the rest of the people, as well as King Polydectes himself, were remarkably ill-behaved, and deserved no better destiny than that which was now to happen.

Not finding his mother at home, Perseus went straight to the palace, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. Polydectes was by no means rejoiced to see him, for he had felt almost certain in his own evil mind that the Gorgons would have torn the poor young man to pieces and have eaten him up out of the way. However, seeing him safely returned, he put the best face he could upon the matter and asked Perseus how he had succeeded.

"Have you performed your promise?" inquired he. "Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear, for I must have a bridal present for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and there is nothing else that she would admire so much."

"Yes, please your majesty," answered Perseus in a quiet way, as if it were no very wonderful deed for such a young man as he to perform. "I have brought you the Gorgon's head, snaky locks, and all."

"Indeed! Pray let me see it," quoth King Polydectes. "It must be a very curious spectacle, if all that travelers tell about it be true."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied Perseus. "It is really an object that will be pretty certain to fix the regards of all who look at it. And, if your majesty think fit, I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed, and that all your majesty's subjects be summoned to behold this wonderful curiosity. Few of them, I imagine, have seen a Gorgon's head before, and perhaps never may again."

The king well knew that his subjects were an idle set of reprobates, and very fond of sight-seeing, as idle persons usually are. So he took the young man's advice, and sent out heralds and messengers in all directions to blow the trumpet at the street corners and in the market places and wherever two roads met, and summon everybody to court. Thither, accordingly, came a great multitude of good-for-nothing vagabonds, all of

whom, out of pure love of mischief, would have been glad if Perseus had met with some ill hap in his encounter with the Gorgons. If there were any better people in the island (as I really hope there may have been, although the story tells nothing about any such), they stayed quietly at home, minding their own business and taking care of their little children. Most of the inhabitants, at all events, ran as fast as they could to the palace, and shoved and pushed and elbowed one another in their eagerness to get near a balcony on which Perseus showed himself holding the embroidered wallet in his hand.

On a platform within full view of the balcony sat the mighty King Polydectes, amid his evil counselors and with his flattering courtiers in a semicircle round about him. Monarch, counselors, courtiers, and subjects all gazed eagerly toward Perseus.

"Show us the head! Show us the head!" shouted the people; and there was a fierceness in their cry, as if they would tear Perseus to pieces unless he should satisfy them with what he had to show. "Show us the head of Medusa with the snaky locks!"

A feeling of sorrow and pity came over the youthful Perseus.

"O King Polydectes," cried he, "and ye many people, I am very loath to show you the Gorgon's head."

"Ah, the villain and coward!" yelled the people, more fiercely than before. "He is making game of us! He has no Gorgon's head! Show us the head if you have it, or we will take your own head for a football!"

The evil counselors whispered bad advice in the king's ear; the courtiers murmured, with one consent, that Perseus had shown disrespect to their royal lord and master; and the great King Polydectes himself waved his hand and ordered him, with the stern, deep voice of authority, on his peril to produce the head:—

"Show me the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own!"

And Perseus sighed.

"This instant," repeated Polydectes, "or you die!"

"Behold it, then!" cried Perseus, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

And suddenly holding up the head, not an eyelid had time to wink before the wicked King Polydectes, his evil counselors, and all his fierce subjects were no longer anything but the mere images of a monarch and his people. They were all fixed forever in the look and attitude of that moment. At the first

glimpse of the terrible head of Medusa they whitened into marble. And Perseus thrust the head back into his wallet, and went to tell his dear mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked King Polydectes.



PROMETHEUS.

BY LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense?
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe,
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until his voice is echoless.

II.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,

The ruling principle of Hate,
 Which for its pleasure doth create
 The things it may annihilate,
 Refused thee even the boon to die:
 The wretched gift eternity
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it well.
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
 Was but the menace which flung back
 On him the torments of thy rack;
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

III.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To Mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself — and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentrated recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory.

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THE LITERATURE OF HISTORY

BY PROFESSOR MAHAFFY

It is seldom fully appreciated, what a very large share of the world's literature is history of some sort. The primitive savage is probably the only kind of man who takes no interest in it; except it be that the memory of the dead is often carefully obliterated by him, and the names, or even words suggesting the names, of his fathers, tabooed from his speech. But as soon as a spark of civilisation illumines this primitive darkness, men begin to take an interest in other men, not only beyond their own immediate surroundings, but beyond the limits of their own generation. Interest in the past and provision for the future are perhaps the essential mental differences between the civilised man and the savage.

According as this care for the past and the future increases, all literature divides itself into that which concerns the forces of nature and that which concerns the history of man. Almost all the literature of imagination starts from this latter. Epic poems profess to tell the history of heroes. Tragic poems profess to analyse their emotions at some great crisis of their lives. Lyric poems are of interest, chiefly as giving us the history of the poet's soul. Even the modern novel, which is avowedly fictitious, must base itself upon the history of ordinary men, and borrows most of its plots from actual occurrences in their lives. The historical novel is a manifest bridge between the actual occurrences of past time, and the desire to know more of the motives, of the colour, of the character of the actors, than has been handed down in contemporary documents. This kind of novel, if professorial, like the

Egyptian books of Ebers, may approach the tamest record of the facts; if artistic, like those of Walter Scott, it may be almost a work of pure imagination. But the historical interest is always there, and it may be doubted whether the story of any invented being, formally divorced from the annals of known men, will ever excite the keen and permanent interest which the history of such a man as Alexander of Macedon or Napoleon will always command. The mass of fiction which gathered round the name of the former all pretends to be history; the vast libraries of Napoleonic books contain plenty of fiction; but the fiction is of little interest in comparison with the real history of that wonderful life.

As history in the widest sense therefore embraces the greater part of literature, we must here confine ourselves to what is strictly such—the efforts made by many writers in many nations for the last 3000 years either to ascertain the history of men who lived before them, who live away from them, or else to give us a picture of the society in which they themselves have lived.

So long as the belief in a golden age, in a heroic past, dominated the imagination of men, so long both epic poems and annals were occupied with the uncertain and legendary past. The history of Herodotus is justly regarded as the masterpiece in a new line, the attempt to narrate a great struggle which was still in the memory of old men, and also to show how the earlier conditions of Greece and of Asia led up to this struggle. And here for the first time the literary side of such a work was made important in contrast to the dry annals or mere enumeration of events, which was the earlier method of escaping from the fables of the romancers into the domain of real facts. The antagonism to the ornamental or poetical treatment was too strong in these annals. Sober men then made the mistake which sober men do now; they imagined that if we could only ascertain the bare facts, we should have before us the true history of the past. Such a notion is chimerical; unless we have living men reproduced with their passions and the logic of their feeling, we have no real human history. The historical novel gives us a far closer approximation to the whole truth than the chronological table. Hence the genius of Herodotus,

like the genius of the Old Testament historians, hit upon the great truth that every worthy portrait is a character-portrait, and that the perfection of such a portrait depends as much upon the painter as upon the subject of the painting. Herodotus' individual men and women, nay, his individual city-states, live in our imagination. He has done most of all men to make the history of Greece a subject of eternal interest. Plutarch is his only rival in this respect. Had these two authors been lost, the educated public in all the European nations would long since have lost touch with the Greeks, and the interest in Greek things might have been confined to the lesser audience of artists and scholars.

If it be felt that Herodotus has still the obscure feeling of making history an epic poem, that he has too many digressions and halting-places—yet how precious they are!—the Greeks have supplied us with a strong antidote. By reason of that curious law, which forbids literary genius to appear sporadically (as in the exceptional case of Dante), but rather in clusters (as in the Periclean, Elizabethan, and Napoleonic epochs), we have as a great rival and contemporary of Herodotus the historian Thucydides. In deliberate antagonism to the free and easy gossiping of the old school traveller, who often delays the great march of his immortal epic by refreshing his readers with posies from the flowery fields of anecdote, this other literary genius lets us know clearly, without condescending to say it oftener than in one brief sentence, that the permanent value of history (in his opinion) lies not in the social or artistic side, but in the progress of political movements, in the conflicts of great principles, which mould the character and condition of nations. To him the war between Athens and Sparta, even down to its petty and monotonous raids, is far more important than the sculpture of Phidias, the poetry of Sophocles, the buildings of Ictinus and Mnesicles. With him, as with a great school of modern historians, from Macchiavelli to Seeley, politics dominate the world, and therefore political history exceeds all other in value and in interest.

But is it possible for any thoughtful man, living and taking part in the political controversies of his day, to give us an objective

record of his own time? This is what Thucydides professes to do; and so well has he concealed his partialities by his seriousness and his affected accuracy, that his literary genius has imposed upon the world of scholars from that day up to the present critical age. We know now that his subjectivity was no less dominating than that of Herodotus. But it was disguised, as the subjectivity of a great painter is disguised from the vulgar by the accuracy of the likeness he paints. The contemporaries of Rembrandt may have insisted upon the fidelity with which he reproduced his Burgomasters, his old women, and his Jews. We now value his portraits not as likenesses, but as expressions of the painter's genius: and that is the real value of the history of Thucydides. If Herodotus be the Vandyck who gives us a gallery of the grandes of Hellas and of Asia, Thucydides is the Rembrandt who expresses his own people, be they coarse or even ugly, with the force and spirit of his gloomy genius.

These are the two immortal types, even among our masters the Greeks, for all their successors seem weak beside them. Xenophon has all the technique of a historical artist, but he wants the strong character, the subjectivity which produces the harmony of a great work. Polybius has the subjectivity, the strong character of a historian, but he is so deficient in the technique that he is neglected by the world.

It cannot but be interesting to inquire how far these eternal contrasts are manifested in the great writers who have kept alive the torch of artistic history in modern times, but the subject is too vast to allow us here more than some general reflections. The solidarity of Europe, the myriad relations of great kingdoms in constant communication, have made the task so vast that no human mind can fill the whole canvas of contemporary history with an adequate and harmonious picture. Thus Alison's Europe must have been a failure as a great work of art, nor would it have been attempted by any true historical genius. The subject was too vast, and the events too close to the writer to admit of his producing a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ.* The only contemporary history which can claim a high place in art is in the form of memoirs such as those

of St. Simon, or of Boswell, which reflect the surface of an interesting society from day to day. The men who have shown a true genius for history in modern times have selected epochs from past centuries, in which the characters and the events were of such importance that they maintained their interest in the minds of civilised men.

Foremost among those of English race comes Gibbon, the Herodotus of modern times in the wide range of his subject, in the clearness of his grasp, in the wealth of his imagination, but inferior to Herodotus as an artist, in that the artificial pomp of style is too prominent, and often distracts the reader's attention from the narrative; whereas the old Greek had attained that higher stage in which art seems to be nature in its apparent simplicity and the total absence of affectation. Still Gibbon's history is a great and enduring work of art, which will never be superseded by the more pragmatic writing of modern men. He held fast to the old classical principle, that the historian must be rich in imagination, and not wanting in eloquence. Next to Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, among the histories written in English, comes (in my opinion) Grote's *History of Greece*. Like Thucydides in his seriousness, his exclusive attention to politics, his decently veiled desire to refute the views of his predecessors, Grote was wanting in rhetorical skill, still more in that pathetic terseness which makes the narrative of Thucydides so impressive. It is in fact in paraphrasing his ancient models that Grote shows to the greatest advantage. But though his history has been called a huge political pamphlet in support of philosophical radicalism, his breadth, his learning, his thoroughness in working out his sources, make his *History of Greece* stand out ahead of the many shorter histories furnished by European scholars. For he was not only a scholar, but a politician; he knew how theoretical contradictions in a constitution are avoided by practical compromises, and if he neglected art, archaeology, and, in general, the picturesqueness of his subject, he can still be used to rectify the want of insight in politics which the professorial historians of France and Germany are wont to display.

The research of Germany and the brilliancy of France have not produced any masterpieces which can rank with those of Gibbon or Grote. But they have, of course, produced many excellent and even great contributions to history. Two among the Germans impress me as greater than the rest—Mommsen's *Roman History*, and *Histories of Mediæval Athens, and of Rome*, by Gregorovius. Both are written with far more finish of style than is usual in Germany, and both are monuments of great and accurate learning. In Mommsen's book this learning is as it were disguised by an absence of foot-notes, and still more by a certain petulance of style which suggests a mind prejudiced upon certain leading political questions. The suspicion thus raised by the style of this remarkable book¹ may be confirmed by careful criticism of its authorities. On the other hand, a knowledge of Mommsen's special studies shows his gigantic power in gathering the materials for history. The greatest of all the predecessors of these men, Niebuhr, though the originator of a new method, was not great enough as a writer to maintain his position against modern competition. Yet his successors, with the exception of Mommsen, are rather respectable than great as artists. Many of them are first-rate scholars, but that is not our business here.

As might be expected from a nation that produces such excellent prose, the French have given us a whole series of eminent historians, but it is perhaps the high level of their style that has hindered any one of them from holding any primacy over his fellows. Guizot, Taine, Thiers, Renan, Montalembert, Henri Martin, and many others, have given us brilliant expositions of sundry periods in European history, but there is seldom absent from them that subjectivity which marks a Frenchman, and which mars his authority among other nations as a judge of historical evidence. There is also, in most of them, an over-attention to style, an anxiety to say brilliant things, which rather dazzle the

¹ The English reader is fortunate in this case to have an unusually excellent English translation (that of Dr. Dickson) to his hand. The translation of Gregorovius' *History of Rome*, which is now in progress, is not sufficiently known to me to warrant any opinion upon it.

reader than illumine the subject in hand. Possibly any of them may be superseded more easily than de Tocqueville, whose studies on Democracy are, however, examples of political philosophy rather than of history.

But such generalities upon foreign historians are empty without some fuller justification for the writer's impressions. Let us return to the English writers who have made the present century, and even the present generation, famous for its historical studies. There are two Americans who stand among our foremost—Motley, the historian of the great period of Dutch history, and Parkman, upon a smaller canvas, but with no inferior hand, portraying the long struggle of France and England for the possession of North America. In our own country two eminent men, who afford such marked contrasts as to invite comparison, have but lately passed from among us—Freeman and Froude. The latter was a great writer, and had moreover a brilliant imagination—that faculty which may mar a historian, though it is absolutely indispensable for his greatness. But though he has been convicted of many inaccuracies, his grasp and insight are so often true that I cannot but regard him as a far greater historian than his adversary and critic Freeman, who had greater talents for research, far greater accuracy in details, but a certain boorishness which will turn men away from him. He constantly displays his learning not only with pedantic pride, but asserts or implies the inferiority of other workers in the same field with insolence. He turns aside in his *History of Greek Federations* to write notes on Napoleon III., which might have been written by V. Hugo. In spite, therefore, of his rugged learning, his large grasp of the whole world's history, his careful research, he will be forgotten when the brilliant and graceful Froude is still read, and still speaking to thousands where Freeman speaks to scores, just as the masters of the English people in history are Shakespeare and Walter Scott, rather than Bishop Stubbs or Sir John Seeley. For this is the extremest form of the contrast between the picturesque writer and the laborious investigator. It is, I know, the rule among the students of the Research School to deny all merit or value as

historians to imaginative writers. Nevertheless, I will maintain that ten thousand average people have got a general idea, and a true idea, of Louis XI. from *Quentin Durward*, or from *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, for one who gets it by grubbing up the contemporary chronicles. It may be added that to interest the general public in historical reading is no small duty, and no small gain in our most modern civilisation.

Intermediate in position between Froude and Freeman, I put my two personal friends, Green and Lecky, who are probably the most popular writers of history that England has seen since the days of Gibbon. Green was carried off by disease, long before his work, under normal circumstances, would have ceased. Mr. Lecky is still a prominent figure in England, but rather as a politician than a historian, seeing that he exchanged the study for the Senate, and contemplative for practical life. He is not therefore likely to give us another book on history. His eight volumes on *England in the Eighteenth Century* would, however, in themselves be an ample record of his genius, even had they not been preceded by those remarkable volumes on the History of European Culture, which first made his name a household word throughout the Empire. It is indeed doubtful whether his graceful and finished style equals that of Froude, or whether his research that of Freeman; but he combines qualities which they did not, and therefore may be classed above them by any independent critic. Perhaps it is impossible for any man to write as brilliantly as Froude, if he writes with judicial calmness, if he makes allowance for his opponents, and strives to be impartial in the midst of political controversies. Mr. Lecky's narrative is not like the rushing Aufidus, which carries away men and cattle with its sudden floods, but the peaceful Liris, wearing the banks with its quiet stream.

But though Mr. Lecky knows well the necessity of eloquence to make a history, he knows equally well how to subordinate it to his purpose. In his closing two volumes, which narrate the Irish Rebellion of 1798, his feeling that no one else was likely to go through the evidence again, made him abandon the beauty of his work, for the purpose of giving us a digest of all the most trust-

worthy contemporary evidence in the very words of his authorities. Thus these inestimable volumes give us little more than a catalogue of extracts, gathered and set forth with modest, and therefore more admirable, skill and care. And therefore they may fairly be judged as specimens of his research, not of his style, unless it be to show that he is no slave to style, and can lay it aside for higher purposes. Yet had his whole book been of the same quality, it would have been read by students only and not by men and women of the world.

John Richard Green was a brilliant man of another type, and his single volume on the growth and education of the English people, the *Volksgeist* of England, at once attained, and has maintained exceptional popularity. But as this book is not upon the large scale of Lecky's *Eighteenth Century*, so it shows traces of less careful research. His accounts, for example, of military operations are manifestly perfunctory, and convey no real comprehension to the reader. He could never have described a battle as Sir G. Trevelyan (who might have stood among our foremost historians, but for the distractions of party politics) has recently described the battle of Bunker's Hill. On the other hand, his accounts of popular movements, for example the revulsion of the people from the Protectorate to the old Royalty, are as brilliant as anything we have in English historical literature.

There is no place in this essay given to political philosophy—to the history of ideas apart from their historical setting, such as the works of Mr. Lecky above mentioned. But I will not lay down my pen without saying that in one of them—Buckle's huge fragment of a huge conception on the civilisation of Europe—I found more stimulus, more suggestion, more incitement to think and to study than in any other book of its day; nor do I know any work which can perfectly replace it in the spiritual education of a historian. This is but a personal confession; other men may have been incited by other causes, to whom Buckle might not have been palatable. Green was turned to think of history, by the accident that when a boy he was shaken by the hand, in obtaining a prize, by an old President of Magdalen, who said to him: "Remember

that the hand you now shake, was shaken by the great Doctor Johnson." And other men have been determined by other accidents, apparently trivial, which awoke in them a dormant faculty. If I may mention mine own case, it was the freedom from all school work, a want of sufficient occupation, and the chance of stumbling upon Grote's *Greece*, which set me, at the age of fourteen, to the study of classical history, and yet Grote possessed neither the imagination nor the eloquence which would impress a childish reader. Both these qualities are there, but in their transformed condition of clearness in complicated descriptions, impressiveness in giving political lessons, and a certain general dignity which no small man can ever attain. Other men have other tastes and other favourites: but history affords types and varieties to please every kind of higher intelligence, for is it not, as Cicero eloquently describes it: *testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis?*

St Mark

HYPERION.

By JOHN KEATS.

[JOHN KEATS : An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but the story is very difficult to follow, and is mainly a vehicle for luscious verbal music. Its promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. His highest flight was reached in the sublime "Hyperion," but he had no constructive imagination and let it drop after the first canto. He had enormous effect on the coming poets of his time, and Tennyson was his thoroughgoing disciple. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends" in 1891.]

Book I.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,

And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptered; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bowed head seemed list'ning to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one, who with a kindred hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;
 By her in stature the tall Amazon
 Had stood a pygmy's height: she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
 Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
 Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
 When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
 One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents; O how frail
 To that large utterance of the early Gods!
 "Saturn, look up! — though wherefore, poor old King?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
 I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy scepter passed; and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.

Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
 And thy sharp lightning in unpracticed hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time! O moments big as years!
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on: — O thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?
 Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
 So came these words and went; the while in tears
 She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
 One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postured motionless,
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen malady: —
 "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power

To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
 How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
 While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp?
 But it is so; and I am smothered up,
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on planets pale,
 Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
 Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
 And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in. — I am gone
 Away from my own bosom: I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space: space starred, and lorn of light;
 Space regioned with life air; and barren void;
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell. —
 Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
 A certain shape or shadow, making way
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile: it must — it must
 Be of ripe progress — Saturn must be King.
 Yes, there must be a golden victory;
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
 Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
 Of the sky children; I will give command:
 Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
 And made his hands to struggle in the air,
 His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
 His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
 He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
 A little time, and then again he snatched
 Utterance thus. — "But cannot I create?
 Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
 Another world, another universe,
 To overbear and crumble this to naught?
 Where is another chaos? Where?" — That word
 Found way unto Olympus, and made quake

The rebel three. — Thea was startled up,
 And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
 As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

“This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends,
 O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
 I know the covert, for thence came I hither.”
 Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
 With backward footing through the shade a space:
 He followed, and she turned to lead the way
 Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
 Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
 More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
 Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe:
 The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
 Groaned for the old allegiance once more,
 And listened in sharp pain for Saturn’s voice.
 But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
 His sov’reignty, and rule, and majesty; —
 Blazing Hyperion on his orbéd fire
 Still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up
 From man to the sun’s God; yet unsecure:
 For as among us mortals omens drear
 Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he —
 Not at dog’s howl, or gloom bird’s hated screech,
 Or the familiar visiting of one
 Upon the first toll of his passing bell,
 Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
 But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
 Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
 Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
 And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
 Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
 Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
 And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
 Flushed angrily: while sometimes eagle’s wings,
 Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
 Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
 Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick:
 And so, when harbored in the sleepy west,

After the full completion of fair day,—
 For rest divine upon exalted couch
 And slumber in the arms of melody,
 He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
 While far within each aisle and deep recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters stood,
 Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
 Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
 Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
 Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He entered, but he entered full of wrath;
 His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
 That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
 Until he reached the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarred his own golden region; and before
 The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
 O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 O specters busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools!
 Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why
 Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 To see and to behold these horrors new?
 Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,

This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see — but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my center of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp. —
Fall! — No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again.”—
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
For as in theaters of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out “Hush!”
So at Hyperion’s words the Phantoms pale
Bestirred themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
And from the mirrored level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From overstrained might. Released, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Cleared them of heavy vapors, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean’s chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glowed through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith,—hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with laboring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries:

Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,
 Their wisdom long since fled. — Two wings this orb
 Possessed for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:
 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspread were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintained eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not: — No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturbed.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stayed in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Opened upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
 Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
 Looked down on him with pity, and the voice
 Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
 Thus whispered low and solemn in his ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
 I, Cœlus, wonder, how they came and whence;
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffused unseen throughout eternal space:
 Of these new-formed art thou, O brightest child!
 Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
 To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
 Found way from forth the thunders round his head!

Pale wax I, and in vapors hid my face.
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
 For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
 Divine ye were created, and divine
 In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturbed,
 Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled:
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
 Actions of rage and passion; even as
 I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
 In men who die. — This is the grief, O Son!
 Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
 Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
 As thou canst move about, an evident God;
 And canst oppose to each malignant hour
 Ethereal presence: — I am but a voice;
 My life is but the life of winds and tides,
 No more than winds and tides can I avail: —
 But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in the van
 Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
 Before the tense string murmur. — To the earth!
 For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
 Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
 And of thy seasons be a careful nurse." —
 Ere half this region whisper had come down,
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
 Until it ceased; and still he kept them wide:
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
 Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
 Forward he stooped over the airy shore,
 And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.



"WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING —"

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon.")

[ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, English poet and essayist, grandson of the third Earl of Ashburnham, was born April 5, 1837, in London. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and spent some time with Walter Savage Landor in Florence. His first works were two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund." "Atalanta in Calydon" came next. His "Poems and

Ballads" of 1866 were withdrawn from circulation on account of the uproar raised by their eroticism. His later volumes have been too many to detail here. He is considered one of the foremost of English poets in mastery of form and melodic effect. **Died April 10, 1909.]**

WHEN the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The Mother of Months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come, with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect! Lady of Light!
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might:
Bind on thy sandals, O Thou most fleet!
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet:
For the faint East quickens, the wan West shivers,
Round the feet of the Day and the feet of the Night.

Where shall we find her? how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player:
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the Southwest Wind and the West Wind sing.

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover;
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten;
And frosts are slain, and flowers begotten;
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes;
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot;
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire;
 And the oat is heard above the lyre;
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon, and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing, and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid;
 And, soft as lips that laugh and hide,
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The God pursuing, the Maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.



THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "The Marble Faun" (1860), "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice told Tales," first series appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

WHEN Jason, the son of the dethroned king of Iolchos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents, and placed under the queerest schoolmaster that ever you heard of. This learned person was one of the people, or quadrupeds, called

Centaurs. He lived in a cavern, and had the body and legs of a white horse, with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chiron ; and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was a very excellent teacher, and had several scholars, who afterwards did him credit by making a great figure in the world. The famous Hercules was one, and so was Achilles, and Philoctetes, likewise, and Æsculapius, who acquired immense repute as a doctor. The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with various other branches of education in which the lads of those days used to be instructed, instead of writing and arithmetic.

I have sometimes suspected that Master Chiron was not really very different from other people, but that, being a kind-hearted and merry old fellow, he was in the habit of making believe that he was a horse, and scrambling about the school-room on all fours, and letting the little boys ride upon his back. And so, when his scholars had grown up, and grown old, and were trotting their grandchildren on their knees, they told them about the sports of their school days ; and these young felks took the idea that their grandfathers had been taught their letters by a Centaur, half man and half horse. Little children, not quite understanding what is said to them, often get such absurd notions into their heads, you know.

Be that as it may, it has always been told for a fact (and always will be told, as long as the world lasts), that Chiron, with the head of a schoolmaster, had the body and legs of a horse. Just imagine the grave old gentleman clattering and stamping into the schoolroom on his four hoofs, perhaps treading on some little fellow's toes, flourishing his switch tail instead of a rod, and, now and then, trotting out of doors to eat a mouthful of grass ! I wonder what the blacksmith charged him for a set of iron shoes.

So Jason dwelt in the cave, with this four-footed Chiron, from the time that he was an infant, only a few months old, until he had grown to the full height of a man. He became a very good harper, I suppose, and skillful in the use of weapons, and tolerably acquainted with herbs and other doctor's stuff, and, above all, an admirable horseman : for, in teaching young people to ride, the good Chiron must have been without a rival among schoolmasters. At length, being now a tall and athletic youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world, without

asking Chiron's advice, or telling him anything about the matter. This was very unwise, to be sure ; and I hope none of you, my little hearers, will ever follow Jason's example. But, you are to understand, he had heard how that he himself was a prince royal, and how his father, King Æson, had been deprived of the kingdom of Iolchos by a certain Pelias, who would also have killed Jason, had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. And, being come to the strength of a man, Jason determined to set all this business to rights, and to punish the wicked Pelias for wronging his dear father, and to cast him down from the throne, and seat himself there instead.

With this intention, he took a spear in each hand, and threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders, to keep off the rain, and set forth on his travels, with his long yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals, that had been his father's. They were handsomely embroidered, and were tied upon his feet with strings of gold. But his whole attire was such as people did not very often see ; and as he passed along, the women and children ran to the doors and windows, wondering whither this beautiful youth was journeying, with his leopard's skin and his golden-tied sandals, and what heroic deeds he meant to perform, with a spear in his right hand and another in his left.

I know not how far Jason had traveled, when he came to a turbulent river, which rushed right across his pathway, with specks of white foam among its black eddies, hurrying tumultuously onward, and roaring angrily as it went. Though not a very broad river in the dry seasons of the year, it was now swollen by heavy rains and by the melting of the snow on the sides of Mount Olympus ; and it thundered so loudly, and looked so wild and dangerous, that Jason, bold as he was, thought it prudent to pause upon the brink. The bed of the stream seemed to be strewn with sharp and rugged rocks, some of which thrust themselves above the water. By and by, an uprooted tree, with shattered branches, came drifting along the current, and got entangled among the rocks. Now and then, a drowned sheep, and once the carcass of a cow, floated past.

In short, the swollen river had already done a great deal of mischief. It was evidently too deep for Jason to wade, and too boisterous for him to swim ; he could see no bridge ; and as for a boat, had there been any, the rocks would have broken it to pieces in an instant.

"See the poor lad," said a cracked voice close to his side. "He must have had but a poor education, since he does not know how to cross a little stream like this. Or is he afraid of wetting his fine golden-stringed sandals? It is a pity his four-footed schoolmaster is not here to carry him safely across on his back!"

Jason looked round greatly surprised, for he did not know that anybody was near. But beside him stood an old woman, with a ragged mantle over her head, leaning on a staff, the top of which was carved into the shape of a cuckoo. She looked very aged, and wrinkled, and infirm; and yet her eyes, which were as brown as those of an ox, were so extremely large and beautiful, that, when they were fixed on Jason's eyes, he could see nothing else but them. The old woman had a pomegranate in her hand, although the fruit was then quite out of season.

"Whither are you going, Jason?" she now asked.

She seemed to know his name, you will observe; and, indeed, those great brown eyes looked as if they had a knowledge of everything, whether past or to come. While Jason was gazing at her, a peacock strutted forward and took his stand at the old woman's side.

"I am going to Iolchos," answered the young man, "to bid the wicked King Pelias come down from my father's throne, and let me reign in his stead."

"Ah, well, then," said the old woman, still with the same cracked voice, "if that is all your business, you need not be in a very great hurry. Just take me on your back, there's a good youth, and carry me across the river. I and my peacock have something to do on the other side, as well as yourself."

"Good mother," replied Jason, "your business can hardly be so important as the pulling down a king from his throne. Besides, as you may see for yourself, the river is very boisterous; and if I should chance to stumble, it would sweep both of us away more easily than it has carried off yonder uprooted tree. I would gladly help you if I could; but I doubt whether I am strong enough to carry you across."

"Then," said she, very scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne. And, Jason, unless you will help an old woman at her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for, save to succor the feeble and distressed? But do as you please. Either take me on

your back, or with my poor old limbs I shall try my best to struggle across the stream."

Saying this, the old woman poked with her staff in the river, as if to find the safest place in its rocky bed where she might make the first step. But Jason, by this time, had grown ashamed of his reluctance to help her. He felt that he could never forgive himself, if this poor feeble creature should come to any harm in attempting to wrestle against the headlong current. The good Chiron, whether half horse or no, had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old one like a mother. Remembering these maxims, the vigorous and beautiful young man knelt down, and requested the good dame to mount upon his back.

"The passage seems to me not very safe," he remarked. "But as your business is so urgent, I will try to carry you across. If the river sweeps you away, it shall take me too."

"That, no doubt, will be a great comfort to both of us," quoth the old woman. "But never fear. We shall get safely across."

So she threw her arms around Jason's neck; and lifting her from the ground, he stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current, and began to stagger away from the shore. As for the peacock, it alighted on the old dame's shoulder. Jason's two spears, one in each hand, kept him from stumbling, and enabled him to feel his way among the hidden rocks; although, every instant, he expected that his companion and himself would go down the stream, together with the driftwood of shattered trees, and the carcasses of the sheep and cow. Down came the cold, snowy torrent from the steep side of Olympus, raging and thundering as if it had a real spite against Jason, or, at all events, were determined to snatch off his living burden from his shoulders. When he was halfway across, the uprooted tree (which I have already told you about) broke loose from among the rocks, and bore down upon him, with all its splintered branches sticking out like the hundred arms of the giant Briareus. It rushed past, however, without touching him. But the next moment, his foot was caught in a crevice between two rocks, and stuck there so fast, that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals.

At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation.

"What is the matter, Jason?" asked the old woman.

"Matter enough," said the young man. "I have lost a sandal here among the rocks. And what sort of a figure shall I cut at the court of King Pelias, with a golden-stringed sandal on one foot, and the other foot bare!"

"Do not take it to heart," answered his companion, cheerily. "You never met with better fortune than in losing that sandal. It satisfies me that you are the very person whom the Speaking Oak has been talking about."

There was no time, just then, to inquire what the Speaking Oak had said. But the briskness of her tone encouraged the young man: and besides, he had never in his life felt so vigorous and mighty as since taking this old woman on his back. Instead of being exhausted, he gathered strength as he went on; and, struggling up against the torrent, he at last gained the opposite shore, clambered up the bank, and set down the old dame and her peacock safely on the grass. As soon as this was done, however, he could not help looking rather despondently at his bare foot, with only a remnant of the golden string of the sandal clinging round his ankle.

"You will get a handsomer pair of sandals by and by," said the old woman, with a kindly look out of her beautiful brown eyes. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot, and you shall see him turn as pale as ashes, I promise you. There is your path. Go along, my good Jason, and my blessing go with you. And when you sit on your throne, remember the old woman whom you helped over the river."

With these words, she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder as she departed. Whether the light of her beautiful brown eyes threw a glory round about her, or whatever the cause might be, Jason fancied that there was something very noble and majestic in her figure, after all, and that, though her gait seemed to be a rheumatic hobble, yet she moved with as much grace and dignity as any queen on earth. Her peacock, which had now fluttered down from her shoulder, strutted behind her in prodigious pomp, and spread out its magnificent tail on purpose for Jason to admire it.

When the old dame and her peacock were out of sight, Jason set forward on his journey. After traveling a pretty long distance, he came to a town situated at the foot of a moun-

tain, and not a great way from the shore of the sea. On the outside of the town there was an immense crowd of people, not only men and women, but children, too, all in their best clothes, and evidently enjoying a holiday. The crowd was thickest towards the seashore; and in that direction, over the people's heads, Jason saw a wreath of smoke curling upward to the blue sky. He inquired of one of the multitude what town it was, near by, and why so many persons were here assembled together.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered the man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our monarch has summoned us together, that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say, is his Majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke he eyed Jason with great curiosity; for his garb was quite unlike that of the Iolchians, and it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and each hand grasping a spear. Jason perceived, too, that the man stared particularly at his feet, one of which, you remember, was bare, while the other was decorated with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! only look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal!"

Upon this, first one person, and then another, began to stare at Jason, and everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his aspect; though they turned their eyes much oftener towards his feet than to any other part of his figure. Besides, he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandaled man?"

Poor Jason was greatly abashed, and made up his mind that the people of Iolchos were exceedingly ill bred, to take such public notice of an accidental deficiency in his dress. Meanwhile, whether it were that they hustled him forward, or that Jason, of his own accord, thrust a passage through the crowd, it so happened that he soon found himself close to the smoking altar, where King Pelias was sacrificing the black bull. The murmur and hum of the multitude, in their surprise at the spectacle of Jason with his one bare foot, grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies; and the king, holding the great knife with

which he was just going to cut the bull's throat, turned angrily about, and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried the king, with a terrible frown. "And how dare you make this disturbance, while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your Majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare."

When Jason said this, the king gave a quick, startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough! What can I do with him?"

And he clutched more closely the great knife in his hand, as if he were half a mind to slay Jason instead of the black bull. The people round about caught up the king's words indistinctly as they were uttered; and first there was a murmur among them, and then a loud shout.

"The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

For you are to know that, many years before, King Pelias had been told by the Speaking Oak of Dodona, that a man with one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account, he had given strict orders that nobody should ever come into his presence, unless both sandals were securely tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer in his palace, whose sole business it was to examine people's sandals, and to supply them with a new pair, at the expense of the royal treasury, as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright and agitation as by the spectacle of poor Jason's bare foot. But, as he was naturally a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage, and began to consider in what way he might rid himself of this terrible one-sandaled stranger.

"My good young man," said King Pelias, taking the softest tone imaginable, in order to throw Jason off his guard, "you are excessively welcome to my kingdom. Judging by your dress, you must have traveled a long distance: for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray what may I call your name? and where did you receive your education?"

"My name is Jason," answered the young stranger. "Ever since my infancy, I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor, and taught me music, and horsemanship, and how to cure wounds, and likewise how to inflict wounds with my weapons!"

"I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster," replied King Pelias, "and how that there is an immense deal of learning and wisdom in his head, although it happens to be set on a horse's body. It gives me great delight to see one of his scholars at my court. But, to test how much you have profited under so excellent a teacher, will you allow me to ask you a single question?"

"I do not pretend to be very wise," said Jason. "But ask me what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability."

Now King Pelias meant cunningly to entrap the young man, and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief and destruction to himself. So with a crafty and evil smile upon his face, he spoke as follows:—

"What would you do, brave Jason," asked he, "if there were a man in the world, by whom, as you had reason to believe, you were doomed to be ruined and slain,—what would you do, I say, if that man stood before you, and in your power?"

When Jason saw the malice and wickedness which King Pelias could not prevent from gleaming out of his eyes, he probably guessed that the king had discovered what he came for, and that he intended to turn his own words against himself. Still he scorned to tell a falsehood. Like an upright and honorable prince, as he was, he determined to speak out the real truth. Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way, save to tell him precisely what would be the most prudent thing to do, if he had his worst enemy in his power.

Therefore, after a moment's consideration, he spoke up, with a firm and manly voice.

"I would send such a man," said he, "in quest of the Golden Fleece!"

This enterprise, you will understand, was, of all others, the most difficult and dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope, or a possibility, that any young

man who should undertake this voyage would either succeed in obtaining the Golden Fleece, or would survive to return home and tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with the one sandal!" cried he. "Go, then, and, at the peril of your life, bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason, composedly. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will ever come back to trouble you again. But if I return to Iolchos with the prize, then, King Pelias, you must hasten down from your lofty throne, and give me your crown and scepter."

"That I will," said the king, with a sneer. "Meantime, I will keep them very safely for you."

The first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the king's presence, was to go to Dodona, and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the center of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves, and into the mysterious heart of the old tree, and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder, and became like the roar of a high wind. By and by, Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass

voice, speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words:—

“Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars.”

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and died gradually away. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had actually heard the words, or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while passing through the thick foliage of the tree.

But on inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skillful builder of vessels. This showed some intelligence in the oak; else how should it have known that any such person existed? At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world. So the head carpenter, and all his journeymen and apprentices, began their work; and for a good while afterwards, there they were, busily employed, hewing out the timbers, and making a great clatter with their hammers; until the new ship, which was called the *Argo*, seemed to be quite ready for sea. And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought that it would not be amiss to ask for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves, throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But after a while, Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

“Cut me off!” said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly;—“cut me off! cut me off! and carve me into a figurehead for your galley.”

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood engaged to make the figurehead. He was a tolerably good workman, and had already carved several figureheads, in what he intended for feminine shapes, and looking pretty much like those which we see nowadays stuck up under a vessel's bowsprit, with great

staring eyes, that never wink at the dash of the spray. But (what was very strange) the carver found that his hand was guided by some unseen power, and by a skill beyond his own, and that his tools shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its center appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onward. The face of this wonderful statue, though not angry or forbidding, was so grave and majestic, that perhaps you might call it severe; and as for the mouth, it seemed just ready to unclothe its lips, and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed and set up where a figurehead has always stood, from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak, and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world, that it should possess the faculty of speech. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason, — "since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are, — tell me, where shall I find fifty bold

youths, who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image,— "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this which Jason received from the figurehead of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the whole people of Greece that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive, to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news, the adventurous youths, all over the country, began to bestir themselves. Some of them had already fought with giants, and slain dragons; and the younger ones, who had not yet met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride of a flying serpent, or sticking their spears into a Chimera, or, at least, thrusting their right arms down a monstrous lion's throat. There was a fair prospect that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece. As soon as they could furbish up their helmets and shields, therefore, and gird on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos, and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been educated by Chiron, the four-footed pedagogue, and were therefore old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky, was one of them. And there were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never accused of being chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and Theseus, who was so renowned for killing the Minotaur; and Lynceus, with his wonderfully sharp eyes, which could see through a millstone, or look right down into the depths of the earth, and discover the treasures that were there; and Orpheus, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly, that the brute beasts stood upon their hind legs, and capered

merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks bestirred their moss-grown bulk out of the ground, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves, and, nodding their tops to one another, performed a country dance.

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman, named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel that she could step from one foamy crest of a wave to the foamy crest of another, without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way, and talked much about the rights of women, and loved hunting and war far better than her needle. But, in my opinion, the most remarkable of this famous company were two sons of the North Wind (airy youngsters, and of rather a blustering disposition), who had wings on their shoulders, and, in case of a calm, could puff out their cheeks, and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. I ought not to forget the prophets and conjurers, of whom there were several in the crew, and who could foretell what would happen to-morrow, or the next day, or a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment.

Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman, because he was a stargazer, and knew the points of the compass. Lynceus, on account of his sharp sight, was stationed as a lookout in the prow, where he saw a whole day's sail ahead, but was rather apt to overlook things that lay directly under his nose. If the sea only happened to be deep enough, however, Lynceus could tell you exactly what kind of rocks or sands were at the bottom of it; and he often cried out to his companions, that they were sailing over heaps of sunken treasure, which yet he was none the richer for beholding. To confess the truth, few people believed him when he said it.

Well! But when the Argonauts, as these fifty brave adventurers were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, an unforeseen difficulty threatened to end it before it was begun. The vessel, you must understand, was so long, and broad, and ponderous, that the united force of all the fifty was insufficient to shove her into the water. Hercules, I suppose, had not grown to his full strength, else he might have set her afloat as easily as a little boy launches his boat upon a puddle. But here were these fifty heroes pushing, and straining, and growing red in the face, without making the Argo

start an inch. At last, quite wearied out, they sat themselves down on the shore, exceedingly disconsolate, and thinking that the vessel must be left to rot and fall in pieces, and that they must either swim across the sea or lose the Golden Fleece.

All at once, Jason bethought himself of the galley's miraculous figurehead.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves," answered the image (for it had known what ought to be done from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put). — "seat yourselves, and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board, and seizing their oars, held them perpendicularly in the air, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir. Orpheus thrummed away briskly, and the galley slid at once into the sea, dipping her prow so deeply that the figurehead drank the wave with its marvelous lips, and rose again as buoyant as a swan. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake; while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music, that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it. Thus triumphantly did the Argo sail out of the harbor, amidst the huzzas and good wishes of everybody except the wicked old Pelias, who stood on a promontory scowling at her, and wishing that he could blow out of his lungs the tempest of wrath that was in his heart, and so sink the galley with all on board. When they had sailed above fifty miles over the sea, Lynceus happened to cast his sharp eyes behind, and said that there was this bad-hearted king, still perched upon the promontory, and scowling so gloomily that it looked like a black thundercloud in that quarter of the horizon.

In order to make the time pass away more pleasantly during the voyage, the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It originally belonged, it appears, to a Boeotian ram, who had taken on his back two children, when in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea, as far as Colchis. One of the children, whose name was Helle, fell into the sea and was drowned. But the other (a little boy, named Phrixus)

was brought safe ashore by the faithful ram, who, however, was so exhausted that he immediately lay down and died. In memory of this good deed, and as a token of his true heart, the fleece of the poor dead ram was miraculously changed to gold, and became one of the most beautiful objects ever seen on earth. It was hung upon a tree in a sacred grove, where it had now been kept I know not how many years, and was the envy of mighty kings, who had nothing so magnificent in any of their palaces.

If I were to tell you all the adventures of the Argonauts, it would take me till nightfall, and perhaps a great deal longer. There was no lack of wonderful events, as you may judge from what you may have already heard. At a certain island they were hospitably received by King Cyzicus, its sovereign, who made a feast for them, and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked downcast and very much troubled, and they therefore inquired of him what was the matter. King Cyzicus hereupon informed them that he and his subjects were greatly abused and incommoded by the inhabitants of a neighboring mountain, who made war upon them, and killed many people, and ravaged the country. And while they were talking about it, Cyzicus pointed to the mountain, and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some very tall objects," answered Jason; "but they are at such a distance that I cannot distinctly make out what they are. To tell your Majesty the truth, they look so very strangely that I am inclined to think them clouds, which have chanced to take something like human shapes."

"I see them very plainly," remarked Lynceus, whose eyes, you know, were as farsighted as a telescope. "They are a band of enormous giants, all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, a sword, or some other weapon in each of their hands."

"You have excellent eyes," said King Cyzicus. "Yes; they are six-armed giants, as you say, and these are the enemies whom I and my subjects have to contend with."

The next day, when the Argonauts were about setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride, brandishing their six arms apiece, and looking very formidable, so far aloft in the air. Each of these monsters was able to carry on a whole war by himself, for with one of his arms he could fling immense stones, and wield a club with

another, and a sword with a third, while the fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow. But, luckily, though the giants were so huge, and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger nor braver than the heart of an ordinary man. Besides, if they had been like the hundred-armed Briareus, the brave Argonauts would have given them their hands full of fight. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels, so that, if the giants had had six legs apiece instead of six arms, it would have served them better to run away with.

Another strange adventure happened when the voyagers came to Thrace, where they found a poor blind king, named Phineus, deserted by his subjects, and living in a very sorrowful way, all by himself. On Jason's inquiring whether they could do him any service, the king answered that he was terribly tormented by three great winged creatures, called Harpies, which had the faces of women, and the wings, bodies, and claws of vultures. These ugly wretches were in the habit of snatching away his dinner, and allowed him no peace of his life. Upon hearing this, the Argonauts spread a plentiful feast on the seashore, well knowing, from what the blind king said of their greediness, that the Harpies would snuff up the scent of the victuals, and quickly come to steal them away. And so it turned out; for, hardly was the table set, before the three hideous vulture women came flapping their wings, seized the food in their talons, and flew off as fast as they could. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their swords, spread their pinions, and set off through the air in pursuit of the thieves, whom they at last overtook among some islands, after a chase of hundreds of miles. The two winged youths blustered terribly at the Harpies (for they had the rough temper of their father), and so frightened them with their drawn swords, that they solemnly promised never to trouble King Phineus again.

Then the Argonauts sailed onward, and met with many other marvelous incidents, any one of which would make a story by itself. At one time, they landed on an island, and were reposing on the grass, when they suddenly found themselves assailed by what seemed a shower of steel-headed arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several penetrated their flesh. The fifty heroes started up, and looked about them for the hidden enemy,

but could find none, nor see any spot, on the whole island, where even a single archer could lie concealed. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them; and, at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds, hovering and wheeling aloft, and shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts. These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so tormented them. There was no possibility of making any resistance; and the fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by a flock of troublesome birds, without ever setting eyes on the Golden Fleece, if Jason had not thought of asking the advice of the oaken image.

So he ran to the galley as fast as his legs would carry him.

"O daughter of the Speaking Oak," cried he, all out of breath, "we need your wisdom more than ever before! We are in great peril from a flock of birds, who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?"

"Make a clatter on your shields," said the image.

On receiving this excellent counsel, Jason hurried back to his companions (who were far more dismayed than when they fought with the six-armed giants), and bade them strike with their swords upon their brazen shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set heartily to work, banging with might and main, and raised such a terrible clatter that the birds made what haste they could to get away; and though they had shot half the feathers out of their wings, they were soon seen skimming among the clouds, a long distance off, and looking like a flock of wild geese. Orpheus celebrated this victory by playing a triumphant anthem on his harp, and sang so melodiously that Jason begged him to desist, lest, as the steel-feathered birds had been driven away by an ugly sound, they might be enticed back again by a sweet one.

While the Argonauts remained on this island, they saw a small vessel approaching the shore, in which were two young men of princely demeanor, and exceedingly handsome, as young princes generally were in those days. Now, who do you imagine these two voyagers turned out to be? Why, if you will believe me, they were the sons of that very Phrixus, who, in his childhood, had been carried to Colchis on the back of the golden-fleeced ram. Since that time, Phrixus had married the king's daughter; and the two young princes had been born and

brought up at Colchis, and had spent their playdays in the outskirts of the grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They were now on their way to Greece, in hopes of getting back a kingdom that had been wrongfully taken from their father.

When the princes understood whither the Argonauts were going, they offered to turn back and guide them to Colchis. At the same time, however, they spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. According to their account, the tree on which it hung was guarded by a terrible dragon, who never failed to devour, at one mouthful, every person who might venture within his reach.

"There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up, at fifty mouthfuls, by this execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "I do not wonder that you think the dragon very terrible. You have grown up from infancy in the fear of this monster, and therefore still regard him with the awe that children feel for the bugbears and hobgoblins which their nurses have talked to them about. But, in my view of the matter, the dragon is merely a pretty large serpent, who is not half so likely to snap me up at one mouthful as I am to cut off his ugly head, and strip the skin from his body. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "Let us get on board the galley this instant; and if the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

And Orpheus (whose custom it was to set everything to music) began to harp and sing most gloriously, and made every mother's son of them feel as if nothing in this world were so delectable as to fight dragons, and nothing so truly honorable as to be eaten up at one mouthful, in case of the worst.

After this (being now under the guidance of the two princes, who were well acquainted with the way), they quickly sailed to Colchis. When the king of the country, whose name was Æetes, heard of their arrival, he instantly summoned Jason

to court. The king was a stern and cruel-looking potentate and though he put on as polite and hospitable an expression as he could, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?—or do you meditate the discovery of unknown islands?—or what other cause has procured me the happiness of seeing you at my court?"

"Great sir," replied Jason, with an obeisance. — for Chiron had taught him how to behave with propriety, whether to kings or beggars. — "I have come hither with a purpose which I now beg your Majesty's permission to execute. King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne (to which he has no more right than to the one on which your excellent Majesty is now seated), has engaged to come down from it, and to give me his crown and scepter, provided I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your Majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly solicit your gracious leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece, and was even suspected of having done a very wicked act, in order to get it into his own possession. It put him into the worst possible humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason, and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece, had come to Colchis with the sole purpose of taking away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, eying Jason very sternly, "what are the conditions which you must fulfill before getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," rejoined the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever approaches him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"True," said the king, with a smile that did not look particularly good-natured. "Very true, young man. But there are other things as hard, or perhaps a little harder, to be done, before you can even have the privilege of being devoured by the dragon. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs; and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils, that nobody has hitherto gone nigh them without

being instantly burned to a small, black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, composedly, "since it stands in the way of my purpose."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued King Æetes, who was determined to scare Jason if possible, "you must yoke them to a plow, and must plow the sacred earth in the grove of Mars, and sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. They are an unruly set of reprobates, those sons of the dragon's teeth; and unless you treat them suitably, they will fall upon you sword in hand. You and your nine and forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly numerous or strong enough to fight with such a host as will spring up."

"My master Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me, long ago, the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons of the dragon's teeth as well as Cadmus did."

"I wish the dragon had him," muttered King Æetes to himself, "and the four-footed pedant, his schoolmaster, into the bargain. Why, what a foolhardy, self-conceited coxcomb he is! We'll see what my fire-breathing bulls will do for him. Well, Prince Jason," he continued, aloud, and as complaisantly as he could, "make yourself comfortable for to-day, and to-morrow morning, since you insist upon it, you shall try your skill at the plow."

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes earnestly upon the youthful stranger, and listened attentively to every word that was spoken; and when Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," she said to him, "and my name is Medea. I know a great deal of which other young princesses are ignorant, and can do many things which they would be afraid so much as to dream of. If you will trust to me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Indeed, beautiful princess," answered Jason, "if you will do me this service, I promise to be grateful to you my whole life long."

Gazing at Medea, he beheld a wonderful intelligence in her face. She was one of those persons whose eyes are full

of mystery ; so that, while looking into them, you seem to see a very great way, as into a deep well, yet can never be certain whether you see into the farthest depths, or whether there be not something else hidden at the bottom. If Jason had been capable of fearing anything, he would have been afraid of making this young princess his enemy ; for, beautiful as she now looked, she might, the very next instant, become as terrible as the dragon that kept watch over the Golden Fleece.

"Princess," he exclaimed, "you seem indeed very wise and very powerful. But how can you help me to do the things of which you speak ? Are you an enchantress ?"

"Yes, Prince Jason," answered Medea, with a smile, "you have hit upon the truth. I am an enchantress. Circe, my father's sister, taught me to be one, and I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranate, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river ; and, likewise, who it is that speaks through the lips of the oaken image, that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you perceive. It is well for you that I am favorably inclined ; for, otherwise, you would hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not so much care for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed and fiery-lunged bulls."

"If you are as brave as I think you, and as you have need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. What it is I leave you to find out in the moment of peril. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here, which will prevent you from being burned up, and cure you if you chance to be a little scorched."

So she put a golden box into his hand, and directed him how to apply the perfumed unguent which it contained, and where to meet her at midnight.

"Only be brave," added she, "and before daybreak the brazen bulls shall be tamed."

The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then rejoined his comrades, and told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be in readiness in case there might be need of their help.

At the appointed hour he met the beautiful Medea on the

marble steps of the king's palace. She gave him a basket, in which were the dragon's teeth, just as they had been pulled out of the monster's jaws by Cadmus, long ago. Medea then led Jason down the palace steps, and through the silent streets of the city, and into the royal pasture ground, where the two brazen-footed bulls were kept. It was a starry night, with a bright gleam along the eastern edge of the sky, where the moon was soon going to show herself. After entering the pasture, the princess paused and looked around.

"There they are," said she, "reposing themselves and chewing their fiery cuds in that farthest corner of the field. It will be excellent sport, I assure you, when they catch a glimpse of your figure. My father and all his court delight in nothing so much as to see a stranger trying to yoke them, in order to come at the Golden Fleece. It makes a holiday in Colchis whenever such a thing happens. For my part, I enjoy it immensely. You cannot imagine in what a mere twinkling of an eye their hot breath shrivels a young man into a black cinder."

"Are you sure, beautiful Medea," asked Jason, "quite sure, that the unguent in the gold box will prove a remedy against those terrible burns?"

"If you doubt, if you are in the least afraid," said the princess, looking him in the face by the dim starlight, "you had better never have been born than go a step nigher to the bulls."

But Jason had set his heart steadfastly on getting the Golden Fleece; and I positively doubt whether he would have gone back without it, even had he been certain of finding himself turned into a red-hot cinder, or a handful of white ashes, the instant he made a step farther. He therefore let go Medea's hand, and walked boldly forward in the direction whither she had pointed. At some distance before him he perceived four streams of fiery vapor, regularly appearing, and again vanishing, after dimly lighting up the surrounding obscurity. These, you will understand, were caused by the breath of the brazen bulls, which was quietly stealing out of their four nostrils, as they lay chewing their cuds.

At the first two or three steps which Jason made, the four fiery streams appeared to gush out somewhat more plentifully; for the two brazen bulls had heard his foot tramp, and were lifting up their hot noses to snuff the air. He went a little farther, and by the way in which the red vapor now spouted forth, he

judged that the creatures had got upon their feet. Now he could see glowing sparks, and vivid jets of flame. At the next step, each of the bulls made the pasture echo with a terrible roar, while the burning breath, which they thus belched forth, lit up the whole field with a momentary flash. One other stride did bold Jason make; and, suddenly, as a streak of lightning, on came these fiery animals, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame, which so kindled up the scene that the young man could discern every object more distinctly than by daylight. Most distinctly of all he saw the two horrible creatures galloping right down upon him, their brazen hoofs rattling and ringing over the ground, and their tails sticking up stiffly into the air, as has always been the fashion with angry bulls. Their breath scorched the herbage before them. So intensely hot it was, indeed, that it caught a dry tree, under which Jason was now standing, and set it all in a light blaze. But as for Jason himself (thanks to Medea's enchanted ointment), the white flame curled around his body, without injuring him a jot more than if he had been made of asbestos.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not yet turned into a cinder, the young man awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen brutes fancied themselves sure of tossing him into the air, he caught one of them by the horn, and the other by his screwed-up tail, and held them in a gripe like that of an iron vice, one with his right hand, the other with his left. Well, he must have been wonderfully strong in his arms, to be sure. But the secret of the matter was, that the brazen bulls were enchanted creatures, and that Jason had broken the spell of their fiery fierceness by his bold way of handling them. And, ever since that time, it has been the favorite method of brave men, when danger assails them, to do what they call "taking the bull by the horns", and to gripe him by the tail is pretty much the same thing,—that is, to throw aside fear, and overcome the peril by despising it.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls, and to harness them to the plow, which had lain rusting on the ground for a great many years gone by; so long was it before anybody could be found capable of plowing that piece of land. Jason, I suppose, had been taught how to draw a furrow by the good old Chiron, who, perhaps, used to allow himself to be harnessed to the plow. At any rate, our hero succeeded perfectly well in

breaking up the greensward; and, by the time that the moon was a quarter of her journey up the sky, the plowed field lay before him, a large tract of black earth, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. So Jason scattered them broadcast, and harrowed them into the soil with a brush harrow, and took his stand on the edge of the field, anxious to see what would happen next.

"Must we wait long for harvest time?" he inquired of Medea, who was now standing by his side.

"Whether sooner or later, it will be sure to come," answered the princess. "A crop of armed men never fails to spring up, when the dragon's teeth have been sown."

The moon was now high aloft in the heavens, and threw its bright beams over the plowed field, where as yet there was nothing to be seen. Any farmer, on viewing it, would have said that Jason must wait weeks before the green blades would peep from among the clods, and whole months before the yellow grain would be ripened for the sickle. But by and by, all over the field, there was something that glistened in the moonbeams, like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects sprouted higher, and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a vast number of polished brass helmets, beneath which, as they grew farther out of the soil, appeared the dark and bearded visages of warriors, struggling to free themselves from the imprisoning earth. The first look that they gave at the upper world was a glare of wrath and defiance. Next were seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield; and when this strange crop of warriors had but half grown out of the earth, they struggled,—such was their impatience of restraint,—and, as it were, tore themselves up by the roots. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen, there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clangor with their swords against their shields, and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world, and into the peaceful moonlight, full of rage and stormy passions, and ready to take the life of every human brother, in recompense of the boon of their own existence.

There have been many other armies in the world that seemed to possess the same fierce nature with the one which had now sprouted from the dragon's teeth; but these, in the moonlit field, were the more excusable, because they never had women

for their mothers. And how it would have rejoiced any great captain, who was bent on conquering the world, like Alexander or Napoleon, to raise a crop of armed soldiers as easily as Jason did!

For a while, the warriors stood flourishing their weapons, clashing their swords against their shields, and boiling over with the red-hot thirst for battle. Then they began to shout, "Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Death or victory! Come on, brave comrades! Conquer or die!" and a hundred other outcries, such as men always bellow forth on a battlefield, and which these dragon people seemed to have at their tongues' ends. At last, the front rank caught sight of Jason, who, beholding the flash of so many weapons in the moon-light, had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take Jason for an enemy; and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords and protruded spears. Jason knew that it would be impossible to withstand this bloodthirsty battalion with his single arm, but determined, since there was nothing better to be done, to die as valiantly as if he himself had sprung from a dragon's tooth.

Medea, however, bade him snatch up a stone from the ground.

"Throw it among them quickly!" cried she. "It is the only way to save yourself."

The armed men were now so nigh that Jason could discern the fire flashing out of their enraged eyes, when he let fly the stone, and saw it strike the helmet of a tall warrior, who was rushing upon him with his blade aloft. The stone glanced from this man's helmet to the shield of his nearest comrade, and thence flew right into the angry face of another, hitting him smartly between the eyes. Each of the three who had been struck by the stone took it for granted that his next neighbor had given him a blow; and instead of running any farther towards Jason, they began a fight among themselves. The confusion spread through the host, so that it seemed scarcely a moment before they were all hacking, hewing, and stabbing at one another, lopping off arms, heads, and legs, and doing such memorable deeds that Jason was filled with immense admiration; although, at the same time, he could not help laughing to behold these mighty men punishing each other for an offense which he himself had committed. In an incredibly short space

of time (almost as short, indeed, as it had taken them to grow up), all but one of the heroes of the dragon's teeth were stretched lifeless on the field. The last survivor, the bravest and strongest of the whole, had just force enough to wave his crimson sword over his head, and give a shout of exultation, crying, "Victory ! Victory ! Immortal fame !" when he himself fell down, and lay quietly among his slain brethren.

And there was the end of the army that had sprouted from the dragon's teeth. That fierce and feverish fight was the only enjoyment which they had tasted on this beautiful earth.

"Let them sleep in the bed of honor," said the Princess Medea, with a sly smile at Jason. "The world will always have simpletons enough, just like them, fighting and dying for they know not what, and fancying that posterity will take the trouble to put laurel wreaths on their rusty and battered helmets. Could you help smiling, Prince Jason, to see the self-conceit of that last fellow, just as he tumbled down?"

"It made me very sad," answered Jason, gravely. "And, to tell you the truth, princess, the Golden Fleece does not appear so well worth the winning, after what I have here beheld."

"You will think differently in the morning," said Medea. "True, the Golden Fleece may not be so valuable as you have thought it; but then there is nothing better in the world; and one must needs have an object, you know. Come! Your night's work has been well performed; and to-morrow you can inform King Æetes that the first part of your allotted task is fulfilled."

Agreeably to Medea's advice, Jason went betimes in the morning to the palace of King Æetes. Entering the presence chamber, he stood at the foot of the throne, and made a low obeisance.

"Your eyes look heavy, Prince Jason," observed the king; "you appear to have spent a sleepless night. I hope you have been considering the matter a little more wisely, and have concluded not to get yourself scorched to a cinder, in attempting to tame my brazen-lunged bulls."

"That is already accomplished, may it please your Majesty," replied Jason. "The bulls have been tamed and yoked; the field has been plowed; the dragon's teeth have been sown broadcast, and harrowed into the soil; the crop of armed warriors has sprung up, and they have slain one another, to the last man. And now I solicit your Majesty's permission to

encounter the dragon, that I may take down the Golden Fleece from the tree, and depart, with my nine and forty comrades."

King Æetes scowled, and looked very angry and excessively disturbed; for he knew that, in accordance with his kingly promise, he ought now to permit Jason to win the fleece, if his courage and skill should enable him to do so. But, since the young man had met with such good luck in the matter of the brazen bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be equally successful in slaying the dragon. And therefore, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved (and it was a very wrong thing of this wicked potentate) not to run any further risk of losing his beloved fleece.

"You never would have succeeded in this business, young man," said he, "if my undutiful daughter Medea had not helped you with her enchantments. Had you acted fairly, you would have been, at this instant, a black cinder, or a handful of white ashes. I forbid you, on pain of death, to make any more attempts to get the Golden Fleece. To speak my mind plainly, you shall never set eyes on so much as one of its glistening locks."

Jason left the king's presence in great sorrow and anger. He could think of nothing better to be done than to summon together his forty-nine brave Argonauts, march at once to the grove of Mars, slay the dragon, take possession of the Golden Fleece, get on board the *Argo*, and spread all sail for *Iolchos*. The success of the scheme depended, it is true, on the doubtful point whether all the fifty heroes might not be snapped up, at so many mouthfuls, by the dragon. But, as Jason was hastening down the palace steps, the Princess Medea called after him, and beckoned him to return. Her black eyes shone upon him with such a keen intelligence, that he felt as if there were a serpent peeping out of them: and although she had done him so much service only the night before, he was by no means very certain that she would not do him an equally great mischief before sunset. These enchantresses, you must know, are never to be depended upon.

"What says King Æetes, my royal and upright father?" inquired Medea, slightly smiling. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece, without any further risk or trouble?"

"On the contrary," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth.

And he forbids me to make any more attempts, and positively refuses to give up the Golden Fleece, whether I slay the dragon or no."

"Yes, Jason," said the princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley, and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour, you might again have seen Prince Jason and the Princess Medea, side by side, stealing through the streets of Colchis, on their way to the sacred grove, in the center of which the Golden Fleece was suspended to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture ground, the brazen bulls came towards Jason, lowing, nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts, which, as other cattle do, they loved to have rubbed and caressed by a friendly hand. Their fierce nature was thoroughly tamed; and, with their fierceness, the two furnaces in their stomachs had likewise been extinguished, insomuch that they probably enjoyed far more comfort in grazing and chewing their cuds than ever before. Indeed, it had heretofore been a great inconvenience to these poor animals, that, whenever they wished to eat a mouthful of grass, the fire out of their nostrils had shriveled it up, before they could manage to crop it. How they contrived to keep themselves alive is more than I can imagine. But now, instead of emitting jets of flame and streams of sulphurous vapor, they breathed the very sweetest of cow breath.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea's guidance into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees, that had been growing for centuries, threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled vainly to find their way through it. Only here and there a glimmer fell upon the leaf-strewn earth, or now and then a breeze stirred the boughs aside, and gave Jason a glimpse of the sky, lest, in that deep obscurity, he might forget that there was one, overhead. At length, when they had gone farther and farther into the heart of the duskiness, Medea squeezed Jason's hand.

"Look yonder," she whispered. "Do you see it?"

Gleaming among the venerable oaks, there was a radiance, not like the moonbeams, but rather resembling the golden glory

of the setting sun. It proceeded from an object, which appeared to be suspended at about a man's height from the ground, a little farther within the wood.

"What is it?" asked Jason.

"Have you come so far to seek it," exclaimed Medea, "and do you not recognize the meed of all your toils and perils, when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece."

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. Oh, how beautiful it looked, shining with a marvelous light of its own, that inestimable prize, which so many heroes had longed to behold, but had perished in the quest of it, either by the perils of their voyage, or by the fiery breath of the brazen-lunged bulls.

"How gloriously it shines!" cried Jason, in a rapture. "It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward, and take it to my bosom."

"Stay," said Medea, holding him back. "Have you forgotten what guards it?"

To say the truth, in the joy of beholding the object of his desires, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason's memory. Soon, however, something came to pass that reminded him what perils were still to be encountered. An antelope, that probably mistook the yellow radiance for sunrise, came bounding fleetly through the grove. He was rushing straight towards the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss, and the immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth (for he was twisted round the trunk of the tree on which the fleece hung), and seizing the poor antelope, swallowed him with one snap of his jaws.

After this feat, the dragon seemed sensible that some other living creature was within reach, on which he felt inclined to finish his meal. In various directions he kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck a terrible long way, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hiding behind an oak. Upon my word, as the head came waving and undulating through the air, and reaching almost within arm's length of Prince Jason, it was a very hideous and uncomfortable sight. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason," whispered Medea (for she was ill-natured, as all enchantresses are, and wanted to make the bold youth

tremble), "what do you think now of your prospect of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered only by drawing his sword and making a step forward.

"Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm. "Do not you see you are lost, without me as your good angel? In this gold box I have a magic potion, which will do the dragon's business far more effectually than your sword."

The dragon had probably heard the voices; for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it approached, Medea tossed the contents of the gold box right down the monster's wide open throat. Immediately, with an outrageous hiss and a tremendous wriggle,—flinging his tail up to the tiptop of the tallest tree, and shattering all its branches as it crashed heavily down again,—the dragon fell at full length upon the ground, and lay quite motionless.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the enchantress to Prince Jason. "One always finds a use for these mischievous creatures, sooner or later; so I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! Snatch the prize, and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree, and hurried through the grove, the deep shadows of which were illuminated as he passed by the golden glory of the precious object that he bore along. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy, and beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the duskiuess of the trees. Espying the two winged sons of the North Wind (who were disporting themselves in the moonlight, a few hundred feet aloft), Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible. But Lynceus, with his sharp eyes, had already caught a glimpse of him, bringing the Golden Fleece, although several stone walls, a hill, and the black shadows of the grove of Mars intervened between. By his advice, the heroes had seated themselves on the benches of the galley, with their oars held perpendicularly, ready to let fall into the water.

As Jason drew near, he heard the Talking Image calling to him with more than ordinary eagerness, in its grave, sweet voice:—

"Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound he leaped aboard. At sight of the glorious radiance of the Golden Fleece, the nine and forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, to the cadence of which the galley flew over the water, homeward bound, as if careering along with wings!



MEDEA'S LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

(From "The Life and Death of Jason.")

[WILLIAM MORRIS, English poet and art reformer, was born March 24, 1834; educated at Oxford, and was one of the Pre-Raphaelites. His best-known poem is "The Earthly Paradise"; he has also written "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," "Sigurd the Volsung," "The Fall of the Niblungs," and smaller ones. In prose he wrote "The House of the Wolfings," "The Glittering Plain," etc. He founded a manufactory of household decorations to reform public taste, and a printing house for artistic typography. He was also a fervent Socialist. He died October 3, 1896.]

THE MEETING.

TURNING to Jason, spake the king these words:—
 "Behold! O Prince, for threescore years and seven
 Have I dwelt here in bliss, nor dare I give
 The fleece to thee, lest I should cease to live;
 Nor dare I quite this treasure to withhold,
 Lest to the Gods I seem grown overbold:
 For many a cunning man I have, to tell
 Divine foreshowings of the oracle,
 And thus they warn me. Therefore shalt thou hear
 What well may fill a hero's heart with fear;
 But not from my old lips; that thou mayst have,
 Whether thy life thou here wilt spill or save,
 At least one joy before thou comest to die:—
 Ho ye, bid in my lady presently!" . . .

At the door a band of maids was seen,
 Who went up towards the dais, a lovely queen
 Being in their midst, who, coming nigh the place
 Where the king sat, passed at a gentle pace
 Alone before the others to the board,
 And said: "Æetes, father, and good lord,
 What is it thou wouldst have of me to-night?"

"O daughter," said Æetes, "tell aright
Unto this king's son here, who is my guest,
What things he must accomplish, ere his quest
Is finished, who has come this day to seek
The golden fell brought hither by the Greek,
The son of Athamas, the unlucky king,
That he may know at last for what a thing
He left the meadowy land and peaceful stead."

Then she to Jason turned her golden head,
And reaching out her lovely arm, took up
From off the board a rich fair jeweled cup,
And said, "O prince, these hard things must ye do."

[See "The Golden Fleece" for the tasks set him.]

"But yet, think well
If these three things be not impossible
To any man, and make a bloodless end
Of this thy quest, and as my father's friend
Well gifted, in few days return in peace,
Lacking for nought, forgetful of the fleece.

Therewith she made an end; but while she spoke
Came Love unseen, and cast his golden yoke
About them both, and sweeter her voice grew,
And softer ever, as betwixt them flew,
With fluttering wings, the new-born, strong desire;
And when her eyes met his gray eyes, on fire
With that that burned her, then with sweet new shame
Her fair face reddened, and there went and came
Delicious tremors through her. But he said,—

"A bitter song thou singest, royal maid,
Unto a sweet tune; yet doubt not that I
To-morrow this so certain death will try;
And dying, may perchance not pass unwept,
And with sweet memories may my name be kept,
That men call Jason of the Minyæ."

Then said she, trembling, "Take, then, this of me,
And drink in token that thy life is passed,
And that thy reckless hand the die has cast."

Therewith she reached the cup to him, but he
Stretched out his hand, and took it joyfully,
As with the cup he touched her dainty hand,
Nor was she loath, awhile with him to stand,
Forgetting all else in that honeyed pain.

At last she turned, and with head raised again
He drank, and swore for nought to leave that quest
'Till he had reached the worst end or the best;

And down the hall the clustering Minyæ
Shouted for joy his godlike face to see.
But she, departing, made no further sign
Of her desires, but, while with song and wine
They feasted till the fevered night was late,
Within her bower she sat, made blind by fate. . . .

[She works sorceries in the woods during the night to save Jason's life.]

But toward the river did she turn again,
Not heeding the rough ways or any pain,
But running swiftly came unto her boat,
And in the mid stream soon was she afloat,
Drawn onward toward the town by flood of tide.

Nor heeded she that by the river side
Still lay her golden shoes, a goodly prize
To some rough fisher in whose sleepy eyes
They first should shine, the while he drew his net
Against the yew wood of the Goddess set.

But she, swept onward by the hurrying stream,
Down in the east beheld a doubtful gleam
That told of dawn; so bent unto the oar
In terror lest her folk should wake before
Her will was wrought; nor failed she now to hear
From neighboring homesteads shrilly notes and clear
Of waking cocks, and twittering from the sedge
Of restless birds about the river's edge;
And when she drew between the city walls,
She heard the hollow sound of rare footfalls
From men who needs must wake for that or this
While upon sleepers gathered dreams of bliss,
Or great distress at ending of the night,
And gray things colored with the gathering light.

At last she reached the gilded water gate,
And though nigh breathless, scarce she dared to wait
To fasten up her shallop to the stone,
Which yet she dared not leave; so this being done
Swiftly by passages and stairs she ran,
Trembling and pale, though not yet seen by man,
Until to Jason's chamber door she came.

And there awhile indeed she stayed, for shame
Rose up against her fear; but mighty love
And the sea-haunting, rose-crowned seed of Jove
O'ermastered both; so trembling, on the pin
She laid her hand, but ere she entered in
She covered up again her shoulder sweet,
And dropped her dusky raiment o'er her feet;

Then entering the dimly lighted room,
 Where with the lamp dawn struggled, through the gloom,
 Seeking the prince she peered, who sleeping lay
 Upon his gold bed, and abode the day
 Smiling, still clad in arms, and round his sword
 His fingers met; then she, with a soft word,
 Came nigh him, and from out his slackened hand
 With slender rosy fingers drew the brand,
 Then kneeling, laid her hand upon his breast,
 And said: "O Jason, wake up from thy rest,
 Perchance from thy last rest, and speak to me."

Then fell his light sleep from him suddenly,
 And on one arm he rose, and clenched his hand,
 Raising it up, as though it held the brand,
 And on this side and that began to stare.

But bringing close to him her visage fair,
 She whispered:—

"Smite not, for thou hast no sword,
 Speak not above thy breath, for one loud word
 May slay both thee and me. Day grows apace;
 What day thou knowest! Canst thou see my face?
 Last night thou didst behold it with such eyes,
 That I, Medea, wise among the wise,
 The safeguard of my father and his land,
 Who have been used with steady eyes to stand
 In awful groves along with Hecate,
 Henceforth must call myself the bond of thee,
 The fool of love; speak not, but kiss me, then,
 Yea, kiss my lips, that not the best of men
 Has touched ere thou. Alas, quick comes the day!
 Draw back, but hearken what I have to say,
 For every moment do I dread to hear
 Thy wakened folk, or our folk drawing near;
 Therefore I speak as if with my last breath,
 Shameless, beneath the shadowing wings of death,
 That still may let us twain again to meet,
 And snatch from bitter love the bitter sweet
 That some folk gather while they wait to die.

"Alas, I loiter, and the day is nigh!
 Soothly I came to bring thee more than this,
 The memory of an unasked fruitless kiss
 Upon thy death day, which this day would be
 If there were not some little help in me."

Therewith from out her wallet did she draw
 The phial, and a crystal without flaw

Shaped like an apple, scored with words about,
Then said: "But now I bid thee have no doubt.
With this oil hidden by these gems and gold
Anoint thine arms and body, and be bold,
Nor fear the fire-breathing bulls one whit,
Such mighty virtue have I drawn to it,
Whereof I give thee proof." Therewith her hand
She thrust into the lamp flame that did stand
Anigh the bed, and showed it him again
Unscarred by any wound or drawn with pain,
Then said: —

"Now, when Mars' plain is plowed at last
And in the furrows those ill seeds are cast,
Take thou this ball in hand and watch the thing;
Then shalt thou see a horrid crop upspring
Of all-armed men therefrom to be thy bane,
Were I not here to make their fury vain.
Draw not thy sword against them as they rise,
But cast this ball amid them, and their eyes
Shall serve them then but little to see thee,
And each of others' weapons slain shall be.

"Now will my father hide his rage at heart,
And praise thee much that thou hast played thy part,
And bid thee to a banquet on this night,
And pray thee wait until to-morrow's light
Before thou triest the Temple of the Fleece.
Trust not to him, but see that unto Greece
The ship's prow turns, and all is ready there.
And at the banquet let thy men forbear
The maddening wine, and bid them arm them all
For what upon this night may chance to fall.

"But I will get by stealth the keys that hold
The seven locks which guard the Fleece of Gold;
And while we try the fleece, let thy men steal,
How so they may, unto thy ready keel,
Thus art thou saved alive with thy desire.

"But what thing will be left to me but fire?
The fire of fierce despair within my heart,
The while I reap my guerdon for my part,
Curses and torments, and in no long space
Real fire of pine wood in some rocky place,
Wreathing around my body greedily,
A dreadful beacon o'er the leaden sea."

But Jason drew her to him, and he said: —
"Nay, by these tender hands and golden head,

That saving things for me have wrought to-night,
 I know not what; by this unseen delight
 Of thy fair body, may I rather burn,
 Nor may the flame die ever if I turn
 Back to my hollow ship, and leave thee here,
 Who in one minute art become so dear,
 Thy limbs so longed for, that at last I know
 Why men have been content to suffer woe
 Past telling, if the Gods but granted this,
 A little while such lips as thine to kiss,
 A little while to drink such deep delight.

"What wouldst thou? Wilt thou go from me? The
 light

Is gray and tender yet, and in your land
 Surely the twilight, lingering long, doth stand
 'Twixt dawn and day."

"O Prince," she said, "I came
 To save your life. I cast off fear and shame
 A little while, but fear and shame are here.
 The hand thou holdest trembles with my fear,
 With shame my cheeks are burning, and the sound
 Of mine own voice: but ere this hour comes round,
 We twain will be betwixt the dashing oars,
 The ship still making for the Grecian shores.
 Farewell, till then, though in the lists to-day
 Thyself shall see me, watching out the play."

Therewith she drew off from him, and was gone,
 And in the chamber Jason left alone. . . .

Meanwhile, Medea coming to her room
 Unseen, lit up the slowly parting gloom
 With scented torches: then bound up her hair,
 And stripped the dark gown from her body fair,
 And laid it with the brass bowl in a chest,
 Where many a day it had been wont to rest,
 Brazen and bound with iron, and whose key
 No eye but hers had ever happed to see.

Then wearied, on her bed she cast her down,
 And strove to think; but soon the uneasy frown
 Faded from off her brow, her lips closed tight
 But now, just parted, and her fingers white
 Slackened their hold upon the coverlet,
 And o'er her face faint smiles began to flit,
 As o'er the summer pool the faint soft air:
 So instant and so kind the God was there.

THE PARTING.

On a day it fell that as they sat
 In Creon's porch, and talked of this or that,
 The king said unto Jason: "Brave thou art,
 But hast thou never fear within thine heart
 Of what the Gods may do for Pelias?"
 "Nay," Jason said, "let what will come to pass,
 His day is past, and mine is flourishing,
 But doubtless is an end to everything,
 And soon or late each man shall have his day."

Then said the king: "Neither did thine hand slay
 The man thyself, or bring his death about;
 Each man shall bear his own sin without doubt.
 Yet do I bid thee watch and take good heed
 Of what the Colchian's treacheries may breed."

Then quickly Jason turned his head around
 And said: "What is there dwelling above ground
 That loveth me as this one loveth me?
 O Creon! I am honored here as thee;
 All do my will as if a God I were;
 Scarce can the young men see me without fear,
 The elders without tears of vain regret.
 And, certes, had this worshiped head been set
 Upon some spike of King Æetes' house,
 But for her tender love and piteous,
 For me she gave up country, kin, and name,
 For me she risked tormenting and the flame,
 The anger of the Gods and curse of man;
 For me she came across the waters wan
 Through many woes, and for my sake did go
 Alone, unarmed, to my most cruel foe,
 Whom there she slew by his own daughters' hands,
 Making me king of all my father's lands:
 Note all these things, and tell me then to flee
 From that which threateneth her who loveth me."

"Yea," said the king, "to make and to unmake
 Is her delight; and certes for thy sake
 She did all this thou sayest, yea, and yet more.
 Seeing thee death-doomed on a foreign shore,
 With hardy heart, but helpless; a king's son,
 But with thy thread of life well-nigh outrun;
 Therefore, I say, she did all this for thee,
 And ever on the way to Thessaly
 She taught thee all things needful, since ye were
 As void of helpful knowledge as of fear.

All this she did, and so was more than queen
Of thee and thine: but thou — thine age is green,
Nor wilt thou always dwell in this fair town,
Nor through the wildwood hunt the quarry down —
Bethink thee — of the world thou mayst be king,
Holding the life and death of everything,
Nor will she love thee more, upon that day
When all her part will be but to obey;
Nor will it then be fitting unto thee
To have a rival in thy sovereignty
Laid in thy bed, and sitting at thy board."

Now somewhat Jason reddened at that word,
But said: "O Creon, let the thing be so!
She shall be high the while that I am low,
And as the Gods in heaven rule over me,
Since they are greater, in such wise shall she,
Who as they gave me life, has given me life,
And glorious end to seeming hopeless strife."

Then Creon said: "Yea, somewhat good it were
If thou couldst lead that life, and have no fear."
Laughing he spoke; but quickly changed his face,
And with knit brows he rose up from his place,
And with his hand on Jason's shoulder, said: —
"O careless man, too full of hardihead!
O thou ease-loving, little-thinking man,
Whate'er thou doest, dread the Colchian!
She will unmake thee yet, as she has made,
And in a bloody grave shalt thou be laid."

Then turning, to his palace went the king,
But Jason, left alone and pondering,
Felt in his heart a vague and gnawing fear,
Of unknown troubles slowly drawing near,
And, spite of words, the thing that Creon said
Touched in his heart that still increasing dread,
And he was moved by that grave elder's face,
For love was dying in the ten years' space.

But Creon, sitting in his chamber, thought,
"Surely I deem my hero may be brought
To change his mate, for in his heart I see
He wearies of his great felicity,
Like fools, for whom fair heaven is not enough,
Who long to stumble over forests rough
With chance of death: yet no more will I say,
But let the bright sun bring about the day."

Now such an one for daughter Creon had
As maketh wise men fools, and young men mad. . . .

But when upon the threshold of his house
He met Medea, who, with amorous
And humble words, spoke to him greetings kind,
He felt as he whose eyes the fire doth blind,
That presently about his limbs shall twine,
And in her face and calm gray eyes divine
He read his own destruction; none the less
In his false heart fair Glauce's loveliness
Seemed that which he had loved his whole life long,
And little did he feel his old love's wrong.

Alas for truth! each day, yea, hour by hour,
He longed once more to see the beechen bower,
And her who dwelt thereby. Alas, alas!
Oft from his lips the hated words would pass:—

“O wavering traitor, still unsatisfied!
O false betrayer of the love so tried!
Fool! to cast off the beauty that thou knowst,
Clear-seeing wisdom, better than a host
Against thy foes, and truth and constancy
Thou wilt not know again whate'er shall be!”

So oft he spoke words that were words indeed,
And had no sting, nor would his changed heart heed
The very bitterest of them all, as he
Thought of his woodland fair divinity,
And of her upturned face, so wondering
At this or that oft-told unheeded thing.

Yet whiles, indeed, old memories had some power
Over his heart, in such an awful hour
As that, when darksome night is well-nigh done,
And earth is waiting silent for the sun;
Then would he turn about his mate to see,
From lips half open, breathing peacefully,
And open, listless, the fair fingers laid,
That unto him had brought such mighty aid.
Then, groaning, from her would he turn away,
And wish he might not see another day,
For certainly his wretched soul he knew,
And of the cruel God his heart that drew.
But when the bright day had come round again,
With noise of men, came foolish thoughts and vain,
And, feeding fond desire, would he burn
Unto Cleonæ his swift steps to turn.

Nor to these matters was the Colchian blind,
And though as yet his speech to her was kind,
Good heed she took of all his moody ways,
And how he loved her not as in past days;

And how he shrunk from her, yet knew it not,
She noted, and the stammering words and hot,
Wherewith, as she grew kinder, still he strove
To hide from her the changing of his love.

Long time she tried to shut her eyes to this,
Striving to save that fair abode of bliss;
But so it might not be; and day by day
She saw the happy time fade fast away;
And as she fell from out that happiness,
Again she grew to be the sorceress,
Worker of fearful things, as once she was,
When what my tale has told she brought to pass.

[Medea prepares a magic robe, which will burn the wearer to ashes.]

But Jason, when those fingers touched his own,
Forgot all joys that he had ever known;
And when her hand left his hand with the ring,
Still in the palm, like some lost, stricken thing,
He stood and stared, as from his eyes she passed
And from that hour all fear away was cast,
All memory of the past time, all regret
For days that did those changed days beget,
And therewithal adown the wind he flung
The love whereon his yearning heart once hung.

Ah! let me turn the page, nor chronicle
In many words the death of faith, or tell
Of meetings by the newly risen moon,
Of passionate silence 'midst the brown birds' tune,
Of wild tears wept within the noontide shade,
Of wild vows spoken, that of old were made,
For other ears, when, amidst other flowers,
He wandered through the love-begetting hours.
Suffice it, that unhappy was each day
Which without speech from Glauce passed away,
And troublous dreams would visit him at night,
When day had passed all barren of her sight.
And at the last, that Creon, the old king,
Being prayed with gifts, and joyful of the thing,
Had given a day when these twain should be wed.

Meanwhile, the once-loved sharer of his bed
Knew all at last, and fierce tormenting fire
Consumed her as the dreadful day drew nigher,
And much from other lips than his she heard,
Till, on a day, this dreadful, blighting word,
Her eyes beheld within a fair scroll writ,
And 'twixt her closed teeth still she muttered it:—

"Depart in peace! and take great heaps of gold,
 For nevermore thy body will I fold
 Within these arms. Let Gods wed Goddesses
 And sea folk wed the women of the seas,
 And men wed women; but thee, who can wed
 And dwell with thee without consuming dread,
 O wise kin of the dreadful sorceress!
 And yet, perchance, thy beauty still may bless
 Some man to whom the world seems small and poor,
 And who already stands beside his door,
 Armed for the conquest of all earthly things.

"Lo, such an one, the vanquisher of kings,
 And equal to the Gods should be thy mate.
 But me, who for a peaceful end but wait,
 Desiring nought but love — canst thou love me?
 Or can I give my whole heart up to thee?

"I hear thee talk of old days thou didst know —
 Are they not gone? — wilt thou not let them go,
 Nor to their shadows still cling desperately,
 Longing for things that nevermore can be? . . .
 The times are changed, with them is changed my heart,
 Nor in my life canst thou have any part,
 Nor can I live in joy and peace with thee,
 Nor yet, for all thy words, canst thou love me.

"Yet, is the world so narrow for us twain
 That all our life henceforth must be but vain?
 Nay, for departing shalt thou be a queen
 Of some great world, fairer than I have seen,
 And wheresoe'er thou goest shalt thou fare
 As one for whom the Gods have utmost care."

Yea, she knew all, yet when these words she read,
 She felt as though upon her bowed-down head
 Had fallen a misery not known before,
 And all seemed light that erst her crushed heart bore,
 For she was wrapped in uttermost despair,
 And motionless within the chamber fair
 She stood, as one struck dead and past all thought.

But as she stood, a sound to her was brought
 Of children's voices, and she 'gan to wail
 With tearless eyes, and, from writhed lips and pale,
 Faint words of woe she muttered, meaningless,
 But such as such lips utter none the less.
 Then all at once thoughts of some dreadful thing
 Back to her mind some memory seemed to bring,
 As she beheld the casket gleaming fair,
 Wherein was laid that she was wont to wear,

That in the philter lay that other morn,
And therewithal unto her heart was borne
The image of two lovers, side by side.

Then with a groan the fingers that did hide
Her tortured face slowly she drew away,
And going up to where her tablets lay,
Fit for the white hands of the Goddesses,
Therein she wrote such piteous words as these:—

“Would God that Argo’s brazen-banded mast
’Twixt the blue clashing rocks had never passed
Unto the Colchian land! Or would that I
Had had such happy fortune as to die
Then, when I saw thee standing by the Fleece,
Safe on the long-desired shore of Greece!
Alas, O Jason! for thy cruel praise!
Alas, for all the kindness of past days!
That to thy heart seems but a story told
Which happed to other folk in times of old.
But unto me, indeed, its memory
Was bliss in happy hours, and now shall be
Such misery as never tongue can tell.

“Jason, I heed thy cruel message well,
Nor will I stay to vex thee, nor will stay
Until thy slaves thrust me thy love away.
Be happy! think that I have never been—
Forget these eyes, that none the less have seen
Thy hands take life at my hands, and thy heart
O’erflow in tears, when needs was we should part
But for a little; though, upon the day
When I for evermore must go away,
I think, indeed, thou wilt not weep for this;
Yea, if thou weepest then, some honeyed kiss
From other lips shall make thy gray eyes wet,
Betwixt the words that bid thee to forget
’Thou ever hast loved aught but her alone.

“Yet of all times mayst thou remember one,
The second time that ever thou and I
Had met alone together. . . .
Thou knowest yet the whispered words I said
Upon that night—thou never canst forget
That happy night of all nights. Ah! and yet
Why make I these long words, that thou the more
Mayst hate me, who already hat’st me sore,
Since ’midst thy pleasure I am grown a pain.

Be happy ! for thou shalt not hear again
 My voice, and with one word this scroll is done —
 Jason, I love thee, yea, love thee alone —
 God help me, therefore ! — and would God that I
 Such as thou sayst I am, were verily,
 'Then what a sea of troubles shouldst thou feel
 Rise up against thy life, how shouldst thou steel
 Thy heart to bear all, failing at the last,
 Then wouldst thou raise thine head, o'erwhelmed, downcast,
 And round about once more shouldst look for me,
 Who led thee o'er strange land and unknown sea.

"And not in vain, O dearest ! not in vain !
 Would I not come and weep at all thy pain,
 That I myself had wrought ? would I not raise
 Thy burdened head with hopes of happy days ?
 Would I not draw thee forth from all thy woe ?
 And fearless by thy side would I not go,
 As once I went, through many unknown lands
 When I had saved thee from my father's hands ?

"All would I do, that I have done erewhile,
 To have thy love once more, and feel thy smile,
 As freed from snow about the first spring days
 The meadows feel the young sun's fickle rays.

"But I am weak, and past all, nor will I
 Pray any more for kindly memory ;
 Yet shalt thou have one last gift more from me,
 To give thy new love. . . .

When in godlike light
 She shines, with all her beauty grown so bright,
 That eyes of men can scarcely gaze thereon —
 Then, when thy new desire at last is won —
 Then, wilt thou not a little think of me,
 Who saved thy life for this felicity ?"

She ceased, and moaning to herself she said : —
 "Ah ! shall I, living underneath the sun,
 I wonder, wish for anything again,
 Or ever know what pleasure means, and pain ? —
 — And for these deeds I do ; and thou the first,
 O woman, whose young beauty has so cursed
 My hapless life, at least I save thee this —
 The slow descent to misery from bliss,
 With bitter torment growing day by day,
 And faint hope lessening till it fades away
 Into dull waiting for the certain blow,

But thou, who nought of coming fate dost know,
 One overwhelming fear, one agony,
 And in a little minute shalt thou be
 Where thou wouldst be in threescore years at most. . . .
 Kindly I deal with thee, mine enemy;
 Since swift forgetfulness to thee I send.
 But thou shalt die — his eyes shall see thine end —
 Ah! if thy death alone could end it all!

“But ye — shall I behold you when leaves fall,
 In some sad evening of the autumn tide?
 Or shall I have you sitting by my side
 Amidst the feast, so that folk stare and say,
 ‘Sure the gray wolf has seen the queen to-day.’
 What! when I kneel in temples of the Gods,
 Must I bethink me of the upturned sods,
 And hear a voice say: ‘Mother, wilt thou come
 And see us resting in our new-made home,
 Since thou wert used to make us lie full soft,
 Smoothing our pillows many a time and oft?
 O mother, now no dainty food we need,
 Whereof thou once wert wont to have such heed.
 O mother, now we need no gown of gold,
 Nor in the winter time do we grow cold;
 Thy hands would bathe us when we were thine own,
 Now doth the rain wash every shining bone.
 No pedagogue we need, for surely heaven
 Lies spread above us, with the planets seven,
 To teach us all its lore.’

Ah! day by day
 Would I have hearkened all the folk would say.
 Ah! in the sweet beginning of your days
 Would I have garnered every word of praise.
 ‘What fearless backers of the untamed steed,’
 ‘What matchless spears, what loyal friends at need,’
 ‘What noble hearts, how bountiful and free,’
 ‘How like their father on the troublous sea!’

“O sons, with what sweet counsels and what tears
 Would I have hearkened to the hopes and fears
 Of your first loves: what rapture had it been
 Your dear returning footsteps to have seen
 Amidst the happy warriors of the land;
 But now — but now — this is a little hand
 Too often kissed since love did first begin
 To win such curses as it yet shall win,
 When after all bad deeds there comes a worse;
 Praise to the Gods! ye know not how to curse.

"But when in some dim land we meet again
 Will ye remember all the loss and pain?
 Will ye the form of children keep for aye
 With thoughts of men? and 'Mother,' will ye say,
 'Why didst thou slay us ere we came to know
 That men die? hadst thou waited until now,
 An easy thing it had been then to die,
 For in the thought of immortality
 Do children play about the flowery meads,
 And win their heaven with a crown of weeds.'

"O children! that I would have died to save,
 How fair a life of pleasure might ye have,
 But for your mother: — nay, for thee, for thee,
 For thee who might'st have lived so happily;
 For thee, O traitor! who didst bring them here
 Into this cruel world, this lovely bier
 Of youth and love, and joy and happiness,
 That unforeseeing happy fools still bless."

Amid these wild words had the evening come
 Of the last day in that once happy home;
 So, rising, did she take the casket fair,
 And gave it to a faithful slave to bear,
 With all those wailing words that she had writ
 To Jason, her love once; then did she sit
 Within that chamber, with her heavy head
 Laid on her arms, and scarce more than the dead
 She moved, for many hours, until at last
 A stupor over her some kind God cast,
 So that she slept, and had forgetfulness
 A little while from fury and distress.

[The magic robe is put on by his new bride, who is turned to ashes as it
 takes fire.]

But what a waking unto him shall be!
 And what a load of shameful misery
 His life shall bear! His old love cast away,
 His new love dead upon that fearful day,
 Childless, dishonored, must his days go by.
 For in another chamber did there lie
 Two little helpless bodies side by side,
 Smiling as though in sweet sleep they had died,
 And feared no ill. And she who thus had slain
 Those fruits of love, the folk saw not again,
 Nor knew where she was gone; yet she died not,
 But fleeing, somehow, from that fatal spot,
 She came to Athens, and there long did dwell.

JASON AND MEDEA.

By EURIPIDES.

(Translation of E. P. Coleridge.)

[EURIPIDES : The last of the three Greek tragic poets ; born on the island of Salamis in B.C. 480, according to popular tradition, on the day of the famous naval battle. He received instruction in physics from Anaxagoras, in rhetoric from Prodicus, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Socrates. He early devoted his attention to dramatic composition, and at the age of twenty-five obtained a prize for his first tragedy. After a successful career at Athens, he retired for unknown reasons to Magnesia in Thessaly, and thence proceeded to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, where he died in B.C. 405. Of over seventy-five tragedies there have come down to us only eighteen, the best known being : "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Andromache," "Iphigenia at Aulis," "Iphigenia among the Tauri," "Electra," "Orestes," "Bacchæ."]

Jason — I am come at thy bidding, for e'en though thy hate for me is bitter thou shalt not fail in this small boon, but I will hear what new request thou hast to make of me, lady.

Medea — Jason, I crave thy pardon for the words I spoke, and well thou mayest brook my burst of passion, for ere now we twain have shared much love. For I have reasoned with my soul and railed upon me thus : "Ah ! poor heart ! why am I thus distraught, why so angered 'gainst all good advice, why have I come to hate the rulers of the land, my husband too, who does the best for me he can, in wedding with a princess and rearing for my children noble brothers ? Shall I not cease to fret ? What possesses me, when heaven its best doth offer ? Have I not my children to consider ? do I forget that we are fugitives, in need of friends ?" When I had thought all this, I saw how foolish I had been, how senselessly enraged. So now I do commend thee and think thee most wise in forming this connection for us ; but I was mad, I who should have shared in these designs, helped on thy plans, and lent my aid to bring about the match, only too pleased to wait upon thy bride. But what we are, we are, we women, evil I will not say ; wherefore thou shouldst not sink to our sorry level nor with our weapons meet our childishness.

I yield and do confess that I was wrong then, but now have I come to a better mind. Come hither, my children, come, leave the house, step forth, and with me greet and bid farewell to your father, be reconciled from all past bitterness unto your friends, as now your mother is ; for we have made a truce and anger is no more.

Enter the CHILDREN.

Take his right hand; ah me! my sad fate! when I reflect, as now, upon the hidden future. O my children, since there awaits you even thus a long, long life, stretch forth the hand to take a fond farewell. Ah me! how new to tears am I, how full of fear! For now that I have at last released me from my quarrel with your father, I let the tear-drops stream adown my tender cheek.

Chorus — From my eyes too bursts forth the copious tear: O, may no greater ill than the present e'er befall!

Jason — Lady, I praise this conduct, not that I blame what is past; for it is but natural to the female sex to vent their spleen against a husband when he traffics in other marriages besides his own. But thy heart is changed to wiser schemes, and thou art determined on the better course, late though it be; this is acting like a woman of sober sense. And for you, my sons, hath your father provided with all good heed a sure refuge, by God's grace; for ye, I trow, shall with your brothers share hereafter the foremost rank in this Corinthian realm. Only grow up, for all the rest your sire and whoso of the gods is kind to us is bringing to pass. May I see you reach man's full estate, high o'er the heads of those I hate! But thou, lady, why with fresh tears dost thou thine eyelids wet, turning away thy wan cheek, with no welcome for these my happy tidings?

Medea — 'Tis naught; upon these children my thoughts were turned.

Jason — Then take heart; for I will see that it is well with them.

Medea — I will do so; nor will I doubt thy word; woman is a weak creature, ever given to tears.

Jason — Why, prithee, unhappy one, dost moan o'er these children?

Medea — I gave them birth; and when thou didst pray long life for them, pity entered into my soul to think that these things must be. But the reason of thy coming hither to speak with me is partly told, the rest will I now mention. Since it is the pleasure of the rulers of the land to banish me, and well I know 'twere best for me to stand not in the way of thee or of the rulers by dwelling here, enemy as I am thought unto their house, forth from this land in exile am I going; but

these children,—that they may know thy fostering hand, beg Creon to remit their banishment.

Jason — I doubt whether I can persuade him, yet must I attempt it.

Medea — At least do thou bid thy wife ask her sire this boon, to remit the exile of the children from this land.

Jason — Yea, that will I; and her methinks I shall persuade, since she is a woman like the rest.

Medea — I too will aid thee in this task, for by the children's hand I will send to her gifts that far surpass in beauty, I well know, aught that now is seen 'mongst men, a robe of finest tissue and a chaplet of chased gold. But one of my attendants must haste and bring the ornaments hither. Happy shall she be not once alone but ten thousandfold, for in thee she wins the noblest soul to share her love, and gets these gifts as well which on a day my father's sire, the Sun God, bestowed on his descendants. My children, take in your hands these wedding gifts, and bear them as an offering to the royal maid, the happy bride; for verily the gifts she shall receive are not to be scorned.

Jason — But why so rashly rob thyself of these gifts? Dost think a royal palace wants for robes or gold? Keep them, nor give them to another. For well I know that if my lady hold me in esteem, she will set my price above all wealth.

Medea — Say not so; 'tis said that gifts tempt even gods; and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countless words. Fortune smiles upon thy bride, and heaven now doth swell her triumph; youth is hers and princely power; yet to save my children from exile I would barter life, not dross alone. Children, when ye are come to the rich palace, pray your father's new bride, my mistress, with suppliant voice to save you from exile, offering her these ornaments the while; for it is most needful that she receive the gifts in her own hand. Now go and linger not; may ye succeed and to your mother bring back the glad tidings she fain would hear!

Chorus — Gone, gone is every hope I had that the children yet might live; forth to their doom they now proceed. The hapless bride will take, ay, take the golden crown that is to be her ruin; with her own hand will she lift and place upon her golden locks the garniture of death. Its grace and sheen divine will tempt her to put on the robe and crown of gold, and in that act will she deck herself to be a bride amid the

dead. Such is the snare whereinto she will fall, such is the deadly doom that waits the hapless maid, nor shall she from the curse escape. And thou, poor wretch, who to thy sorrow art wedding a king's daughter, little thinkest of the doom thou art bringing on thy children's life, or of the cruel death that waits thy bride.

Woe is thee! how art thou fallen from thy high estate!

Next do I bewail thy sorrows, O mother hapless in thy children, thou who wilt slay thy babes because thou hast a rival, the babes thy husband hath deserted impiously to join him to another bride.

Attendant — Thy children, lady, are from exile freed, and gladly did the royal bride accept thy gifts in her own hands, and so thy children made their peace with her.

Medea — Ah!

Attendant — Why art so disquieted in thy prosperous hour? Why turnest thou thy cheek away, and hast no welcome for my glad news?

Medea — Ah me!

Attendant — These groans but ill accord with the news I bring.

Medea — Ah me! once more I say.

Attendant — Have I unwittingly announced some evil tidings? Have I erred in thinking my news was good?

Medea — Thy news is as it is; I blame thee not.

Attendant — Then why this downcast eye, these floods of tears?

Medea — Old friend, needs must I weep; for the gods and I with fell intent devised these schemes.

Attendant — Be of good cheer; thou too of a surety shalt by thy sons yet be brought home again.

Medea — Ere that shall I bring others to their home, ah! woe is me!

Attendant — Thou art not the only mother from thy children reft. Bear patiently thy troubles as a mortal must.

Medea — I will obey; go thou within the house and make the day's provision for the children. O my babes, my babes, ye have still a city and a home, where far from me and my sad lot you will live your lives, reft of your mother forever; while I must to another land in banishment, or ever I have had my joy of you, or lived to see you happy, or ever I have graced your marriage couch, your bride, your bridal bower, or lifted

high the wedding torch. Ah me! a victim of my own self-will. So it was all in vain I reared you, O my sons; in vain did suffer, racked with anguish, enduring the cruel pangs of childbirth. 'Fore Heaven I once had hope, poor me! high hope of ye that you would nurse me in my age and deck my corpse with loving hands, a boon we mortals covet; but now is my sweet fancy dead and gone; for I must lose you both and in bitterness and sorrow drag through life. And ye shall never with fond eyes see your mother more, for o'er your life there comes a change. Ah me! ah me! why do ye look at me so, my children? why smile that last sweet smile? Ah me! what am I to do? My heart gives way when I behold my children's laughing eyes. O, I cannot; farewell to all my former schemes; I will take the children from the land, the babes I bore. Why should I wound their sire by wounding them, and get me a twofold measure of sorrow? No, no, I will not do it. Farewell my scheming! And yet what am I coming to? Can I consent to let those foes of mine escape from punishment, and incur their mockery? I must face this deed. Out upon my craven heart! to think that I should even have let the soft words escape my soul. Into the house, children! and whoso feels he must not be present at my sacrifice, must see to it himself; I will not spoil my handiwork. Ah! ah! do not, my heart, O do not do this deed! Let the children go, unhappy lady, spare thy babes! For if they live, they will cheer thee in thy exile there. Nay, by the fiends of hell's abyss, never, never will I hand my children over to their foes to mock and flout. Die they must in any case, and since 'tis so, why I, the mother who bore them, will give the fatal blow. In any case their doom is fixed and there is no escape. Already the crown is on her head, the robe is round her, and she is dying, the royal bride; that do I know full well. But now since I have a piteous path to tread, and yet more piteous still the path I send my children on, fain would I say farewell to them. O my babes, my babes, let your mother kiss your hands. Ah! hands I love so well, O lips most dear to me! O noble form and features of my children, I wish ye joy, but in that other land, for here your father robs you of your home. O the sweet embrace, the soft young cheek, the fragrant breath! my children! Go, leave me; I cannot bear to longer look upon ye; my sorrow wins the day. At last I understand the awful deed I am to do; but passion, that cause of direst woes to mortal man, hath triumphed o'er my sober thoughts.

Chorus — Oft ere now have I pursued subtler themes and have faced graver issues than woman's sex should seek to probe; but then e'en we aspire to culture, which dwells with us to teach us wisdom; I say not all; for small is the class amongst women — (one maybe shalt thou find 'mid many) — that is not incapable of culture. And amongst mortals I do assert that they who are wholly without experience and have never had children far surpass in happiness those who are parents. The childless, because they have never proved whether children grow up to be a blessing or curse to men, are removed from all share in many troubles; whilst those who have a sweet race of children growing up in their houses do wear away, as I perceive, their whole life through; first with the thought how they may train them up in virtue, next how they shall leave their sons the means to live; and after all this 'tis far from clear whether on good or bad children they bestow their toil. But one last crowning woe for every mortal man I now will name; suppose that they have found sufficient means to live, and seen their children grow to man's estate and walk in virtue's path, still if fortune so befall, comes Death and bears the children's bodies off to Hades. Can it be any profit to the gods to heap upon us mortal men besides our other woes this further grief for children lost, a grief surpassing all?

Medea — Kind friends, long have I waited expectantly to know how things would at the palace chance. And lo! I see one of Jason's servants coming hither, whose hurried gasps for breath proclaim him the bearer of some fresh tidings.

Messenger — Fly, fly, Medea! who hast wrought an awful deed, transgressing every law; nor leave behind or sea-borne bark or car that scours the plain.

Medea — Why, what hath chanced that calls for such a flight of mine?

Messenger — The princess is dead, a moment gone, and Creon too, her sire, slain by those drugs of thine.

Medea — Tidings most fair are thine! Henceforth shalt thou be ranked amongst my friends and benefactors.

Messenger — Ha! What? Art sane? Art not distraught, lady, who hearest with joy the outrage to our royal house done, and art not at the horrid tale afraid?

Medea — Somewhat have I, too, to say in answer to thy words. Be not so hasty, friend, but tell the manner of their

death, for thou wouldst give me double joy, if so they perished miserably.

Messenger — When the children twain whom thou didst bear came with their father and entered the palace of the bride, right glad were we thralls who had shared thy griefs, for instantly from ear to ear a rumor spread that thou and thy lord had made up your former quarrel. One kissed thy children's hands, another their golden hair, while I for very joy went with them in person to the women's chambers. Our mistress, whom now we do revere in thy room, cast a longing glance at Jason, ere she saw thy children twain; but then she veiled her eyes and turned her blanching cheek away, disgusted at their coming; but thy husband tried to check his young bride's angry humor with these words: "O, be not angered 'gainst thy friends; cease from wrath and turn once more thy face this way, counting as friends whomso thy husband counts, and accept these gifts, and for my sake crave thy sire to remit these children's exile." Soon as she saw the ornaments, no longer she held out, but yielded to her lord in all; and ere the father and his sons were far from the palace gone, she took the brodered robe and put it on, and set the golden crown about her tresses, arranging her hair at her bright mirror, with many a happy smile at her breathless counterfeit. Then rising from her seat she passed across the chamber, tripping lightly on her fair white foot, exulting in the gift, with many a glance at her uplifted ankle. When lo! a scene of awful horror did ensue. In a moment she turned pale, reeled backwards, trembling in every limb, and sank upon a seat scarce soon enough to save herself from falling to the ground. An aged dame, one of her company, thinking belike it was a fit from Pan or some god sent, raised a cry of prayer, till from her mouth she saw the foam flakes issue, her eyeballs rolling in their sockets, and all the blood her face desert; then did she raise a loud scream far different from her former cry. Forthwith one handmaid rushed to her father's house, another to her new bridegroom to tell his bride's sad fate, and the whole house echoed with their running to and fro. By this time would a quick walker have made the turn in a course of six plethra and reached the goal, when she with one awful shriek awoke, poor sufferer, from her speechless trance and oped her closed eyes, for against her a twofold anguish was waring. The chaplet of gold about her head was sending forth a wondrous stream of ravening flame, while the

fine raiment, thy children's gift, was preying on the hapless maiden's fair white flesh; and she starts from her seat in a blaze and seeks to fly, shaking her hair and head this way and that, to cast the crown therefrom; but the gold held firm to its fastenings, and the flame, as she shook her locks, blazed forth the more with double fury. Then to the earth she sinks, by the cruel blow o'ercome, past all recognition now save to a father's eye; for her eyes had lost their tranquil gaze, her face no more its natural look preserved, and from the crown of her head blood and fire in mingled stream ran down; and from her bones the flesh kept peeling off beneath the gnawing of those secret drugs, e'en as when the pine tree weeps its tears of pitch, a fearsome sight to see. And all were afraid to touch the corpse, for we were warned by what had chanced. Anon came her hapless father unto the house, all unwitting of her doom, and stumbles o'er the dead, and loud he cried, and folding his arms about her kissed her, with words like these the while: "O my poor, poor child, which of the gods hath destroyed thee thus foully? Who is robbing me of thee, old as I am and ripe for death? O my child, alas! would I could die with thee!" He ceased his sad lament, and would have raised his aged frame, but found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe as ivy that clings to the branches of the bay, and then ensued a fearful struggle. He strove to rise, but she still held him back; and if ever he pulled with all his might, from off his bones his aged flesh he tore. At last he gave it up, and breathed forth his soul in awful suffering; for he could no longer master the pain. So there they lie, daughter and aged sire, dead side by side, a grievous sight that calls for tears. And as for thee, I leave thee out of my consideration, for thyself must discover a means to escape punishment. Not now for the first time I think this human life a shadow; yea, and without shrinking I will say that they amongst men who pretend to wisdom and expend deep thought on words do incur a serious charge of folly; for amongst mortals no man is happy; wealth may pour in and make one luckier than another, but none can happy be.

Chorus — This day the deity, it seems, will mass on Jason, as he well deserves, a heavy load of evils. Woe is thee, daughter of Creon! I pity thy sad fate, gone as thou art to Hades' halls as the price of thy marriage with Jason.

Medea — My friends, I am resolved upon the deed; at once

will I slay my children and then leave this land, without delaying long enough to hand them over to some more savage hand to butcher. Needs must they die in any case; and since they must, I will slay them—I, the mother that bare them. O heart of mine, steel thyself! Why do I hesitate to do the awful deed that must be done? Come, take the sword, thou wretched hand of mine! Take it, and advance to the post whence starts thy life of sorrow! Away with cowardice! Give not one thought to thy babes, how dear they are or how thou art their mother. This one brief day forget thy children dear, and after that lament; for though thou wilt slay them, yet they were thy darlings still, and I am a lady of sorrows.

Chorus—O earth, O sun whose beam illumines all, look, look upon this lost woman, ere she stretch forth her murderous hand upon her sons for blood; for lo! these are scions of thy own golden seed, and the blood of gods is in danger of being shed by man. O light, from Zeus proceeding, stay her, hold her hand, forth from the house chase this fell bloody fiend by demons led. Vainly wasted were the throes thy children cost thee; vainly hast thou borne, it seems, sweet babes, O thou who hast left behind thee that passage through the blue Symplegades, that strangers justly hate. Ah! hapless one, why doth fierce anger thy soul assail? Why in its place is fell murder growing up? For grievous unto mortal men are pollutions that come of kindred blood poured on the earth, woes to suit each crime hurled from heaven on the murderer's house.

First Son [within]—Ah me, what can I do? Whither fly to escape my mother's blows?

Second Son [within]—I know not, sweet brother mine; we are undone.

Chorus—Didst hear, didst hear the children's cry? O lady, born to sorrow, victim of an evil fate! Shall I enter the house? For the children's sake I am resolved to ward off the murder.

First Son [within]—Yea, by heaven I adjure you; help, your aid is needed.

Second Son [within]—Even now the toils of the sword are closing round us.

Chorus—O hapless mother, surely thou hast a heart of stone or steel to slay the offspring of thy womb by such a murderous doom. Of all the wives of yore I know but one who laid her hand upon her children dear, even Ino, whom the gods

did madden in the day that the wife of Zeus drove her wandering from her home. But she, poor sufferer, flung herself into the sea because of the foul murder of her children, leaping o'er the wave-beat cliff, and in her death was she united to her children twain. Can there be any deed of horror left to follow this? Woe for the wooing of women fraught with disaster! What sorrows hast thou caused for men ere now!

Jason — Ladies, stationed near this house, pray tell me is the author of these hideous deeds, Medea, still within, or hath she fled from hence? For she must hide beneath the earth or soar on wings towards heaven's vault, if she would avoid the vengeance of the royal house. Is she so sure she will escape herself unpunished from this house, when she hath slain the rulers of the land? But enough of this! I am forgetting her children. As for her, those whom she hath wronged will do the like by her; but I am come to save the children's life, lest the victims' kin visit their wrath on me, in vengeance for the murder foul, wrought by my children's mother.

Chorus — Unhappy man, thou knowest not the full extent of thy misery, else had thou never said those words.

Jason — How now? Can she want to kill me too?

Chorus — Thy sons are dead; slain by their own mother's hand.

Jason — O God! what sayest thou? Woman, thou hast sealed my doom.

Chorus — Thy children are no more; be sure of this.

Jason — Where slew she them; within the palace or outside?

Chorus — Throw wide the doors and see thy children's murdered corpses.

Jason — Haste, ye slaves, loose the bolts, undo the fastenings, that I may see the sight of twofold woe, my murdered sons and her, whose blood in vengeance I will shed.

[MEDEA in mid air, on a chariot drawn by dragons; the children's corpses by her.]

Medea — Why shake those doors and attempt to loose their bolts, in quest of the dead and me their murderess? From such toil desist. If thou wouldst aught with me, say on, if so thou wilt; but never shalt thou lay hand on me, so swift the steeds the sun, my father's sire, to me doth give to save me from the hand of my foes.

Jason — Accursed woman! by gods, by me and all man-

kind abhorred as never woman was, who hadst the heart to stab thy babes, thou their mother, leaving me undone and childless; this hast thou done and still dost gaze upon the sun and earth after this deed most impious? Curses on thee! I now perceive what then I missed in the day I brought thee, fraught with doom, from thy home in a barbarian land to dwell in Hellas, traitress to thy sire and to the land that nurtured thee. On me the gods have hurled the curse that dogged thy steps, for thou didst slay thy brother at his hearth ere thou cam'st aboard our fair ship *Argo*. Such was the outset of thy life of crime; then didst thou wed with me, and having borne me sons to glut thy passion's lust, thou now hast slain them. Not one amongst the wives of Hellas e'er had dared this deed; yet before them all I chose thee for my wife, wedding a foe to be my doom, no woman, but a lioness fiercer than *Tyrrhene Scylla* in nature. But with reproaches heaped a thousandfold I cannot wound thee, so brazen is thy nature. Perish, vile sorceress, murderess of thy babes! Whilst I must mourn my luckless fate, for I shall ne'er enjoy my new-found bride, nor shall I have the children, whom I bred and reared, alive to say the last farewell to me; nay, I have lost them.

Medea — To this thy speech I could have made a long retort, but Father Zeus knows well all I have done for thee, and the treatment thou hast given me. Yet thou wert not ordained to scorn my love and lead a life of joy in mockery of me, nor was thy royal bride nor *Creon*, who gave thee a second wife, to thrust me from this land and rue it not. Wherefore, if thou wilt, call me e'en a lioness, and *Scylla*, whose home is in the *Tyrrhene* land; for I in turn have wrung thy heart, as well I might.

Jason — Thou, too, art grieved thyself, and sharest in my sorrow.

Medea — Be well assured I am; but it relieves my pain to know thou canst not mock at me.

Jason — O my children, how vile a mother ye have found!

Medea — My sons, your father's feeble lust has been your ruin!

Jason — 'Twas not my hand, at any rate, that slew them.

Medea — No, but thy foul treatment of me, and thy new marriage.

Jason — Didst think that marriage cause enough to murder them?

Medea — Dost think a woman counts this a trifling injury?

Jason — So she be self-restrained; but in thy eyes all is evil.

Medea — Thy sons are dead and gone. That will stab thy heart.

Jason — They live, methinks, to bring a curse upon thy head.

Medea — The gods know, whoso of them began this troublous coil.

Jason — Indeed, they know that hateful heart of thine.

Medea — Thou art as hateful. I am aweary of thy bitter tongue.

Jason — And I likewise of thine. But parting is easy.

Medea — Say how; what am I to do? for I am fain as thou to go.

Jason — Give up to me those dead, to bury and lament.

Medea — No, never! I will bury them myself, bearing them to Hera's sacred field, who watches o'er the Cape, that none of their foes may insult them by pulling down their tombs; and in this land of Sisyplus I will ordain hereafter a solemn feast and mystic rites to atone for this impious murder. Myself will now to the land of Erechtheus, to dwell with Ægeus, Pandion's son. But thou, as well thou mayest, shalt die a caitiff's death, thy head crushed 'neath a shattered relic of Argo, when thou hast seen the bitter ending of my marriage.

Jason — The curse of our sons' avenging spirit and of Justice, that calls for blood, be on thee!

Medea — What god or power divine hears thee, breaker of oaths and every law of hospitality?

Jason — Fie upon thee! cursed witch! child murderess!

Medea — To thy house! go, bury thy wife.

Jason — I go, bereft of both my sons.

Medea — Thy grief is yet to come; wait till old age is with thee too.

Jason — O my dear, dear children!

Medea — Dear to their mother, not to thee.

Jason — And yet thou didst slay them?

Medea — Yea, to vex thy heart.

Jason — One last fond kiss, ah me! I fain would on their lips imprint.

Medea — Embraces now, and fond farewells for them; but then a cold repulse!

Jason — By heaven I do adjure thee, let me touch their tender skin.

Medea — No, no ! in vain this word has sped its flight.

Jason — O Zeus, dost hear how I am driven hence ; dost mark the treatment I receive from this she-lion, fell murderess of her young ? Yet so far as I may and can, I raise for them a dirge, and do adjure the gods to witness how thou hast slain my sons, and wilt not suffer me to embrace or bury their dead bodies. Would I had never begotten them to see thee slay them after all !



THE BACCHANALS.

By JOHN KEATS.

(From " Endymion,")

O SORROW,
 Why dost borrow
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ? —
 To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes ?
 Or is 't thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon eye ? —
 To give the glowworm light ?
 Or on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea spray ?

O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ? —
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May ? —
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head,
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day —

Nor any drooping flower
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow
 I bade good morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away behind;
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly;
 She is so constant to me, and so kind:
 I would deceive her
 And so leave her,
 But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
 I sat a weeping: in the whole world wide
 There was no one to ask me why I wept, —
 And so I kept
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
 Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
 I sat a weeping: what enamored bride,
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
 But hides and shrouds
 Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revelers: the rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue —
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din —
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon: —
 I rushed into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;

And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite :
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry Damsels ! whence came ye !
 So many, and so many, and such glee ?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate ? —
 "We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering !
 Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him through kingdoms wide : —
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy !"

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye !
 So many, and so many, and such glee ?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ? —
 "For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms ;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth ? —
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy !"

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants :
 Onward these myriads — with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley rowers' toil :
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;

A three days' journey in a moment **long** :
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Inde their jewel scepters vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans ;
 Before young Bacchus' eye wink turning pale.
 Into these regions came I following him,
 Sick hearted, weary — so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime :
 Alas, 'tis not for me !
 Bewitched I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow !
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.

ETHICS OF THE HEROIC AGE.

BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

(From "Juventus Mundi.")

[WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: An English statesman and writer; born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died May 19, 1898. He was sent to Eton and then to Oxford, taking the highest honors at the university. He then studied law; entered Parliament; became president of the Board of Trade, chancellor of the exchequer; succeeded Lord Palmerston as leader of the House of Commons; in 1868 succeeded Disraeli as first lord of the treasury; and held many other high offices. He was the greatest statesman in England, and also took a high rank among men of letters. His writings are many and varied, including essays, translations, and works on theology and philology. Among the more notable are: "The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838), "Church Principles considered in their Results" (1840), "Manual of Prayers from the Liturgy" (1845), "On the Place of Homer in Classical Education" (1857), "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (3 vols., 1858), "'Ecce Homo'" (1868), "A Chapter of Autobiography" (1868), "Juventus Mundi" (1869), "The Vatican Decrees" (1874), "Homeric Synchronism" (1876), "Homer" (1878), "Gleanings of Past Years" (7 vols., 1879), "Landmarks of Homeric Study" (1890), "An Introduction to the People's Bible History" (1895), "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler" (1896), and "On the Condition of Man in a Future Life" (1896).]

THE point in which the ethical tone of the heroic age stands highest of all is, perhaps, the strength of the domestic affections.

They are prevalent in Olympus; and they constitute an amiable feature in the portraiture even of deities who have nothing else to recommend them. Not only does Poseidon care for the brutal Polyphemus, and Zeus for the noble and gallant Sarpedon, but Ares for Ascalaphus, and Aphrodite for Æneas. In the Trojan royal family there is little of the higher morality; but parental affection is vehement in the characters, somewhat relaxed as they are in fiber, both of Priam and of Hecuba. Odysseus chooses for the title, by which he would be known, that of the Father of Telemachus. The single portraiture of Penelope, ever yearning through twenty years for her absent husband, and then praying to be removed from life, that she may never gladden the spirit of a meaner man, could not have been designed or drawn, except in a country where the standard, in this great branch of morality, was a high one. This is the palmary and all-sufficient instance. Others might be mentioned to follow, though none can equal it.

Perhaps even beyond other cases of domestic relation, the

natural sentiment, as between parents and children, was profoundly ingrained in the morality of the heroic age. The feeling of Achilles for Peleus, of Odysseus for his father *Laertes* and his mother Anticlea, exhibits an affection alike deep and tender. Those who die young, like Simoisius by the hand of Ajax, die before they have had time to repay to their parents their threptrā, the pains and care of rearing them. Phoenix, in the height of wrath with his father, and in a country where homicide was thought a calamity far more than a crime, is restrained from offering him any violence, lest he should be branded, among the Achaians, with the stamp of Parricide. All this was reciprocated on the side of parents: even in Troy, as we may judge from the conduct and words of Hector, of Andromache, of Priam. While the father of Odysseus pined on earth for his return, his mother died of a broken heart for his absence. And the Shade of Achilles in the Underworld only craves to know whether Peleus is still held in honor; and a momentary streak of light and joy gilds his dreary and gloomy existence, when he learns that his son Neoptolemus has proved himself worthy of his sire, and has attained to fame in war. The very selfish nature of Agamemnon does not prevent his feeling a watchful anxiety for his brother Menelaus. Where human interests spread and ramify by this tenacity of domestic affections, there the generations of men are firmly knit together; concern for the future becomes a spring of noble action; affection for the past engenders an emulation of its greatness; and as it is in history that these sentiments find their means of subsistence, the primitive poet of such a country scarcely can but be an historian.

We do not find, indeed, that relationships are traced in Homer by name beyond the degree of first cousins. But that the tie of blood was much more widely recognized, we may judge from the passage in the Second Iliad, which shows that the divisions of the army were subdivided into tribes and clans. Guestship likewise descended through generations: Diomed and Glaucus exchange arms, and agree to avoid one another in fight, because their grandfathers had been *xenoi*.

The intensity of the Poet's admiration for beautiful form is exhibited alike with reference to men, women, and animals. Achilles, his greatest warrior, is also his most beautiful man: Ajax, the second soldier, has also the second place in beauty, according to Odysseus. Nireus, his rival for that place, is

commemorated for his beauty, though in other respects he is declared to have been an insignificant personage. Odysseus, elderly, if not old, is carried into rapture by the beauty of Nausicaa. Not Helen alone, but his principal women in general, short of positive old age (for Penelope is included), are beautiful. He felt intensely, as appears from many passages, the beauty of the horse. But this admiring sentiment towards all beauty of form appears to have been an entirely pure one. His only licentious episode, that of the Net of Hephæstus, he draws from an Eastern mythology. He recounts it as sung before men only, not women; and not in Greece, but in Seheria, to an audience of Phœnician extraction and associations. It is in Troy that the gloating eyes of the old men follow Helen as she walks. The only Greeks to whom the like is imputed are the dissolute and hateful Suitors of the Odyssey. The proceedings of Here in the Fourteenth Iliad are strictly subordinated to policy. They are scarcely decent; and a single sentiment of Thetis may be criticised. But the observations I would offer are, first that all the questionable incidents of sentiments are in the sphere of the mythology, which in several important respects tended to corrupt, and not to elevate, mankind. Secondly, how trifling an item do they contribute to the great Encyclopedia of human life, which is presented to us in the Poems. Thirdly, even among the great writers of the Christian ages, how few will abide the application of a rigid test in this respect so well as Homer. And lastly, let us observe the thorough rectitude of purpose which governs the Poems: where Artemis, the severely pure, is commonly represented as an object of veneration, but Aphrodite is as commonly represented in such a manner as to attract aversion or contempt, and when, among human characters, no licentious act is ever so exhibited as to confuse or pervert the sense of right and wrong. The Poet's treatment on Paris on earth, whom he has made his only contemptible prince or warrior, is in strict keeping with his treatment of Aphrodite among Immortals.

With regard to anything which is unbecoming in the human person, the delicacy of Homer is uniform and perhaps unrivaled. In the case of women, there is not a single allusion to it. In the case of men, the only allusions we find are grave and admirably handled. When Odysseus threatens to strip Ther-sites, it is only to make him an object of general and unmitigated

disgust. When Priam foretells the mangling of his own naked corpse by animals, the insult to natural decency thus anticipated serves only to express the intense agony of his mind. The scene in which Odysseus emerges from the sea on the coast of Scheria, is perhaps among the most careful, and yet the most simple and unaffected, exhibitions of true modesty in all literature. And the mode in which all this is presented to us suggests that it forms a true picture of the general manners of the nation at the time. That this delicacy long subsisted in Greece, we learn from Thucydides. The morality of the Homeric period is that of the childhood of a race : the morality of the classic times belongs to its manhood. On the side of the latter, it may be urged that two causes in particular tend to raise its level. With regular forms of political and civil organization, there grows up in written law a public testimonial on behalf, in the main, of truth, honesty, and justice. For, while private conduct represents the human mind under the bias of every temptation, the law, as a general rule, speaks that which our perceptions would affirm were there no such bias. But further, with law and order comes the clearer idea and fuller enjoyment of the fruits of labor ; and for the sake of security each man adopts, and in general acts upon, a recognition of the rights of property. These are powerful agencies for good in a great department of morals. Besides these, with a more imposing beauty, but probably with less of practical efficacy, the speculative intellect of man goes to work, and establishes abstract theories of virtue, vice, and their consequences, which by their comprehensiveness and method put out of countenance the indeterminate ethics of remote antiquity. All this is to be laid in one scale. But the other would, I think, predominate, if it were only from the single consideration that the creed of the Homeric age brought both the sense and the dread of the divine justice to bear in restraint of vice and passion. And upon the whole, after the survey which has been taken, it would in my opinion be somewhat rash to assert that either the duties of men to the deity, or the larger claims of man upon man, were better understood in the age of Pericles or Alexander, of Sylla or Augustus, than in the age of Homer.

Perhaps the following sketch of Greek life in the heroic age may not be far wide of the truth.

The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence of his

parents, and in desire to emulate their fame, he shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit, then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plow firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for the time, until reason has reëstablished her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbor, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbors will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it; and it is abhorred.

But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa, or some Hermione of a neighboring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people, in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them, on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the scepter to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

Such was, probably, the state of society amidst the concluding phase of which Homer's youth, at least, was passed. But a dark and deep social revolution seems to have followed the Trojan war; we have its workings already become visible in the *Odyssey*. Scarcely could even Odysseus cope with it, contracted though it was for him within the narrow bounds of Ithaca. On the mainland, the bands of the elder society are soon wholly broken. The Pelopid, Neleid, Cœnid houses are a wreck: disorganization invites the entry of new forces to control it; the Dorian lances bristle on the Ætolian beach, and the primitive Greece, the patriarchal Greece, the Greece of Homer, is no more.

LIFE IN THE HOMERIC TIME.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY.

[JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY, born in Switzerland of Irish parentage, February 26, 1839, is one of the most brilliant of recent scholars and writers on classical Greek subjects; especially the literature, habits, and morals of the Hellenic or Hellenized peoples down to the time of Christ. He is professor of ancient history in Trinity College, Dublin. He has written only one formal history of events, "The Empire of the Ptolemies" (1896); though much valuable incidental historic and biographic matter is contained in his other works, the chief of which are "Social Life in Greece," "Greek Life and Thought" (a continuation of the former), "Greece under Roman Sway," "Problems in Greek History," "History of Greek Classical Literature," etc. Died in 1919.]

I ESTIMATE the society and the morals of the Iliad and Odyssey quite differently from those writers who have compared them with primitive conditions in other nations. Of course primitive features remained, as they do in every nation; but they were combined with vices which betray the decadence of culture, and with virtues rather springing from mature reflection and long experience than from the spontaneous impulse of a generous instinct.

Mr. Grote, Mr. Gladstone, and others have made the Homeric age more familiar than any other phase of Greek life to English readers. They have accepted the descriptions of the rhapsodists as a literal account of a real contemporaneous society; they have moreover deduced, with exceeding subtlety, all the inferences which can be extracted from the poems in favor of Homeric honor and purity. Every casual utterance is weighted with the deepest possible meaning; every ordinary piece of good nature attributed to profound and self-denying benevolence. We are told that morals in historic Greece had decayed; that a social state of real refinement and purity had passed away, to make way for cold calculation and selfish aggrandizement. How far this picture is real we shall see.

The mediæval knights, with whom it is fashionable to compare the princes of the Iliad and Odyssey, were wont to sum up the moral perfection which they esteemed under one complex term—a term for which there is no equivalent in Greek—the term HONOR. It may be easily and sufficiently analyzed into four component ideas, those of *courage*, *truth*, *compassion*, and *loyalty*. No man could approach the ideal of chivalry, or rank himself among gentlemen and men of honor, who was not

ready to contend, when occasion arose, against any odds, and thus to encounter death rather than yield one inch from his post. He must feel himself absolutely free from the stain of a single lie, or even of an equivocation. He must be ever ready to help the weak and the distressed, whether they be so by nature, as in the case of women and children, or by circumstances, as in the case of men overpowered by numbers. He must with his heart, and not with mere eyeservice, obey God and the king, or even such other authority as he voluntarily pledged himself to obey. A knight who violated any of these conditions, even if he escaped detection at the hands of his fellows, felt himself degraded, and untrue to the oath taken before God, and the obligation which he had bound himself to fulfill. This, I conceive, was the ideal of knighthood.

Let us now turn to the Homeric poems to obtain information on these four points, remembering that, as the real knight may have fallen short of the ideal we have just sketched, so doubtless the real Homeric Greeks were considerably worse than the ideal characters depicted by the rhapsodists.

I believe I shall run counter to an old-established belief when I say that the *courage* of the Homeric chiefs—in this types of their historical descendants—was of a second-rate order. It was like the courage of the modern French, dependent upon excitement, and vanishing quickly before depression and delay. No doubt the Greeks were a warlike nation, like the French, fond of glory, and reveling in excitement; but they did not possess that stubborn valor which was the duty of the mediæval knight, and which is the physical characteristic of the English and German soldier. With the exception of Achilles and of Diomedes, all the chiefs in the *Iliad* are subject to panics, and fly before the enemy. Of course, the flattering bard ascribes these disgraceful scenes to the special interference of the gods, but as he equally attributes special feats of valor to a like interference, we may discount the marvelous element, and regard these men, as we do a French army, to be capable of splendid acts of daring and of courage, but liable to sudden relapse into dismay and craven flight. Even Achilles flies in fear from the pursuit of the river Scamander, but this is rather the dread of an ignoble death, as he himself says, than proper cowardice. Ajax, who approaches nearest of the ordinary men in the poem to our notions of a stubborn soldier—even he is surprised by panic, and makes for the ships.

There are farther indications of the same thing in the *Odyssey*. When Ulysses hears from Circe what sufferings he has yet to undergo, he tells us himself, "So she spake, but my spirit was broken within me, and I sat crying on the bed, and I felt no more desire to live and see the light of the sun." This was natural enough, but very different from the courage, not only of the mediæval knight, but of the modern gentleman. Still worse, when the hero is telling Achilles among the Shades of the valor of his son Neoptolemus, he says that as the chiefs entered the wooden horse, though they were the best of the Greeks, yet "the other leaders of the Danai wiped tears from their eyes, and the limbs of each trembled beneath him, but Neoptolemus alone neither grew pale nor wept."

These hints in an ideal description, professing to tell of the highest possible heroism, indicate plainly that the Greeks of the heroic age were no extraordinary heroes, and that they were not superior in the quality of courage to the Greeks of history. In this respect, then, the Achæan chiefs were indeed but the fore-runners of their descendants. The same combination of war-like ardor, but of alternating valor, meets us all through Greek history. The Athenians, the brave people who first ventured to look the barbarians in the face, whether at Sardis, or at Marathon, as Herodotus says—these brave Athenians are frequently seized with panics and run for their lives. The same may be said of all the Greeks, except the Spartans, who succeeded in curing their national defect by a very strict and complete discipline. But this discipline controlled all their lives, and sacrificed all higher objects to that of making them stand firm in their ranks. I conclude this discipline to have been unnatural and strained, from the fact that no other Greek city, much as they all admired Spartan organization, ever attempted to imitate it. When we nowadays see the German armies better disciplined than our own, we forthwith propose to reform ourselves on their model. No such attempt ever occurs in Greek history. This could hardly have been so, but for the reason just assigned. The Spartan training was so oppressive that not even the certainty of victory in battle could induce other Greek politicians to recommend it, or other Greek citizens to adopt it. Thucydides hints at this very plainly, and in the mouth of Pericles, shows that even with inferior military training, the real advantages are on the side of wider culture. Aristotle supports the same view in stronger and more explicit

terms. I cite these authorities to show how artificial and factitious a thing the Spartan valor was, and how different from the spirit of the Viking, the Baron, and the Yeoman. We know, too, how even the Spartan valor collapsed as soon as Epaminondas met it with superior tactics, and how little idea there was, either at Leuctra or Sphacteria, of resisting to the death. The Greeks, then, though a very warlike, were not a very courageous people.

The reasons of this curious combination are obvious enough, and worth a moment's digression. In the first place, the Greeks, from Homer's day downward, were an exceedingly sensitive people. Evidences of this feature crowd upon us in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The delicate tact with which unpleasant subjects are avoided in conversation shows how easily men were hurt by them, and how perfectly the speaker could foretell it by his own feelings. In fact, so keenly alive are the Homeric Greeks to this great principle of politeness, that it seriously interferes with their truthfulness; just as in the present day the Irish peasant, with the same lively imagination and the same sensitiveness, will instinctively avoid disagreeable things, even if true, and "prophesy smooth things" when he desires especially to please. He is not less reluctant to be the bearer of bad news than the typical messenger in Greek tragedy, who complains, in regular stock phrases, of the hard and ungrateful duty thrust upon him by untoward circumstances.

To this mental sensitiveness there was doubtless joined a corresponding bodily sensitiveness. An acute sense of pain and of pleasure, delicate nerves of taste and touch — these gifts were essential for the artistic products in which the Greeks excelled. We know how important a place was held in historical times by cooks, and how keenly the Greeks enjoyed the more refined pleasures of the table. So we may find Plato's contemporaries disputing in music on the difference of notes almost identical, showing that they appreciated dissonances which we consider unimportant.

I cannot parallel these facts in Homer, except by a curious case of sensitiveness in smell. When Menelaus is windbound off the coast of Egypt, and at his wit's end, a goddess (*Eidothea*) explains to him how to catch and interrogate Proteus, and engages to place him in ambush, which she does by concealing him with three comrades under fresh sealskins. These

men were in danger of their lives, and were engaged on the perilous errand of doing violence to a marine god. Yet the point which left its mark most strongly on Menelaus' mind was the bad smell of the sealskins ! "That would have been a most dreadful ambush ; for a most deadly stench of sea-bred seals distressed us sore. For who would lie down beside a sea monster ? But the goddess saved us, and devised a great boon. She brought and put very sweet-smelling ambrosia under our nostrils, and it destroyed (counteracted) the smell of the seal."

If we combine with this great delicacy of sensibility the gloomy and hopeless views which the Homeric Greeks held concerning a future life, we shall see good reason for their dread of death. For although Homer distinctly admits an after life, and even introduces us to it in the *Odyssey*, he represents the greatest kings and heroes in weakness and in misery, without hope or enjoyment, save in hearing the vague and scanty rumors that reached them from the world of mortal men. The blessed islands of the West were indeed even then a home for the dead, but they had not yet been opened to moral worth, as in the days of Pindar. They were reserved for those who, like Menelaus, had the good fortune of being nearly related to the gods by marriage or family connections. From this aristocratic heaven therefore even Agamemnon, Achilles, and Ajax were excluded, and wandered forlorn in the doleful meadow of *asphodel*.

There will be less controversy as to the low sense of *truth* among Homeric Greeks. At no period did the nation ever attain that high standard which is the great feature in Germanic civilization. Even the Romans, with all their coarseness, stood higher in this respect. But neither in *Iliad* nor *Odyssey* is there, except in phrases, any reprobation of deceit as such. To deceive an enemy is meritorious, to deceive a stranger innocent, to deceive even a friend perfectly unobjectionable if any object is to be gained. So it is remarked of Menelaus, as it were exceptionally, that he *will* tell the truth, if you press him, for he is very considerate. This was said to Telemachus, who was expecting melancholy news, and in such a case I have already observed that the Greeks would almost certainly avoid the truth. But the really leading characters (except Achilles) in the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* do not hesitate at all manner of lying. Ulysses is perpetually inventing, and so is his patroness, Pallas Athene ; and she actually mentions this quality of wily deceit

as her special ground of love and affection for him. Zeus deceives both gods and men, the other gods deceive Zeus; in fact, the whole Homeric society is full of guile and falsehood.

There is indeed as yet a check upon men, which is often ignored in later Greek society. There is still a belief in the gods, and an expectation that if they are called to witness a transaction by means of an oath, that they will punish deceit. This belief, apparently surviving from an earlier and simpler state of society, must have been rudely shaken in Homeric times, when we consider the morality of Olympus in the epic poetry. The poets clearly held that the gods, if they were under no restraint, or fear of punishment from Zeus, were at liberty to deceive as they liked. One safeguard as yet remained, the oath by the Styx; the penalties of violating which are enumerated in Hesiod's "Theogony," and consist of nine years' transportation, with solitary confinement and hard labor. As for other oaths, the Hymn to Hermes shows that in succeeding generations their solemnity was openly ridiculed. Among the Homeric gods, as well as among the heroes, there were indeed old-fashioned characters who adhered to probity. The character of Apollo is unstained by deceit. So is that of Menelaus. But Apollo fails in defending his favorite against the reckless party politics of Here and Pallas; he gives way in battle before Poseidon; he is like Menelaus among men, an eminently respectable but second-rate personage. The experience of Homeric men was aged enough to know that probity secured no man from the troubles of life and the reverses of fortune. The gods were often ungrateful and thankless, and so the weight of public opinion inclined decidedly to the belief that honesty was indeed respectable, and of better repute than deceit, but that it was not safe to practice it without the help of superior force. So Achilles was master of the situation, and to him lying was useless to attain ends that might be better attained by force. This subject will naturally recur when we come to compare the Homeric with later Greeks.

We pass to the third element in chivalrous honor, a sense of *compassion* for the weak, and an obligation to assist the oppressed. Unfortunately this duty appears to have been delegated to Zeus, whose amours and other amusements often prevented him from attending to his business. How badly he performed it in this respect is plain from the very pathetic passages in which the condition of the decrepit father, the forlorn

widow, and the helpless orphan are described. We must not for a moment imagine that the Homeric age was wanting in sympathy for children. On the contrary, Herodotus alone, of later Greek authors, shows this sympathy as strongly as we find it in the *Iliad*. The Homeric similes — and no similes are more thoroughly realistic and drawn from actual experience — constantly imply it. “As a mother drives away the fly from her child when it lies in sweet sleep.” “Why do you weep like an infant girl, who, running along by her mother, begs to be carried, and holding on by her dress delays the hurrying woman, but looks up at her with her eyes full of tears in order that she may be taken up and carried?” Apollo destroys the earth-works of the Greeks “very easily, as a child treats the shingle by the seaside, who, when he has heaped it up in his childish sport, in his sport again levels it all with his hands and feet.”

These comparisons are evidently drawn from the same society which suggested the delightful picture of Andromache with her nurse and darling son, coming to bid farewell to Hector as he was hurrying to the battle. The whole picture — the child “fair as a star,” his terror at Hector’s helmet and nodding crest, the strong love of the parents sorrowing at the very prospect of misfortune for their child: this picture, which I dare not abridge, and which is too long for quotation, shows no ordinary feeling for helpless innocence. But all this sympathy in the poet, and doubtless in the society which he described, did not save little children from cruelty and from neglect. There is no passage in the two poems, if we except that on the dog Argus, which will bring more tears into hard modern eyes than the lament of Andromache over Hector:—

Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,
Gone to the viewless shades; and me has left
A widow in thy house, in deepest woe,
Our child an infant still, thy child and mine.
Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him,
Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee;
For though he ’scape this tearful war with Greece,
Yet naught for him remains but ceaseless woe,
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.
No young companions own the orphan boy.
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedewed with tears,
His father’s friends approaching, pinched with want,

He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one
 He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity some
 May at their tables let him sip the cup,
 Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch:
 While youths with both surviving parents blest
 May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts:
 Begone, thy father sits not at our board!
 Then weeping to his widowed mother's arms
 He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax, etc.

It is here the lamentable condition of the orphan that strikes us so forcibly. "Who has seen the misery of men has seen nothing, one must see the misery of women; who has seen the misery of women has seen nothing, one must see the misery of children." How different, for example, do we find the Irish peasants, with whom I have already compared the Greeks, where the neighbors divide among them without complaint the children left destitute by the death or emigration of the parents, and extend their scanty fare and their wretched homestead to the orphan as to their own children. The Homeric gentleman, of whose refinement and delicate politeness we hear so much, was far removed from such generosity. We feel almost painfully the beauty of the simile, by which the poet pictures the joy of Ulysses, when, after two nights and two days in the deep, he sees land from the summit of the great rocking wave (ε 394):—

As when a father on the point to die
 Who for long time in sore disease hath lain,
 By the strong fates tormented heavily
 Till the pulse faileth for exceeding pain,
 Feels the life stirring in his bones again,
 While glad at heart his children smile around;
 He also smiles — the gods have loosed his chain —
 So welcome seemed the land, with forest crowned,
 And he rejoicing swam, and yearned to feel the ground.

And again (θ 523): "As when a woman weeps falling upon the body of her dear lord, who has fallen before his city, and commanding his people, in defending the town and his children from the pitiless day [of slavery]. She then, seeing him gasping in death, casts her arms about him with shrill cries. But they (the enemy) striking her with spears on the back and

shoulders, bring her into slavery, to have sorrow and misery, and her cheeks waste with piteous woe."

Little, indeed, need be said about the respect for the rights of women. As is well known, when a town was captured, the noblest and fairest ladies, whether married or not, became the property of the victors as their concubines. But a still more significant fact has not been adequately noted—that such a fate, though felt as a lamentable misfortune, was in no sense a dishonor to the Greek lady, of which she need afterwards be ashamed. In spite of all the courtliness with which ladies are treated in the Homeric poems, in spite of the refinement of their characters and the politeness of their ordinary life, the hard fact remains that they were the property of the stronger, and that they submitted to this fate without being compromised in society. Neither Briseis nor Chryseis seem the least disgraced by their residence in the Greek camp; and still worse, Helen, after living for years with Paris, is then handed over to Deiphobus, and finally taken back by Menelaus without scruple or difficulty. If we weigh carefully her appearance in the *Odyssey*, we shall see that her regrets are chiefly for the turmoil she has caused, and for the tears and blood wasted upon her recovery; her dignity has suffered no great shock, nor does she avoid (except in words) the eyes of men.

These facts show with great clearness how completely the law of force prevailed over the weak, and how the Homeric lady was so constrained by its iron necessity, that all delicate feeling, however ornamental to the surface of society, vanished in stern practice. The case of Penelope corroborates this view: it was hateful to her to marry one of the rude and ungentlemanly suitors, who thrust their attentions upon her in her grief. Yet if Ulysses were surely dead, there was no help, she must pass into their hands, whether she choose it or not.

Stranger and not less characteristic is the treatment of old age. The king or chief, as soon as his bodily vigor passed away, was apparently pushed aside by younger and stronger men. He might either maintain himself by extraordinary usefulness, like Nestor, or be supported by his children, if they chanced to be affectionate and dutiful; but except in these cases his lot was sad indeed. We hear Achilles lamenting that doubtless in his absence the neighboring chiefs are ill-treating the aged Peleus, and he longs to dye his spear in their blood. We see Laertes, the father of Ulysses, exiled, appar-

ently by grief and disgust, to a barren farm in the country, and spending the close of his life, not in honor and comfort, but in poverty and hardship. When these princes, who had sons that might return any day to avenge them, were treated in such a way, it is surely no strained inference to say that unprotected old age commanded very little veneration or respect among the Homeric Greeks. While therefore we find here, too, much courtliness of manner, and respectfulness of address towards the aged from their younger relations, the facts indicate that helpless women and children and worn-out men received scanty justice and little consideration. Among friends and neighbors, at peace and in good humor, they were treated with delicacy and refinement; but with the first clash of conflicting interests such considerations vanished. The age was no longer, as I have said, a believing age; the interference of the gods to protect the weak was no longer the object of a simple faith, and Greek chivalry rested on no firmer basis.

I may add, by anticipation, that at no period of Greek history can we find old age commanding that respect and reverence which has been accorded it in modern Europe. We hear, indeed, that at Sparta the strictest regulations were made as to the conduct of young men towards elders; but this seems an exceptional case, like most things at Sparta. There is a hackneyed story of an old man coming into the crowded theater at Athens, and looking in vain for a seat, till he came near the Spartan embassy, who at once stood up and made room for him. Though the whole theater applauded this act of courtesy, I am sure they did not habitually imitate it. The lyric and tragic poets, as I shall show by ample quotations in future chapters, were perpetually cursing the miseries of old age, and blessing youth, fair in poverty, fairer still in riches. Probably old Athenian gentlemen were for these reasons like old Frenchmen, who are very prone to prolong their youth by artificial means, and strive to maintain a place among their fellows which they will lose when they are confessedly of the past generation. And so in Greece, as in France, old age may have come to lack that dignity and that importance which it obtains in the British army, on our Governing Boards, and in Chinese society. The comic features in Euripides' old men, and their ridiculous attempts to dance and to fight, show the popular feeling about them to have recognized this weakness. But apart from these peculiarities of race, the feverish and agitated condition of

Greek politics, the perpetual wars and civil conflicts must have made prompt action and quick decision all-important; and so the citizens could not brook the slowness and caution of old age, which often mistakes hesitation for deliberation, and brands prompt vigor as rashness.

There yet remains the idea of *loyalty* — I mean hearty and unflinching allegiance to superior authority, or to the obligations taken by oath or promise. The idea is not unknown to Homer's men and women. Achilles and Penelope (more especially the latter) are in the highest sense loyal, the one to his friend Patroclus, the other to her husband Ulysses. But in the Greek camp, the chiefs in general are woefully deficient in that chivalrous quality. I will not lay stress on their want of conjugal loyalty, — a point in which Menelaus, according to the scholiasts, formed an honorable but solitary exception. In those days, as in the times of the Mosaic law, absolute fidelity was expected from women, but not from men. In their own homes, indeed, scandals of this kind were avoided as the cause of ill will and domestic discomfort. It is specially observed that Laertes avoided these relations with Euryclea from respect for his wife's feelings, and the misconduct of the suitors in the same direction is specially reprobated; but when the chiefs were away at their wars, or traveling, the bard seems to expect no continence whatever. The model Ulysses may serve as an example, *instar omnium*.

But it is in their treatment of Agamemnon that the want of loyalty is specially prominent. Achilles is quite ready to insult him; and but for the promptings of Athene (that is, of prudence), who suggests that he may play a more lucrative game by confining himself to sulkiness and bad language, is ready even to kill him. The poet, too, clearly sympathizes with Achilles. He paints Agamemnon as a weak and inferior man, succeeding by fortune to a great kingdom, but quite unfit to govern or lead the turbulent princes whose oath had bound them to follow him to Troy. It is in fact Ulysses, Diomedes, and Nestor who direct him what to do. It may be said that we might expect such insubordination in the case of an armament collected for a special purpose, and that even the mediæval knights did not escape this disgrace in the very parallel case of the Crusades. I will not, then, press the point, though Agamemnon's title to supremacy is far different from that of Godfrey de Bouillon. Take the case of Pelus, which I have already men-

tioned. Take the case of Ithaca in the absence of its king : we are told repeatedly that he treated his people like a father, and yet only a few old servants seem to side with him against the worthless aspirants to the throne.

The *experimentum crucis*, however, is the picture of the gods in Olympus. We have here Zeus, a sort of easy-going but all-powerful Agamemnon, ruling over a number of turbulent self-willed lesser gods, who are perpetually trying to evade and thwart his commands. At intervals he wakes up and terrifies them into submission by threats, but it is evident that he can count on no higher principle. Here, Poseidon, Ares, Aphrodite, Pallas, all are thoroughly insubordinate, and loyal to one thing only, that is, their *party*. Faction, as among the Greeks of Thucydides, had clearly usurped the place of principle ; and we are actually presented with the strange picture of a city of gods more immoral, more faithless, and more depraved than the world of men.

This curious feature has much exercised critics, and caused many conjectures as to the real moral attitude of the epic poets. I think the most natural explanation is based upon the notorious levity and recklessness of the Ionic character, as developed in Asia Minor. We know from the lyric poets, we know from the course of history, how the pleasure-loving Ionians of Asia Minor seem to have lost all the stronger fiber that marked the Greeks of Hellas. Reveling in plenty, associating with Asiatic splendor and luxury, they very soon lost those sterner features — love of liberty, self-denying heroism, humble submission to the gods — which still survived in Greece ; and thus I conceive the courts at which the bards sang, enjoyed a very free and even profane handling of the gods as a raucous and piquant entertainment, so that presently it was extended even to the so-called Homeric hymns, which of all Greek poetry treat the gods in the most homely and even sensual way. The Hymn to Aphrodite, detailing her amour with Anchises, and that to Hermes, detailing his theft and perjury, are exact counterparts to the lay of Demodocus, which treats both Ares and Aphrodite in the same way.

This bold and familiar attitude was narrowly connected with another leading feature in the Greeks — their realism in art. There is nothing vague, or exaggerated, or incomprehensible, tolerated by their chaste judgment and their correct taste. The figures of dogs or men, cast by Hephæstus, are

specially remarked for being *lifelike* throughout the Homeric poems. They actually walk about, and are animated by his peculiar cunning. This, as Overbeck has well observed, is merely the strong expression of the object proposed to himself by the Greek artist, in contrast to the cold repose and mute deadness of Egyptian sculpture. The Egyptians seldom meant to imitate life in action. The Greeks, from their very first rude essays, set before them this higher goal. Like the statuary, so the poet did not waste his breath in the tiresome and vague adoration of the Egyptian psalmist, but clothed his gods in the fairest and best human form, and endowed them with a human intellect and human will.

Homer's gods are therefore too human to embody an abstract principle; and so this side of their religion the poets relegated to certain personified abstractions, which seldom appear, and which seem to stand apart from the life of the Olympic gods. Perhaps Zeus himself, in his Dodonean character, has this impersonal aspect as the Father of light and of good. But Zeus of Olympus is quite a different conception. So there is a personified or semipersonified *Αἰδώς* and an *Ἄτη* and *Λιταί* and an *Ἐπίμυς*, which represent stern and lasting moral ideas, and which relieve the Olympic gods from the necessity of doing so, except when the poet finds it suitable to his purpose. But as these moral ideas restrained and checked men, so the special privilege of the gods seems to be the almost total freedom from such control. The society of Olympus, therefore, is only an ideal Greek society in the lowest sense,—the ideal of the schoolboy, who thinks all control irksome, and its absence the *summum bonum*,—the ideal of a voluptuous man, who has strong passions, and longs for the power to indulge them without unpleasant consequences.

It appears to me, therefore, that the Homeric picture of Olympus is very valuable as disclosing to us the poet's notion of a society freed from the restraints of religion. For the rhapsodists were dealing a deathblow (perhaps unconsciously) to their religion by these very pictures of sin and crime among their gods. Their idea is a sort of semimonarchical aristocracy, where a number of persons have the power to help favorites, and thwart the general progress of affairs; where love of faction overpowers every other consideration, and justifies violence or deceit. It will quite satisfy our present object to select the one typical character which both the poems place in

the foreground as the Greek ideal of intelligence and power of the highest order.

The leading personage in Homer's world of men and gods is undoubtedly Pallas Athene. She embodies all the qualities which were most highly esteemed in those days. She is evidently meant to be the greatest and most admirable of the deities that concern themselves with men. Yet, as Mr. Hayman has truly observed, she is rather infra-human than super-human. There is no touch of any kindly feeling, no affection or respect for either God or man. There is not even a trace of sex, except in her occasional touches of spite. "Her character is without tenderness or tie of any sort; it never owns obligation, it never feels pain or privation, it is pitiless; with no gross appetites, its activity is busy and restless, its partisanship unscrupulous, its policy astute, and its dissimulation profound. It is keenly satirical, crafty, whispering base motives of the good (indeed she comprehends no others), beating down the strong, mocking the weak, and exulting over them; heartless—yet stanch to a comrade; touched by a sense of liking and admiration for its like, [she accounts expressly for her love of Ulysses by his roguery and cunning.] of truth to its party; ready to prompt and back a friend through every hazard." Such is Mr. Hayman's picture, verified by citations for each and every statement.

This very disagreeable picture is not, as he would have it, an impersonation of what *we* call the world. Surely the modern world at least professes some high motives, and is touched by some compassion. But it is the impersonation of the Greek world, as conceived by Thucydides in his famous reflections on the Coreyrean massacre. He was mistaken indeed, profoundly mistaken, as we shall often see in the sequel, in considering this hard and selfish type a special outcome of the civil wars. No doubt they stimulated and multiplied it. But here, in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in the days of Greek chivalry and Greek romance, even here we have the poet creating his ideal type—intellect and energy unshackled by restraints; and we obtain a picture which, but for the total absence of sex, might be aptly described as a female Antiphon. The great historian, despite of his moral reflections, speaks of Antiphon, the political assassin, the public traitor to his constitution, as "in general merit second to none." The great epic poet silently expresses the same judgment on his own Pallas Athene.

THE GREEK FUTURE LIFE.

BY PINDAR.

(Translation of John Conington.)

I.

THEY from whom Persephone
 Due atonement shall receive
 For the things that made to grieve,
 To the upper sunlight she
 Sendeth back their souls once more,
 Soon as winters eight are o'er.
 From those blessed spirits spring
 Many a great and goodly king,
 Many a man of glowing might,
 Many a wise and learned wight:
 And while after days endure,
 Men esteem them heroes pure.

Shines for them the sun's warm glow
 When 'tis darkness here below:
 And the ground before their towers,
 Meadow land with purple flowers,
 Teems with incense-bearing treen,
 Teems with fruit of golden sheen.
 Some in steed and wrestling feat,
 Some in dice take pleasure sweet,
 Some in harping: at their side
 Blooms the spring in all her pride.
 Fragrance all about is blown
 O'er that country of desire.
 Ever as rich gifts are thrown
 Freely on the far-seen fire
 Blazing from the altar stone.

But the souls of the profane,
 Far from heaven removed below,
 Flit on earth in murderous pain
 'Neath the unyielding yoke of woe;
 While pious spirits tenanting the sky
 Chant praises to the mighty one on high.

II.

For them the night all through,
 In that broad realm below,
 The splendor of the sun spreads endless light;
 'Mid rosy meadows bright,
 Their city of the tombs with incense trees,
 And golden chalices
 Of flowers, and fruitage fair,
 Scenting the breezy air,
 Is laden. There with horses and with play,
 With games and lyres, they while the hours away.

On every side around
 Pure happiness is found,
 With all the blooming beauty of the world;
 There fragrant smoke, upcurled
 From altars where the blazing fire is dense
 With perfumed frankincense,
 Burned unto gods in heaven,
 Through all the land is driven,
 Making its pleasant place odorous
 With scented gales and sweet airs amorous.

III.

(Translation of A. Moore.)

The day comes fast when all men must depart,
 And pay for present pride in future woes.
 The deeds that frantic mortals do
 In this disordered nook of Jove's domain,
 All meet their meed; and there's a Judge below
 Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.

O'er the Good soft suns the while
 Through the mild day, the night serene,
 Alike with cloudless luster smile,
 Tempering all the tranquil scene.
 Theirs is leisure; vex not they
 Stubborn soil or watery way,
 To wring from toil want's worthless bread:
 No ills they know, no tears they shed,
 But with the glorious Gods below
 Ages of peace contented share.
 Meanwhile the Bad with bitterest woe
 Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures wear,

All, whose steadfast virtue thrice
 Each side the grave unchanged hath stood
 Still unsexed, unstained with vice,
 They by Jove's mysterious road
 Pass to Saturn's realm of rest,
 Happy isle that holds the blest;
 Where sea-born breezes gently blow
 O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
 Which Nature boon from stream or strand
 Or goodly tree profusely pours;
 Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
 And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.



OPENING OF THE ILIAD'S DRAMA.

(From the Iliad of Homer : translated by Alexander Pope.)

[HOMER: His date, instead of being somewhat cleared up by recent archæological discoveries, is rendered more obscure than ever. The reality and remote date of the Trojan war prove nothing, because he certainly lived long enough after it for the exact site to have been forgotten, for the city and plain he describes do not correspond at all with those of Hissarlik. Professor Sayce has shown that the dialect of our Iliad is a later one; yet Homer lived early enough for his personality to be mere guesswork, even in the sixth century.]

ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet; born May 22, 1688. His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718-1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733. His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744.]

BOOK I.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
 That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
 The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
 Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
 Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,
 Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!
 Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
 And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead.
 The king of men his reverent priest defied,
 And for the king's offense the people died.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands;
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
 Extends the scepter and the laurel crown.
 He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
 The brother kings, of Atreus' royal race:—

“Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
 May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again;
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.”

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
 Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied:—

“Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains:
 Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
 And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain
 Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace.
 In daily labors of the loom employed,
 Or doomed to deck the bed she once enjoyed.
 Hence then; to Argos shall the maid retire,
 Far from her native soil or weeping sire.”

The trembling priest along the shore returned,
 And in the anguish of a father mourned.
 Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
 Silent he wandered by the sounding main;
 Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
 The god who darts around the world his rays:—

“O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
 Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,

And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."

Thus Chryses prayed:—the favoring power attends,
 And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
 Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
 Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
 And gloomy darkness rolled about his head.
 The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
 And hissing fly the feathered fates below.
 On mules and dogs the infection first began;
 And last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man.
 For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
 The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.
 But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
 Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
 Convened to council all the Grecian train;
 For much the goddess mourned her heroes slain.
 The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
 Achilles thus the king of men addressed:—

"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
 And measure back the seas we crossed before?
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
 Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
 By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
 So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more."

He said, and sat: when Calchas thus replied;
 Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,
 The past, the present, and the future knew:
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:—

"Beloved of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
 Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection, by thy power and sword:

For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
 For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
 'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides: "From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
 E'en by that god I swear who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
 And whose blessed oracles thy lips declare;
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
 Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies. —
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.
 Nor will the god's awakened fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke: when with a gloomy frown
 The monarch started from his shining throne;
 Black choler filled his breast that boiled with ire,
 And from his eyeballs flashed the living fire.
 "Angur accursed! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, forever boding ill!
 Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
 And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
 For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
 For this with falsehood is my honor stained,
 Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
 And heavenly charms prefer to proffered gold?
 A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
 Skilled in each art, and crowned with every grace;
 Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties blessed my arms.
 Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail;

Our cares are only for the public weal:
 Let me be deemed the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.
 The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
 So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
 But since for common good I yield the fair,
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."

"Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),
 Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
 Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?
 The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain;
 But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers."

Then thus the king: "Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possessed of thine?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid:
 First let the just equivalent be paid;
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign;
 Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
 But this when time requires. — It now remains
 We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots, and with laboring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
 And some deputed prince the charge attend:
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
 Or wise Ulysses see performed our will;
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;

Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."

At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:—
"O tyrant, armed with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever joined
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me;
To Pythia's realms no hostile troops they led:
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sailed, a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! matched with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear:
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But now, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore:
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"

To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the god's distinguished care)
To power superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestowed
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away!

Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons: — but here
 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
 Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy loved Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
 And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,
 That kings are subject to the gods alone."

Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppressed,
 His heart swelled high, and labored in his breast;
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;
 Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cooled:
 That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
 Force through the Greeks; and pierce their haughty lord;
 This whispers soft his vengeance to control
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stayed,
 While half unsheathed appeared the glittering blade,
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
 (For both the princes claimed her equal care);
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seized; to him alone confessed;
 A sable cloud concealed her from the rest.
 He sees; and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes: —

"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care;
 A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
 From Atreus' son?" — Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime; behold the vengeance too."

"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies),
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resigned,
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is given:
 The king and you are both the care of heaven.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel;
 But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.

For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
 Thy injured honor has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
 'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
 Those who revere the gods the gods will bless."
 He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
 Then in the sheath returned the shining blade.
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:—
 "O monster! mixed of insolence and fear,
 Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
 When wert thou known in ambushed fights to dare,
 Or nobly face, the horrid front of war?
 'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;
 Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die:
 So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
 And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
 Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
 Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;
 Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
 Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.
 Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
 Which severed from the trunk (as I from thee)
 On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
 This scepter, formed by tempered steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the power of laws and justice springs
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings);
 By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
 When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
 The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
 Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
 Forced to implore when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious hurled against the ground

His scepter starred with golden studs around :
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king returned his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled :
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distilled :
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
And now the example of the third remained.
All viewed with awe the venerable man ;
Who thus with mild benevolence began : —

“ What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy !
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state.
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view !
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ?
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led ;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds,
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore :
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I swayed ;
When Nestor spoke, they listened and obeyed.
If in my youth, even these esteemed me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave ;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride ;
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
Thee the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;
Him awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and sceptered sons of Jove
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,

So shall authority with strength be joined.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
 Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

This said, he ceased. The king of men replies: —
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquered soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control.
 Before his pride must his superiors fall,
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have given
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven?"

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke: —
 "Tyrant, I well deserve thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: —
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doomed
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed;
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
 His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
 The gods command me to forgive the past:
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

At this they ceased: the stern debate expired;
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retired.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launched with numerous oars
 A well-rigged ship for Chrysa's sacred shores;
 High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced;
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stowed,
 Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate next the king prepares,
 With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
 Washed by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleansed; and cast the ablutions in the main.
 Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid;

The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),
Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize;
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart."

The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands,
Pensive they walk along the barren sands;
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, and speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceived and thus with accent mild began: —

"With leave and honor enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare
(That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),
Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein;
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskilled to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last."

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Passed silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft looked back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad, retiring to the sounding shore.
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main: —

"O parent goddess! since in early bloom

Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
 Sure to so short a race of glory born,
 Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
 Honor and fame at least the thunderer owed;
 And ill he pays the promise of a god,
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

Far from the deep recesses of the main,
 Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
 The goddess mother heard. The waves divide;
 And like a mist she rose above the tide;
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
 "Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe
 Is but to mention what too well you know.
 From Thebé, sacred to Apollo's name
 (Aëtion's realm), our conquering army came,
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
 Whose just division crowned the soldier's toils;
 But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,
 By vote selected, to the general's bed.
 The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
 The fleet he reached, and, lowly bending down,
 Held forth the scepter and the laurel crown,
 Entreating all; but chief implored for grace
 The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
 The generous Greeks their joint consent deciare,
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair;
 Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
 The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus prayed, and Phœbus heard the prayer;
 A dreadful plague ensues: the avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
 A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
 Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline
 To avert the vengeance of the power divine;
 Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch stormed;
 Incensed he threatened, and his threats performed:
 The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
 With offered gifts to make the god relent;

But now he seized Briseïs' heavenly charms,
 And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend.
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service owed,
 And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
 Oft hast thou triumphed in the glorious boast,
 That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host,
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove;
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
 The traitor gods, by mad ambition driven,
 Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of Heaven.
 Then, called by thee, the monster Titan came
 (Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name),
 Through wondering skies enormous stalked along;
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
 With giant pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
 And brandished round him all his hundred hands:
 The affrighted gods confessed their awful lord,
 They dropped the fetters, trembled, and adored.
 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
 Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
 Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
 To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
 To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
 Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
 O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
 And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
 The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."

"Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,
 While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
 Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes
 To Fates averse, and nursed for future woes?
 So short a space the light of heaven to view!
 So short a space! and filled with sorrow too!
 O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
 Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
 And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun
 Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.
 Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go

To great Olympus crowned with fleecy snow.
 Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
 The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,
 On the warm limits of the farthest main,
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
 Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
 Then down the steep she plunged from whence she rose,
 And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
 Beneath the deck the destined victims stowed:
 The sails they furled, they lash the mast aside,
 And dropped their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land;
 Chryeis last descending on the strand.
 Her, thus returning from the furrowed main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
 He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:—

"Hail, reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
 Unransomed, here receive the spotless fair;
 Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
 And may thy god who scatters darts around,
 Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this, the sire embraced the maid again,
 So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
 Then near the altar of the darting king,
 Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring;
 With water purify their hands, and take
 The sacred offering of the salted cake;
 While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,
 And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:—

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
 Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguished rays!
 If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest:

Once more attend ! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses prayed. Apollo heard his prayer :
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare ;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And, with their heads to heaven, the victims slew ;
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide :
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire ;
The youth with instruments surround the fire :
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dressed,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest :
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare ;
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repressed,
With pure libations they conclude the feast ;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crowned,
And, pleased, dispense the flowing bowls around ;
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The pæans lengthened till the sun descends :
The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes prolong ;
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night ; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky :
Then launch, and hoist the mast ; indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails ;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below :
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appeared in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand,)
Then part, where stretched along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still, amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate ;
Nor mixed in combat, nor in council joined ;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light

The gods had summoned to the Olympian height:
 Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,
 Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
 When, like the morning mist in early day,
 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
 And to the seats divine her flight addressed.
 There, far apart, and high above the rest,
 The thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
 His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
 Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed
 Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.

“If e’er, O father of the gods! (she said)
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
 Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe.
 Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonored too.
 Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
 Till the proud king and all the Achaian race
 Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace.”

Thus Thetis spoke; but Jove in silence held
 The sacred counsels of his breast concealed.
 Not so repulsed, the goddess closer pressed,
 Still grasped his knees, and urged the dear request.
 “O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
 Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
 Or oh! declare, of all the powers above,
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?”

She said: and, sighing, thus the god replies,
 Who rolls the thunder o’er the vaulted skies:—

“What hast thou asked? ah, why should Jove engage
 In foreign contests and domestic rage,
 The gods’ complaints, and Juno’s fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
 But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
 Witness the sacred honors of our head,
 The nod that ratifies the will divine,
 The faithful, fixed, irrevocable sign;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows ——”
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate and sanction of the god.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

(From the "Iliad": translated by W. E. Aytoun.)

[WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, Scotch poet, man of letters, and humorist, was born in 1813 and died in 1865. He was son-in-law of John Wilson; one of the editors of *Blackwood's*, and professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh. He is best remembered by the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" and the "Bon Gaultier Ballads."]

PRONE he fell, and thus Achilles triumphed o'er his fallen foe:—

"So thou thoughtest, haughty Hector, when thou didst Patroclus slay,

That no vengeance should o'ertake thee, and that I was far away!

Fool! a stronger far was lying at the hollow ships that day—

An avenger—who hath made thee his dear blood with thine repay;

I was left, and I have smote thee. To the ravenous hounds and kites

Art thou destined, whilst thy victim shall receive the funeral rites!"

Him thus answered helmèd Hector, and his words were faint and slow:—

"By thy soul, thy knees, thy parents—let them not entreat me so!

Suffer not the dogs to rend me by the vessels on the shore,

But accept the gold and treasure sent to thee in ample store

By my father and my mother. O, give back my body, then,

That the funeral rites may grace it, offered by my countrymen!"

Then the swift Achilles, sternly glancing, answered him again:—

"Speak not of my knees or parents—dog! thou dost implore in vain;

For I would my rage and hatred could so far transport me on,

That I might myself devour thee, for the murders thou hast done:

Therefore know that from thy carcass none shall drive the dogs away,—

Not although thy wretched parents ten and twenty ransoms pay,

And should promise others also—not though Dardan Priam brought

Gold enough to weigh thee over, shall thy worthless corpse be bought:

Never shall thy aged mother, of her eldest hope bereft,

Mourn above thee—to the mercies of the dog and vulture left!"

Then the helmèd Hector, dying, once again essayed to speak:—

"'Tis but what my heart foretold me of thy nature, ruthless Greek!

Vain indeed is my entreaty, for thou hast an iron heart!

Yet bethink thee for a moment, lest the gods should take my part,

When Apollo and my brother Paris shall avenge my fate,

Stretching thee, thou mighty warrior, dead before the Scæan gate!"

Scarcely had the hero spoken, ere his eyes were fixed in death,

And his soul, the body leaving, glided to the shades beneath;

Its hard fate lamenting sorely, from so fair a mansion fled;
And the noble chief Achilles spoke again above the dead:—

“Meanwhile, die thou! I am ready, when ’tis Jove’s eternal will,
And the other heavenly deities, their appointment to fulfil.”
This he said, and tore the weapon from the body where it lay,
Flung it down, and stooping o’er him, rent the bloody spoils away:
And the other Grecian warriors crowded round the fatal place,
Hector’s noble form admiring, and his bold and manly face;
Yet so bitter was their hatred, that they gashed the senseless dead;
And each soldier that beheld him, turning to his neighbor, said:—
“By the gods! ’tis easier matter now to handle Hector’s frame,
Than when we beheld him flinging on the ships devouring flame.” . . .

The wife of Hector knew

Nothing of this great disaster—none had brought her tidings true,
How her spouse had rashly tarried all without the city gate.
Weaving of a costly garment, in an inner room she sate,
With a varied wreath of blossoms broidering the double border;
And unto the fair-haired maidens of her household gave she order
On the fire to place a tripod, and to make the fuel burn,
For a welcome bath for Hector, when from fight he should return.
Hapless woman! and she knew not that from all these comforts far,
Blue-eyed Pallas had subdued him, by Achilles, first in war;
But she heard the voice of weeping from the turrets, and the wail
And the cry of lamentation; then her limbs began to fail,
And she shook with dread all over, dropped the shuttle on the
ground,

And bespoke her fair-haired maidens, as they stood in order round:—

“Two of ye make haste and follow—what may all this tumult
mean?”

Sure that cry of bitter anguish came from Hecuba the queen. [ing,
Wildly leaps my heart within me, and my limbs are faint and bend—
Much I fear some dire misfortune over Priam’s sons impending:
Would to heaven my words were folly; yet my terror I must own,
Lest Achilles, having hasted ’twixt my Hector and the town,
O’er the open plain hath chased him, all alone and sore distressed—
Lest his hot and fiery valor should at last be laid to rest;
For amidst the throng of warriors never yet made Hector one—
Onward still he rushed before them, yielding in his pride to none.”

Thus she spoke, and like a Maenad frantic through the halls she
flew;

Wildly beat her heart within her: and her maidens followed too.
Oh! but when she reached the turret, and the crowd were forced
aside,

How she gazed! and oh, how dreadful was the sight she there
espied!—

Hector dragged before the city; and the steeds with hasty tramp,
Hurling him, in foul dishonor, to the sea-beat Grecian camp.
Darkness fell upon her vision — darkness like the mist of death —
Nerveless sank her limbs beneath her, and her bosom ceased to
breathe.

All the ornamental tissue dropped from her wild streaming hair,
Both the garland, and the fillet, and the veil, so wondrous fair,
Which the golden Venus gave her on that well-remembered day
When the battle-hasting Hector led her as his bride away
From the palace of Aëtion — noble marriage gifts were they!
Thronging round her came her sisters, and her kindred held her fast,
For she called on death to free her, ere that frantic fit was past.
When the agony was over, and her mind again had found her,
Thus she faltered, deeply sobbing, to the Trojan matrons round
her: —

“Oh, my Hector! me unhappy! equal destinies were ours;
Born, alas! to equal fortunes — thou in Priam’s ancient towers,
I in Thebes, Aëtion’s dwelling in the woody Poplucus.
Hapless father! hapless daughter! better had it been for us
That he never had begot me — doomed to evil from my birth.
Thou art gone to Hades, husband, far below the caves of earth,
And thou leavest me a widow in thy empty halls to mourn,
And thy son an orphan infant — better had he ne’er been born!
Thou wilt never help him, Hector — thou canst never cheer thy boy,
Nor can he unto his father be a comfort and a joy!
Even though this war that wastes us pass away and harm him not,
Toil and sorrow, never ending, still must be his future lot.
Others will remove his landmarks, and will take his fields away,
Neither friend nor comrade left him by this orphan-making day;
And he looks so sad already, and his cheeks are wet with tears!
Then the boy in want shall wander to his father’s old compeers,
Grasping by the cloak one warrior, and another by the vest;
Then perhaps some one amongst them, less forgetful than the rest,
Shall bestow a cup upon him — yet that cup shall be so small
That his lips will scarce be moistened, nor his thirst assuaged at
all;
Then shall some one, blessed with parents, thrust him rudely from
the hall,
Loading him with blows and scorning, which perforce the boy must
bear —
Saying, ‘Get thee gone, thou beggar! lo, thy father feasts not here!’
Weeping at this harsh denial, back shall he return to me —
He, Astyanax, the infant, who upon his father’s knee
Feasted on the richest marrow, and the daintiest meats that be;
Who, when slumber fell upon him, and his childish crying ceased,

Went to sleep in ease and plenty, cradled on his nurse's breast.
 Now, Astyanax — the Trojans by that name the infant call;
 Since 'twas thou, my Hector, only that didst keep the gates and
 wall —

Many a wrong shall feel and suffer, since his father is no more.
 Now the creeping worm shall waste thee, lying naked on the shore,
 Neither friend nor parent near thee — when the dogs have ta'en their
 fill.

Naked! — and thy graceful garments lie within thy palace still;
 These, the skillful work of women, all to ashes I will burn,
 For thou never more shalt wear them, and thou never canst return;
 Yet the Trojans will revere them, relics of their chief so true! —
 Thus she spoke in tears, and round her all the women sorrowed too.



PRIAM RECLAIMS HECTOR'S BODY.

(From the "Iliad": translated by John Gibson Lockhart.)

[JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Scotch poet and man of letters, was born 1794, died 1854. He became the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. He joined the staff of *Blackwood's* in 1818, and was editor of the *Quarterly Review*, 1826-53.]

ON did the old man pass; and he entered, and found the Peleides
 Seated apart from his train: two only of Myrmidons trustful,
 Hero Automedon only, and Alkimus, sapling of Ares,
 Near to him minist'ring stood; he reposed him but now from the
 meal-time,

Sated with food and with wine, nor removed from him yet was the
 table.

All unobserved of them entered the old man stately, and forthwith
 Grasped with his fingers the knees and was kissing the hands of
 Achilles —

Terrible, murderous hands, by which son upon son had been slaugh-
 tered.

As when a man who has fled from his home with the curse of the
 blood-guilt,

Kneels in a far-off land, at the hearth of some opulent stranger,
 Begging to shelter his head, there is stupor on them that behold
 him;

So was Achilles dumb at the sight of majestic Priam —

He and his followers all, each gazing on other bewildered.

But he uplifted his voice in their silence, and made supplication:

"Think of thy father at home" (he began), "O godlike Achilles!

Him, my coeval, like me within age's calamitous threshold.

Haply this day there is trouble upon him, some insolent neighbors

Round him in arms, nor a champion at hand to avert the disaster :
 Yet even so there is comfort for him, for he hears of thee living ;
 Day unto day there is hope for his heart amid worst tribulation,
 That yet again he shall see his belovèd from Troia returning.
 Misery only is mine ; for of all in the land of my fathers,
 Bravest and best were the sons I begat, and not one is remaining.
 Fifty were mine in the hour that the host of Achaia descended :
 Nineteen granted to me out of one womb, royally mothered,
 Stood by my side ; but the rest were of handmaids born in my dwelling.

Soon were the limbs of the many unstrung in the fury of Ares :
 But one peerless was left, sole prop of the realm and the people ;
 And now at last he too, the protector of Iliou, Hector,
 Dies by thy hand. For his sake have I come to the ships of Achaia,
 Eager to ransom the body with bountiful gifts of redemption.
 Thou have respect for the gods, and on me, O Peleides ! have pity,
 Calling thy father to mind ; but more piteous is my desolation,
 Mine, who alone of mankind have been humbled to this of endurance—
 Pressing my mouth to the hand that is red with the blood of my children."

Hereon Achilles, awaked to a yearning remembrance of Peleus,
 Rose up, took by the hand, and removed from him gently the old man.

Sadness possessing the twain — one, mindful of valorous Hector,
 Wept with o'erflowing tears, low laid at the feet of Achilles ;
 He, sometime for his father, anon at the thought of Patroclus,
 Wept, and aloft in the dwelling their long lamentation ascended.
 But when the bursting of grief had contented the godlike Peleides,
 And from his heart and his limbs irresistible yearning departed,
 Then from his seat rose he, and with tenderness lifted the old man,
 Viewing the hoary head and the hoary beard with compassion ;
 And he addressed him, and these were the air-winged words that he uttered : —

"Ah unhappy ! thy spirit in truth has been burdened with evils.
 How could the daring be thine to come forth to the ships of Achaia
 Singly, to stand in the eyes of the man by whose weapon thy children,

Many and gallant, have died ? full surely thy heart is of iron.
 But now seat thee in peace, old man, and let mourning entirely
 Pause for a space in our minds, although heavy on both be affliction ;
 For without profit and vain is the fullness of sad lamentation,
 Since it was destined so of the gods for unfortunate mortals
 Ever in trouble to live, but they only partake not of sorrow ;
 For by the threshold of Zeus two urns have their station of old time,
 Whereof the one holds dolings of good, but the other of evil ;

And to whom mixt are the doles of the thunder-delighting Kronion,
 He sometime is of blessing partaker, of misery sometime;
 But if he gives him the ill, he has fixed him the mark of disaster,
 And over bountiful earth the devouring Necessity drives him,
 Wandering ever forlorn, unregarded of gods and of mortals.
 Thus of a truth did the gods grant glorious gifts unto Peleus,
 Even from the hour of his birth, for above compare was he favored,
 Whether in wealth or in power, in the land of the Myrmidons reign-
 ing;

And albeit a mortal; his spouse was a goddess appointed.
 Yet even to him, of the god there was evil apportioned, — that
 never

Lineage of sons should be born in his home, to inherit dominion.
 One son alone he begat, to untimely calamity foredoomed;
 Nor do I cherish his age, since afar from the land of my fathers
 Here in the 'Troas I sit, to the torment of thee and thy children.
 And we have heard, old man, of thine ancient prosperity also,
 Lord of whatever is held between Lesbos the seat of the Macar,
 Up to the Phrygian bound and the measureless Hellespontos;
 Ruling and blest above all, nor in wealth nor in progeny equaled:
 Yet from the hour that the gods brought this visitation upon
 thee,

Day unto day is thy city surrounded with battles and bloodshed.
 Howso, bear what is sent, nor be grieved in thy soul without ceas-
 ing.

Nothing avails it, O king! to lament for the son that has fallen;
 Him thou canst raise up no more, but thyself may have new tribu-
 lation."

So having said, he was answered by Priam the aged and god-
 like: —

"Seat not me on the chair, O beloved of Olympus! while Hector
 Lies in the tent uninterred: but I pray thee deliver him swiftly,
 That I may see with mine eyes: and, accepting the gifts of redemp-
 tion,

Therein have joy to thy heart; and return thou homeward in safety,
 Since of thy mercy I live and shall look on the light of the morning."

Darkly regarding the king, thus answered the rapid Achilles: —
 "Stir me to anger no more, old man: of myself I am minded
 To the release of the dead; for a messenger came from Kronion
 Hither, the mother that bore me, the child of the Ancient of
 Ocean.

Thee, too, I know in my mind, nor has aught of thy passage escaped
 me;

How that some god was the guide of thy steps to the ships of
 Achaia.

For never mortal had dared to advance, were he blooming in manhood,

Here to the host by himself; nor could sentinels all be avoided;
Nor by an imbecile push might the bar be dislodged at my bulwark.
Therefore excite me no more, old man, when my soul is in sorrow,
Lest to thyself peradventure forbearance continue not alway,
Suppliant all that thou art — but I break the behest of the godhead.”

So did he speak; but the old man feared, and obeyed his commandment.

Forth of the door of his dwelling then leapt like a lion Peleides;
But not alone: of his household were twain that attended his going,

Hero Automedon first, and young Alkimus, he that was honored
Chief of the comrades around since the death of beloved Patroclus.
These from the yoke straightway unharnessed the mules and the horses,

And they conducted within the coeval attendant of Priam,
Bidding him sit in the tent; then swiftly their hands from the mule-wain,

Raise the uncountable wealth of the king's Hectorean head-gifts.
But two mantles they leave, and a tunic of beautiful texture,
Seemly for wrapping the dead as the ransomer carries him homeward.

Then were the handmaidens called, and commanded to wash and anoint him,

Privately lifted aside, lest the son should be seen of the father,
Lest in the grief of his soul he restrain not his anger within him,
Seeing the corse of his son, but enkindle the heart of Achilles,
And he smite him to death, and transgress the command of Kronion.
But when the dead had been washed and anointed with oil by the maidens,

And in the tunic arrayed and enwrap in the beautiful mantle,
Then by Peleides himself was he raised and composed on the hand-bier;

Which when the comrades had lifted and borne to its place in the mule-wain,

Then groaned he; and he called on the name of his friend, the beloved:—

“Be not wroth with me now, O Patroclus, if haply thou hearest,
Though within Hades obscure, that I yield the illustrious Hector
Back to his father dear. Not unworthy the gifts of redemption;
And unto thee will I render thereof whatsoever is seemly.”

THE SIRENS, SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

(From the "Odyssey"; translated by Philip S. Worsley.)

BUT when the Ocean river in our wake
 Streamed afar off, borne through the wide-wayed deep
 Straight from Ææa's isle our course we take,
 To where the young-eyed Morning loves to keep
 Her pastime, and the Sun wakes up from sleep.
 Thither arrived on the smooth shores we run
 The keel, and to the land our sailors leap,
 And all night slumbering on the sands, each one
 Waits for the Dawn divine and the returning Sun.

But when the rosy-fingered Dawn was come,
 Child of the mist, my comrades forth I sent
 To fetch the dead Elpenor from the home
 Of Circe. Then to the utmost we went,
 And cut wood, and with tears and sad lament
 Paid the funeral rites. So when with all
 His arms the dead was burned, a monument
 Of earth, and gravestone to record his fall
 We reared, and in the midst, the shapely oar sprang tall.

We then, reminded of our labors past,
 Talked over all that we had seen and known;
 And Circe knew that through the billows vast
 From Hades' realms we had returned, and soon
 In shining raiment to the shore came down,
 While in her train paced many a maiden fair,
 Who corn and flesh, and sparkling wine, the crown
 Of banquets, in white hands uplifted bare.
 Then, standing in the midst, spake the divine one there:

"Ah! desperate, who have trod with living feet
 The house of Hades and the sunless way,
 Twice dead, while others die but once! Haste, eat
 Both corn and flesh in plenty while ye may,
 And, sitting here, drink wine the livelong day!
 Hence in the morning shall ye sail, and I
 Will point your path, nor any more delay
 To warn you, and each danger signify,
 Lest or by land or wave you find adversity."

She ended, and our manly heart obeyed.
So through the livelong day on corn, flesh, wine,
We feasted, till the sun fell and the shade
Descended. Then the mariners recline
Hard by the black ship; but the queen divine
Led me apart from my companions dear,
And lay with me, and asked each word and sign
Of the late work; which I unfolded clear;
And at the last spake Circe in my listening ear:

"These things are ended. Hearken now my word!
Yea, God himself shall call it to thy mind.
First shalt thou reach the Sirens, who, once heard,
Charm with their strains the souls of all mankind.
If unawares come floating on the wind
That clear, sweet music, which the Sirens pour,
He who hath quaffed it with his ears shall find
No voice, no welcome, on his native shore,
Shall on his dear wife gaze and lispng babes no more.

"For the shrill Sirens, couched among the flowers,
Sing melodies that lure from the great deep
The heedless mariner to their fatal bowers,
Where round about them, piled in many a heap,
Lie the bleached bones of moldering men that sleep
Forever, and the dead skins waste away.
Thou through the waves thy course right onward keep,
And stop with wax thy comrades' ears, that they
Hear not the sweet death songs which through the wide air stray.

"But if thyself art fain to hear their song,
Let thy companions bind thee, hands and feet,
Upright against the mast with cordage strong.
So mayst thou hearken to the voices sweet
Of the twin Sirens, as thy white sails fleet
Along the perilous coast; yet, though thou yearn
To linger, and with tears thy friend entreat,
Let them remain hard-hearted, doubly stern
Yea, with more chains enwind thee, and thy anguish spurn.

"These once escaped, no more I plainly tell
Which way be safer; thou shalt think; but I
Both will proclaim; for there wild rocks upswell
Vast, overshadowing, round whose bases cry
Dark Amphitrite's billows, Gods on high

These rocks call Wanderers; and no wingèd thing
That place hath passed, or can pass, harmless by —
No, not the doves, those tremblers, wont to bring
Ambrosia, heavenly food, to Father Zeus, their king.

“One of their number the fell rock doth slay,
But aye another doth the Father send
His convoy to complete. Nor by that way
Ever did bark of mortal oarage wend,
For waves and fiery storms the timbers rend,
And the men murder. Of all ships that sail
Argo, beloved one, did alone transcend
That ruin. She too had been brought to bale,
But that queen Hera’s love for Jason did prevail.

“Guarding a narrow gulf two rocks there are,
Whereof the one, sky threatening, a black cloud
Not pierceable by power of sun, moon, star,
Doth everlastingly with gloom enshroud.
Summer nor autumn to that pile dark-browed
Lend a clear ether, nor could mortal wight,
Albeit with twenty hands and feet endowed,
Climb or descend that sheer and perilous height,
Which, smooth as burnished stone, darts heavenward out of sight.

“Deep in the mid rock lies a murky cave,
Whose mouth yawns westward to the sullen dark
Of Erebus; and thou, Odysseus brave,
Must by this way direct the hollow bark.
Nor yet could any archer taking mark,
No, not a strong man in his life’s full bloom,
A swift-winged shaft from that same hollow bark
Shoot to the vault, within whose hideous womb
Scylla in secret lurks, dread-howling through the gloom.

“Her voice is like the voice of whelps new-born,
Yet she such monster as no eyes can meet
Rejoicing, or with glance of careless scorn,
Not though a god should pass her dire retreat.
Twelve feet she has, twelve huge misshapen feet,
And six long necks, wherefrom she quivereth
Six heads of terror, and her prey doth eat
With grim jaws, armed with triple ranks of teeth,
Frequent and thickly sown and teeming with black death.

"Her waist is hidden in the hollow cave,
 But all her heads from the infernal lair
 She thrusts, to fish with, in the whirling wave,
 And, feeling round the rock with eager care,
 For dolphins dips and sea dogs, or if there
 Perchance some larger weightier bulk she catch,
 Such as the deep in myriads feeds — and ne'er
 Have mariners eluded her dire watch,
 Who for each head one victim from the ship doth snatch.

"The other rock, a little space remote
 (Yea with an arrow thou couldst reach it well),
 More flat by far, Odysseus, shalt thou note
 Crowned with a fig tree wild. Charybdis fell
 Sucks the black water in her throat's deep hell
 Beneath it; thrice disgorges in the day,
 And thrice again sucks up the eddying swell.
 Heaven from that suction keep thee far away!
 Not the Earthshaker's self could then thy doom delay.

"Rather to Scylla's rock, whate'er befall,
 Cleave in thy steering, when thou passest by,
 Since it is better to lose six than all."
 Therewith she ended, and I made reply :
 "This one thing more, kind goddess, signify —
 If I may yet take counsel not in vain
 Whirling Charybdis to evade or fly,
 And ward off Scylla, ere my friends be slain?"
 I ceased, and the divine one answering spake again:

"Ah! desperate heart! and wilt thou never turn
 From weariest toil and feats of warlike fame,
 Nor even to the gods submission learn?
 She is no mortal whom thou fain wouldst tame,
 This mischief, but of race immortal came;
 Fierce and unconquerable and wild and strong,
 No force compels her and no steel can maim.
 There is no remedy against this wrong —
 Flight is your help; one moment's tarrying were too long.

"For by the rock but linger to equip
 Thy limbs for battle, and in sooth I fear
 Lest she again forth issuing on the ship
 Find thee with all her ravenous heads, and bear
 Six more aloft of thy companions dear.

Thou rather drive impetuous through the main,
 And on Krataiis call, that she may hear,
 Mother of Scylla, who brought forth this bane
 Of mortals: she her child forth-issuing will restrain.

“Soon shall thy bark Thrinacia’s island reach,
 Where feed the Sun’s sleek oxen and fat sheep;
 Seven are the herds and fifty kine in each,
 And of the flocks like reckoning he doth keep.
 Seed have they none; nor do the seasons reap
 Aught of their vigor. Nymphs with flowing hair
 Attend them in their pastures by the deep,
 Bright Phaëthusa and Lampetia fair,
 Whom to the heavenly Sun divine Neæra bare.

“She to Thrinacia sent them, there to dwell,
 Tending their father’s flocks and herds. These leave
 Unscathed, and all may in the end be well,
 Though to your land returning sore ye grieve;
 But scathe them, and the gods, I well perceive,
 Shall break your bark up and your sailors kill;
 And though thine own life they may chance reprieve,
 Yet to thy country, at a stranger’s will,
 Shalt thou come lone and late and overwhelmed with ill.”

She ceasing, came the golden-thronèd Morn.
 Then passed the goddess inland; but I went
 And bade the men embark. They outward borne,
 Winnow with oars the foaming element.
 Soon in our lee the fair-haired Circe sent
 A helpmate good, a canvas-swelling breeze.
 We, on the tackling of our bark intent,
 All things arranged; then sitting at our ease
 Steersman and prosperous wind impelled us through the seas.

Then sorely grieving I the tidings break:
 “Friends, it is fitting that not one nor two
 Should know the oracles which Circe spake,
 Divine one, in these ears; but all my crew
 Shall hear them, that together we may rue
 Death not unknowingly, if death should chance,
 Or haply, should we yet pass safely through
 These perils, then in no blind ignorance
 We may awhile escape Fate’s evil ordinance.

“First of the Sirens, couched among the flowers,
She warns us fly from the delusive song.
I only, as we pass the fatal bowers,
Have leave to listen; yet with many a thong
Need is ye bind me, and with cordage strong,
Against the socket of the mast upright,
Lest I should move; and though I urge you long
To loose me, and implore with all my might,
Still bind me with more cords and strain them yet more tight.”

Thus were my comrades of each several charge
Admonished; and the well-built ship meanwhile
Cut lightly through the waves, and neared the marge
Of that fell coast, the sister Sirens' isle.
Anon the wind slept, and for many a mile
Some god in silence hushed the marble mere.
Forthwith our men the canvas furl, and pile
Safe in the hollow ship their naval gear,
Lean to their oars, and whiten the blue waters clear.

Then did I haste to sever with iron keen
In morsels a great roll of wax, which lay
Stored in the hollow ship, and in between
My strong palms pressed and chafed it every way.
Soon the wax warmed, for the great Lord of Day,
Hyperion's offspring, the imperial Sun,
Came to my succor with his burning ray.
So when the mass with heat was nigh to run,
I filled my comrades' ears, in order one by one.

Then did they bind me by the hands and feet
Upright against the mast with cordage strong,
And each again retiring to his seat
Smote the calm sea with furrows white and long.
We, lightly drifting the blue waves among,
Soon in our course such interval attain
As that the ear might catch the Sirens' song.
Nor did the swift ship moving through the main
Escape them, while they sang this sweet soul-piercing strain:

“Hither, Odysseus, great Achaian name,
Turn thy swift keel and listen to our lay;
Since never pilgrim near these regions came
In black ship, on the azure fields astray,

But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed away,
And in his joy passed on with ampler mind.

We know what labors were in ancient day
Wrought in wide Troia, as the gods assigned;
We know from land to land all toils of mankind."

While their sweet music took my spirit thus.

I with drawn brows made signal for release;
But Perimedes and Eurylochus

Bind me yet faster and the cords increase,
Nor for my passion would the seamen cease
Their rowing. When no more the Sirens' song

Thrilled the deep air, and on my soul came peace,
My trusty mariners unsealed ere long
Their ears, and from my limbs unwound the cordage strong

When we had left the island in our lee,

I looked, and straight in front toward heaven uprolled
Smoke, and the noises of a roaring sea,

So that with terror every heart sank cold,
And from the feeble fingers' trembling hold
Each oar dropt, whirring in the downward flood.

Dead paused the ship, no longer now controlled
By slantless oar-blades; and I passed and stood
Near each, and thus essayed to calm his fearful mood:

"Friends, we are not in dangers all unlearned,

Nor have we lighted on a vaster woe
Than when the Cyclops, who all justice spurned,
Held us immured, disdaining to let go

His captive guests. Yet verily even so
This mind and arm a great deliverance wrought.

And surely at this hour I feel, I know,
That we shall yet live to recount in thought
These labors. Come, take heart, obey me as ye ought,

"Lean to your oars and the wild breakers sweep,

If haply Zeus vouchsafe our souls to spare.
Thou, steersman, in thy breast this mandate keep,
Since of the hollow ship thou hast chief care

And at thy will dost wield her here and there:—
Hold her well clear of this smoke-clouded sea,

And hug the adverse rock, lest unaware

We to the whirling gulf drift violently,
And thou o'erwhelm us all in dire calamity." . . .

I my illustrious mail assuming now,
Holding in each hand a long-shafted spear,
Move to the black ship's bulwark near the prow,
First on that side expecting to appear
Rock-lurking Scylla, destined soon to bear
Such dread disaster to my comrades brave.
Nor yet could I discern her anywhere,
Though still my tired eyes straining glances gave,
And pored both far and deep to pierce her murky cave.

We groaning sailed the strait. Here Scylla lay,
And there divine Charybdis, with huge throat
Gorging salt waves, which when she cast away
She spurned with hisses (as when fire makes hot
Some caldron) and the steamy froth upshot
Wide o'er both rocks. But when she gorged again,
Drunk with abysmal gurglings, one might note
The dark sands of the immeasurable main
Gleam iron-blue. The rocks loud-bellowing roared amain.

We pale with dread stared at her, fearing death.
But ravenous Scylla from the hollow bark
Six of our bravest comrades at a breath
Seized with her six necks. Turning round I mark
Their forms quick vanishing toward the cavern dark,
And feet and fingers dangling in mid air;
Yea, and my ear each several voice could mark
Which for the last time shrieked, with no one there
To help them — on my name they called in wild despair.

As when some fisher, angling in the deep,
Casts with a long rod for the smaller fry
Baits and a bull's horn, from some jutting steep,
And hurls the snared prey to the land close by
Gasping, so these were to the rocks on high
Drawn gasping, and the monster gorged them down,
Stretching their hands with a loud bitter cry
Toward me their captain. This was my grief's crown.
Never in all my toils like anguish have I known.

PRINCIPLES OF HOMERIC TRANSLATION.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD: English poet, essayist, and critic; born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He was professor of poetry at Oxford, 1857-1867. He was government inspector of schools for nearly forty years. His earliest published works were his prize poems, "Alaric at Rome," written at Rugby, and "Cromwell," written at Oxford. His poetical works include "The Strayed Reveler, and Other Poems" (1848); "Empedocles on Etna" (1853); "Merope," a tragedy (1857); "New Poems" (1868). His prose essays include "Lectures on Celtic Literature," and "Lectures on Translating Homer," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," and "Discourses on America."]

I. POPE'S TRANSLATION.

HOMER's verses were some of the first words which a young Athenian heard. He heard them from his mother or his nurse before he went to school; and at school, when he went there, he was constantly occupied with them. So much did he hear of them that Socrates proposes, in the interests of morality, to have selections from Homer made, and placed in the hands of mothers and nurses, in his model republic; in order that, of an author with whom they were sure to be so perpetually conversant, the young might learn only those parts which might do them good. His language was as familiar to Sophocles, we may be quite sure, as the language of the Bible is to us.

Nay, more. Homer's language was not, of course, in the time of Sophocles, the spoken or written language of ordinary life, any more than the language of the Bible, any more than the language of poetry, is with us: but for one great species of composition — epic poetry — it was still the current language; it was the language in which every one who made that sort of poetry composed. Every one at Athens who dabbled in epic poetry, not only understood Homer's language, — he possessed it. He possessed it as every one who dabbles in poetry with us possesses what may be called the poetical vocabulary, as distinguished from the vocabulary of common speech and of modern prose: I mean, such expressions as *perchance* for *perhaps*, *spake* for *spoke*, *aye* for *ever*, *don* for *put on*, *charmèd* for *charmed*, and thousands of others.

Robert Wood, whose "Essay on the Genius of Homer" is

mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris.

"I found him," he continues, "so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying, it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs.

“ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντε,
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ἀγῆρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην,
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάειραν·
νῦν δ' — ἔμπηξ γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφειστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βρότον, οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι —
ἴομεν.

His lordship repeated the last words several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) 'on the most glorious war, and most honorable peace, this nation ever saw.'

I quote this story, first, because it is interesting as exhibiting the English aristocracy at its very height of culture, lofty spirit, and greatness, towards the middle of the last century. I quote it, secondly, because it seems to me to illustrate Goethe's saying, that our life, in Homer's view of it, represents a conflict and a hell; and it brings out, too, what there is tonic and fortifying in this doctrine. I quote it, lastly, because it shows that the passage is just one of those in translating which Pope will be at his best, a passage of strong emotion and oratorical movement, not of simple narrative or description.

Pope translates the passage thus:—

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe.

Nothing could better exhibit Pope's prodigious talent, and nothing, too, could be better in its own way. But, as Bentley said, "You must not call it Homer." One feels that Homer's thought has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible, and come out highly intellectualized; come out in a form which strongly impresses us, indeed, but which no longer impresses us in the same way as when it was uttered by Homer. The antithesis of the last two lines —

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe —

is excellent, and is just suited to Pope's heroic couplet; but neither the antithesis itself, nor the couplet which conveys it, is suited to the feeling or to the movement of Homer.

Every one knows the passage at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, where the fires of the Trojan encampment are likened to the stars. It is very far from my wish to hold Pope up to ridicule, so I shall not quote the commencement of the passage, which in the original is of great and celebrated beauty, and in translating which Pope has been singularly and notoriously unfortunate. But the latter part of the passage, where Homer leaves the stars, and comes to the Trojan fires, treats of the plainest, most matter-of-fact subject possible, and deals with this, as Homer always deals with every subject, in the plainest and most straightforward style. "So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires in the plain; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning."

In Pope's translation, this plain story becomes the following: —

So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;

The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose unnumbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says somewhere, that wherever Virgil seems to have composed "with his eye on the object," Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes "with his eye on the object," whether the object be a moral or a material one: Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's description with ornament and dignity. A sentiment may be changed by being put into a pointed and oratorical form, yet may still be very effective in that form; but a description, the moment it takes its eyes off that which it is to describe, and begins to think of ornamenting itself, is worthless.

Therefore, I say, the translator of Homer should penetrate himself with a sense of the plainness and directness of Homer's style; of the simplicity with which Homer's thought is evolved and expressed. He has Pope's fate before his eyes, to show him what a divorce may be created even between the most gifted translator and Homer by an artificial evolution of thought and a literary cast of style.

II. CHAPMAN'S VERSION.

Chapman's style is not artificial and literary like Pope's, nor his movement elaborate and self-retarding like the Miltonic movement of Cowper. He is plain-spoken, fresh, vigorous, and to a certain degree rapid; and all these are Homeric qualities. I cannot say that I think the movement of his fourteen-syllable

line, which has been so much commended, Homeric : but it is not distinctly anti-Homeric, like the movement of Milton's blank verse ; and it has a rapidity of its own. Chapman's diction, too, is generally good,—that is, appropriate to Homer ; above all, the syntactical character of his style is appropriate. With these merits, what prevents his translation from being a satisfactory version of Homer ? Is it merely the want of literal faithfulness to his original, imposed upon him, it is said, by the exigences of rhyme ? Has this celebrated version, which has so many advantages, no other and deeper defect than that ? Its author is a poet, and a poet, too, of the Elizabethan age : the golden age of English literature, as it is called—and on the whole truly called ; for whatever be the defects of Elizabethan literature (and they are great), we have no development of our literature to compare with it for vigor and richness. This age, too, showed what it could do in translating, by producing a masterpiece, its version of the Bible.

Chapman's translation has often been praised as eminently Homeric. Keats' fine sonnet in its honor every one knows ; but Keats could not read the original, and therefore could not really judge the translation. Coleridge, in praising Chapman's version, says at the same time, "It will give you small idea of Homer." But the grave authority of Mr. Hallam pronounces this translation to be "often exceedingly Homeric" ; and its latest editor boldly declares that by what, with a deplorable style, he calls "his own innative Homeric genius," Chapman "has thoroughly identified himself with Homer" ; and that "we pardon him even for his digressions, for they are such as we feel Homer himself would have written."

I confess that I can never read twenty lines of Chapman's version without recurring to Bentley's cry, "This is not Homer !" and that from a deeper cause than any unfaithfulness occasioned by the fetters of rhyme.

I said that there were four things which eminently distinguished Homer, and with a sense of which Homer's translator should penetrate himself as fully as possible. One of these four things was the plainness and directness of Homer's ideas. I have just been speaking of the plainness and directness of his style ; but the plainness and directness of the contents of his style, of his ideas themselves, is not less remarkable. But as eminently as Homer is plain, so eminently is the Elizabethan literature in general, and Chapman in particular, fanciful.

Steeped in humors and fantasticality up to its very lips, the Elizabethan age, newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in this first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately. Happily, in the translation of the Bible, the sacred character of their original inspired the translators with such respect that they did not dare to give the rein to their own fancies in dealing with it. But in dealing with works of profane literature, in dealing with poetical works above all, which highly stimulated them, one may say that the minds of the Elizabethan translators were *too* active; that they could not forbear importing so much of their own, and this of a most peculiar and Elizabethan character, into their original, that they effaced the character of the original itself.

Take merely the opening pages to Chapman's translation, the introductory verses, and the dedications. You will find —

An Anagram of the name of our Dread Prince,
My most gracious and sacred Mæcenas,
Henry, Prince of Wales,
Our Sunn, Heyr, Peace, Life, —

Henry, son of James the First, to whom the work is dedicated.
Then comes an address —

To the sacred Fountain of Princes,
Sole Empress of Beauty and Virtue, Anne, Queen
Of England, etc.

All the Middle Age, with its grotesqueness, its conceits, its irrationality, is still in these opening pages: they by themselves are sufficient to indicate to us what a gulf divides Chapman from the "clearest-souled" of poets, from Homer; almost as great a gulf as that which divides him from Voltaire. Pope has been sneered at for saying that Chapman writes "somewhat as one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived at years of discretion." But the remark is excellent: Homer expresses himself like a man of adult reason, Chapman like a man whose reason has not yet cleared itself. For instance, if Homer had had to say of a poet, that he hoped his merit was now about to be fully established in the opinion of good judges, he was as incapable of saying this as Chapman

says it, — “Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Gauges, few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun,” — I say, Homer was as incapable of saying this in that manner, as Voltaire himself would have been. Homer, indeed, has actually an affinity with Voltaire in the unrivaled clearness and straightforwardness of his thinking; in the way in which he keeps to one thought at a time, and puts that thought forth in its complete natural plainness, instead of being led away from it by some fancy striking him in connection with it, and being beguiled to wander off with this fancy till his original thought, in its natural reality, knows him no more. What could better show us how gifted a race was this Greek race? The same member of it has not only the power of profoundly touching that natural heart of humanity which it is Voltaire’s weakness that he cannot reach, but can also address the understanding with all Voltaire’s admirable simplicity and rationality.

My limits will not allow me to do more than shortly illustrate, from Chapman’s version of the Iliad, what I mean when I speak of this vital difference between Homer and an Elizabethan poet in the quality of their thought: between the plain simplicity of the thought of the one, and the curious complexity of the thought of the other. As in Pope’s case, I carefully abstain from choosing passages for the express purpose of making Chapman appear ridiculous; Chapman, like Pope, merits in himself all respect, though he too, like Pope, fails to render Homer.

In that tonic speech of Sarpedon, of which I have said so much, Homer, you may remember, has —

if indeed, but once *this* battle avoided,
We were forever to live without growing old and immortal.

Chapman cannot be satisfied with this, but must add a fancy to it —

if keeping back
Would keep back age from us, and death, and *that we might*
not wrack
In this life’s human sea at all;

and so on. Again: in another passage which I have before quoted, where Zeus says to the horses of Peleus,

Why gave we you to royal Peleus, to a mortal ? but ye are without old age, and immortal.

Chapman sophisticates this into —

Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
And *incapacity of age* so dignifies your states ?

Again ; in the speech of Achilles to his horses, where Achilles, according to Homer, says simply, "Take heed that ye bring your master safe back to the host of the Danaans, in some other sort than the last time, when the battle is ended," Chapman sophisticates this into —

*When with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield
Our heart satiety, bring us off.*

In Hector's famous speech, again, at his parting from Andromache, Homer makes him say : "Nor does my own heart so bid me" (to keep safe behind the walls), "since I have learned to be stanch always, and to fight among the foremost of the Trojans, busy on behalf of my father's great glory, and my own." In Chapman's hand this becomes —

The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that ; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and *my mind knew what a worthy was,*
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine :
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.

You see how ingeniously Homer's plain thought is *tormented*, as the French would say, here. Homer goes on : "For well I know this in my mind and in my heart, the day will be, when sacred Troy shall perish." Chapman makes this —

And such a *stormy* day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow.

I might go on forever, but I could not give you a better illustration than this last, of what I mean by saying that the Elizabethan poet fails to render Homer because he cannot forbear to interpose a play of thought between his object and its expression. Chapman translates his object into Elizabethan, as Pope translates it into the Augustan of Queen Anne ; both convey

it to us through a medium. Homer, on the other hand, sees his object and conveys it to us immediately.

And yet, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of Homer's style, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of his ideas, he is eminently *noble*; he works as entirely in the grand style, he is as grandiose, as Phidias, or Dante, or Michael Angelo. This is what makes his translators despair. "To give relief," says Cowper, "to prosaic subjects" (such as dressing, eating, drinking, harnessing, traveling, going to bed), — that is, to treat such subjects nobly, in the grand style, — "without seeming unreasonably tumid, is extremely difficult." It *is* difficult, but Homer has done it. Homer is precisely the incomparable poet he is, because he has done it. His translator must not be tumid, must not be artificial, must not be literary; true: but then also he must not be commonplace, must not be ignoble.

III. BALLAD VERSE.

"The most really and truly Homeric of all the creations of the English muse is," says Mr. Newman's critic in the *National Review*, "the ballad poetry of ancient times; and the association between meter and subject is one that it would be true wisdom to preserve." "It is confessed," says Chapman's last editor, Mr. Hooper, "that the fourteen-syllable verse" (that is, a ballad verse) "is peculiarly fitting for Homeric translation." And the editor of Dr. Maginn's clever and popular "Homeric Ballads" assumes it as one of his author's greatest and most undisputable merits, that he was "the first who consciously realized to himself the truth that Greek ballads can be really represented in English only by a similar measure."

This proposition that Homer's poetry is *ballad poetry*, analogous to the well-known ballad poetry of the English and other nations, has a certain small portion of truth in it, and at one time probably served a useful purpose, when it was employed to discredit the artificial and literary manner in which Pope and his school rendered Homer. But it has been so extravagantly over-used, the mistake which it was useful in combating has so entirely lost the public favor, that it is now much more important to insist on the large part of error contained in it, than to extol its small part of truth. It is time to say plainly that, whatever the admirers of our old ballads may think, the su-

preme form of epic poetry, the genuine Homeric mold, is not the form of the Ballad of Lord Bateman. I have myself shown the broad difference between Milton's manner and Homer's; but after a course of Mr. Newman and Dr. Maginn, I turn round in desperation upon them and upon the balladists who have misled them, and I exclaim: Compared with you, Milton is Homer's double; there is, whatever you may think, ten thousand times more of the real strain of Homer in—

Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old,
than in —

Now Christ thee save, thou proud portèr,
Now Christ thee save and see,
or in —

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine.

For Homer is not only rapid in movement, simple in style, plain in language, natural in thought; he is also, and above all, *noble*. I have advised the translator not to go into the vexed question of Homer's identity. Yet I will just remind him that the grand argument—or rather, not argument, for the matter affords no data for arguing, but the grand source from which conviction, as we read the *Iliad*, keeps pressing in upon us, that there is one poet of the *Iliad*, one Homer—is precisely this nobleness of the poet, this grand manner; we feel that the analogy drawn from other joint compositions does not hold good here, because those works do not bear, like the *Iliad*, the magic stamp of a master: and the moment you have *anything* less than a master work, the coöperation or consolidation of several poets becomes possible, for talent is not uncommon; the moment you have *much* less than a master work, they become easy, for mediocrity is everywhere.

I can imagine fifty Bradys joined with as many Tates to make the New Version of the Psalms. I can imagine several poets having contributed to any one of the old English ballads in Percy's collection. I can imagine several poets, possessing, like Chapman, the Elizabethan vigor and the Elizabethan mannerism, united with Chapman to produce his version of the *Iliad*. I can imagine several poets, with the literary knack of the twelfth century, united to produce the *Nibelungen Lay* in the form in which we have it,—a work which the Germans, in their joy at discovering a national epic of their

own, have rated vastly higher than it deserves. And lastly, though Mr. Newman's translation of Homer bears the strong mark of his own idiosyncrasy, yet I can imagine Mr. Newman and a school of adepts trained by him in his art of poetry, jointly producing that work, so that Aristarchus himself should have difficulty in pronouncing which line was the master's, and which a pupil's.

But I cannot imagine several poets, or one poet, joined with Dante in the composition of his "Inferno," though many poets have taken for their subject a descent into Hell.¹ Many artists, again, have represented Moses; but there is only one Moses of Michael Angelo. So the insurmountable obstacle to believing the Iliad a consolidated work of several poets is this: that the work of great masters is unique; and the Iliad has a great master's genuine stamp, and that stamp is *the grand style*.

Poets who cannot work in the grand style instinctively seek a style in which their comparative inferiority may feel itself at ease, a manner which may be, so to speak, indulgent to their inequalities. The ballad style offers to an epic poet, quite unable to fill the canvas of Homer, or Dante, or Milton, a canvas which he is capable of filling. The ballad measure is quite able to give due effect to the vigor and spirit which its employer, when at his very best, may be able to exhibit; and when he is not at his best—when he is a little trivial or a little dull—it will not betray him, it will not bring out his weaknesses into broad relief. This is a convenience; but it is a convenience which the ballad style purchases by resigning all pretensions to the highest, to the grand manner. It is true of its movement, as it is *not* true of Homer's, that it is "liable to degenerate into doggerel." It is true of its "moral qualities," as it is *not* true of Homer's, that "quaintness" and "garrulity" are among them. It is true of its employers, as it is *not* true of Homer, that they "rise and sink with their subject, are prosaic when it is tame, are low when it is mean." For this reason the ballad style and the ballad measure are eminently *inappropriate* to render Homer. Homer's manner and movement are always both noble and powerful: the ballad manner and movement are often either jaunty and smart, so not noble; or jog-trot and humdrum, so not powerful.

The Nibelungen Lay affords a good illustration of the qualities of the ballad manner. Based on grand traditions, which

had found expression in a grand lyric poetry, the German epic poem of the Nibelungen Lay, though it is interesting, and though it has good passages, is itself anything rather than a grand poem. It is a poem of which the composer is, to speak the truth, a very ordinary mortal, and often, therefore, like other ordinary mortals, very prosy. It is in a measure which eminently adapts itself to this commonplace personality of its composer, which has much the movement of the well-known measures of Tate and Brady, and can jog on, for hundreds of lines at a time, with a level ease which reminds one of Sheridan's saying that easy writing may be often such hard reading. But, instead of occupying myself with the Nibelungen Lay, I prefer to look at the ballad style as directly applied to Homer, in Chapman's version and Mr. Newman's, and in the "Homeric Ballads" of Dr. Maginn.

First I take Chapman. I have already shown that Chapman's conceits are un-Homeric, and that his rhyme is un-Homeric; I will now show how his manner and movement are un-Homeric. Chapman's diction, I have said, is generally good; but it must be called good with this reserve, that, though it has Homer's plainness and directness, it often offends him who knows Homer, by wanting Homer's nobleness. In a passage which I have already quoted, the address of Zeus to the horses of Achilles, Chapman has —

" *Poor wretched beasts,*" said he,
 " Why gave we you to a mortal king, when immortality
 And incapacity of age so dignifies your states?
 Was it to haste [taste?] the miseries poured out on human
 fates?"

There are many faults in this rendering of Chapman's, but what I particularly wish to notice in it is the expression "Poor wretched beasts." This expression just illustrates the difference between the ballad manner and Homer's. The ballad manner — Chapman's manner — is, I say, pitched sensibly lower than Homer's. The ballad manner requires that an expression shall be plain and natural, and then it asks no more. Homer's manner requires that an expression shall be plain and natural, but it also requires that it shall be noble. 'Α δειλὸν is as plain, as simple, as "Poor wretched beasts"; but it is also noble, which "Poor wretched beasts" is not. "Poor wretched beasts" is, in truth, a little over-familiar, but ~~this is no objec-~~

tion to it for the ballad manner : it is good enough for the old English ballad, good enough for the Nibelungen Lay, good enough for Chapman's "Iliad," good enough for Mr. Newman's "Iliad," good enough for Dr. Maginn's "Homeric Ballads"; but it is not good enough for Homer.

To feel that Chapman's measure, though natural, is not Homeric ; that though tolerably rapid, it has not Homer's rapidity ; that it has a jogging rapidity rather than a flowing rapidity ; and a movement familiar rather than nobly easy,—one has only, I think, to read half a dozen lines in any part of his version. I prefer to keep as much as possible to passages which I have already noticed, so I will quote the conclusion of the nineteenth book, where Achilles answers his horse Xanthus, who has prophesied his death to him.

Achilles, far in rage,

Thus answered him: It fits not thee thus proudly to presage
My overthrow. I know myself it is my fate to fall

Thus far from Phthia; yet that fate shall fail to vent her gall
Till mine vent thousands. — These words said, he fell to horrid
deeds,

Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoofed
steeds.

For what regards the manner of this passage, the words "Achilles Thus answered him," and "I know myself it is my fate to fall Thus far from Phthia," are in Homer's manner, and all the rest is out of it. But for what regards its movement, who, after being jolted by Chapman through such verse as this,—

These words said, he fell to horrid deeds,

Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-
hoofed steeds,—

who does not feel the vital difference of the movement of Homer?

But so deeply seated is the difference between the ballad manner and Homer's, that even a man of the highest powers, even a man of the greatest vigor of spirit and of true genius,—the Coryphæus of balladists, Sir Walter Scott,—fails with a manner of this kind to produce an effect at all like the effect of Homer. "I am not so rash," declares Mr. Newman, "as to say that if *freedom* be given to rhyme as in Walter Scott's poetry,"—Walter Scott, "by far the most Homeric of our poets," as in another place he calls him,— "a genius may not arise who will

translate Homer into the melodies of ‘Marmion.’” “The *truly* classical and the *truly* romantic,” says Dr. Maginn, “are one ; the moss-trooping Nestor reappears in the moss-trooping heroes of Percy’s ‘Reliques’ ;” and a description by Scott, which he quotes, he calls “graphic, and therefore Homeric.” He forgets our fourth axiom, — that Homer is not *only* graphic ; he is also noble, and has the grand style.

I suppose that when Scott is in what may be called full ballad swing, no one will hesitate to pronounce his manner neither Homeric nor the grand manner. When he says, for instance,

I do not rhyme to that dull elf
Who cannot image to himself,

and so on, any scholar will feel that *this* is not Homer’s manner. But let us take Scott’s poetry at its best ; and when it is at its best, it is undoubtedly very good indeed : —

Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield ;
Edmund is down, — my life is reft, —
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland’s central host,
Or victory and England’s lost.

That is, no doubt, as vigorous as possible, as spirited as possible ; it is exceedingly fine poetry. And still I say, it is not in the grand manner, and therefore it is not like Homer’s poetry. Now, how shall I make him who doubts this feel that I say true ; that these lines of Scott are essentially neither in Homer’s style nor in the grand style ? I may point out to him that the movement of Scott’s lines, while it is rapid, is also at the same time what the French call *saccadé*, its rapidity is “jerky” ; whereas Homer’s rapidity is a flowing rapidity. But this is something external and material ; it is but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual diversity. I may discuss what, in the abstract, constitutes the grand style ; but that sort of general discussion never much helps our judgment of particular instances. I may say that the presence or absence of the grand style can only be spiritually discerned ; and this is true, but to plead this looks like evading the difficulty. My best way is to take eminent specimens of the grand style, and

to put them side by side with this of Scott. For example, when Homer says, —

Be content, good friend, die also thou! why lamentest thou thyself on this wise? Patroclus too died, who was a far better than thou, —

that is in the grand style. When Virgil says, —

From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort: learn success from others, —

that is in the grand style. When Dante says, —

I leave the gall of bitterness, and I go for the apples of sweetness promised unto me by my faithful Guide; but far as the center it behooves me first to fall, —

that is in the grand style. When Milton says, —

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured, —

that, finally, is in the grand style. Now let any one, after repeating to himself these four passages, repeat again the passage of Scott, and he will perceive that there is something in style which the four first have in common, and which the last is without; and this something is precisely the grand manner. It is no disrespect to Scott to say that he does not attain to this manner in his poetry; to say so, is merely to say that he is not among the five or six supreme poets of the world. Among these he is not; but being a man of far greater powers than the ballad poets, he has tried to give to their instrument a compass and an elevation which it does not naturally possess, in order to enable him to come nearer to the effect of the instrument used by the great epic poets, — an instrument which he felt he could not truly use, — and in this attempt he has but imperfectly succeeded. The poetic style of Scott is — (it becomes necessary to say so when it is proposed to “translate Homer into the melodies of ‘Marmion’”) — it is, tried by the highest standards, a bastard epic style; and that is why, out of his own powerful hands, it has had so little success. It is a less natural, and therefore a

less good style, than the original ballad style ; while it shares with the ballad style the inherent incapacity of rising into the grand style, of adequately rendering Homer. Scott is certainly at his best in his battles. Of Homer you could not say this : he is not better in his battles than elsewhere ; but even between the battle pieces of the two there exists all the difference which there is between an able work and a masterpiece.

Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His lifeblood stains the spotless shield :
Edmund is down, — my life is left, —
The Admiral alone is left.

— “ For not in the hands of Diomedes the son of Tydeus rages the spear, to ward off destruction from the Danaans ; neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting out of his hated mouth : but the voice of Hector the slayer of men bursts round me, as he cheers on the Trojans ; and they with their yellings fill all the plain, overcoming the Achæians in the battle.” — I protest that to my feeling, Homer’s performance, even through that pale and far-off shadow of a prose translation, still has a hundred times more of the grand manner about it than the original poetry of Scott.

Well, then, the ballad manner and the ballad measure, whether in the hands of the old ballad poets, or arranged by Chapman, or arranged by Mr. Newman, or even arranged by Sir Walter Scott, cannot worthily render Homer. And for one reason : Homer is plain, so are they ; Homer is natural, so are they ; Homer is spirited, so are they : but Homer is sustainedly noble, and they are not. Homer and they are both of them natural, and therefore touching and stirring : but the grand style, which is Homer’s, is something more than touching and stirring : it can form the character, it is edifying. The old English balladist may stir Sir Philip Sidney’s heart like a trumpet, and this is much : but Homer, but the few artists in the grand style, can do more ; they can refine the raw natural man, they can transmute him. So it is not without cause that I say, and say again, to the translator of Homer : “ Never for a moment suffer yourself to forget our fourth fundamental proposition, *Homer is noble.*” For it is seen how large a share this nobleness has in producing that general effect of his, which it is the main business of a translator to reproduce.

IV. THE TRUE PRINCIPLES.

Homer is rapid in his movement, Homer is plain in his words and style, Homer is simple in his ideas, Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement, and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and in his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas; Mr. Newman renders him ill because he is odd in his words and ignoble in his manner. All four translators diverge from their original at other points besides those named; but it is at the points thus named that their divergence is greatest. For instance, Cowper's diction is not as Homer's diction, nor his nobleness as Homer's nobleness; but it is in movement and grammatical style that he is most unlike Homer. Pope's rapidity is not of the same sort as Homer's rapidity, nor are his plainness of ideas and his nobleness as Homer's plainness of ideas and nobleness; but it is in the artificial character of his style and diction that he is most unlike Homer. Chapman's movement, words, style, and manner are often far enough from resembling Homer's movement, words, style, and manner; but it is the fantasticality of his ideas which puts him farthest from resembling Homer. Mr. Newman's movement, grammatical style, and ideas are a thousand times in strong contrast with Homer's; still it is by the oddness of his diction and the ignobleness of his manner that he contrasts with Homer the most violently.

Therefore the translator must not say to himself: "Cowper is noble, Pope is rapid, Chapman has a good diction, Mr. Newman has a good cast of sentence; I will avoid Cowper's slowness, Pope's artificiality, Chapman's conceits, Mr. Newman's oddity; I will take Cowper's dignified manner, Pope's impetuous movement, Chapman's vocabulary, Mr. Newman's syntax, and so make a perfect translation of Homer." Undoubtedly in certain points the versions of Chapman, Cowper, Pope, and Mr. Newman, all of them have merit; some of them very high merit, others a lower merit: but even in these points they have none of them precisely the same kind of merit as Homer; and therefore the new translator, even if he can imitate them in their good points, will still not satisfy his judge, the scholar, who asks him for Homer and Homer's kind of merit, or, at least, for as much of them as it is possible to give.

A translator cannot well have a Homeric rapidity, style, diction, and quality of thought, without at the same time having what is the result of these in Homer,—nobleness. Therefore I do not attempt to lay down any rules for obtaining this effect of nobleness,—the effect, too, of all others the most impalpable, the most irreducible to rule, and which most depends on the individual personality of the artist. So I proceed at once to give you, in conclusion, one or two passages in which I have tried to follow those principles of Homeric translation which I have laid down. I give them, it must be remembered, not as specimens of perfect translation, but as specimens of an attempt to translate Homer on certain principles; specimens which may very aptly illustrate those principles by falling short as well as by succeeding.

I take first a passage of which I have already spoken, the comparison of the Trojan fires to the stars. The first part of that passage is, I have said, of splendid beauty; and to begin with a lame version of that would be the height of imprudence in me. It is the last and more level part with which I shall concern myself. I have already quoted Cowper's version of this part in order to show you how unlike his stiff and Miltonic manner of telling a plain story is to Homer's easy and rapid manner:—

So numerous seemed those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy,—

I need not continue to the end. I have also quoted Pope's version of it, to show you how unlike his ornate and artificial manner is to Homer's plain and natural manner:—

So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires,—

and much more of the same kind. I want to show you that it is possible, in a plain passage of this sort, to keep Homer's simplicity without being heavy and dull; and to keep his dignity without bringing in pomp and ornament. "As numerous as are the stars on a clear night," says Homer,

So shone forth, in front of Troy, by the bed of Xanthus,
Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.

In the plain there were kindled a thousand fires; by each one
 There sat fifty men, in the ruddy light of the fire:
 By their chariots stood the steeds, and champed the white barley
 While their masters sat by the fire, and waited for Morning.

Here, in order to keep Homer's effect of perfect plainness and directness, I repeat the word "fires" as he repeats *πυρά*, without scruple; although in a more elaborate and literary style of poetry this recurrence of the same word would be a fault to be avoided. I omit the epithet of Morning; and, whereas Homer says that the steeds "waited for Morning," I prefer to attribute this expectation of Morning to the master and not to the horse. Very likely in this particular, as in any other single particular, I may be wrong: what I wish you to remark is my endeavor after absolute plainness of speech, my care to avoid anything which may the least check or surprise the reader, whom Homer does not check or surprise. Homer's lively personal familiarity with war, and with the war horse as his master's companion, is such that, as it seems to me, his attributing to the one the other's feelings comes to us quite naturally: but from a poet without this familiarity, the attribution strikes as a little unnatural; and therefore, as everything the least unnatural is un-Homeric, I avoid it.

Again, in the address of Zeus to the horses of Achilles, Cowper has:—

Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
 Shaking, within himself thus, pensive, said.
 "Ah, hapless pair! wherefore by gift divine
 Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,
 Yourselves immortal and from age exempt?"

There is no want of dignity here, as in the versions of Chapman and Mr. Newman, which I have already quoted; but the whole effect is much too slow. Take Pope:—

Nor Jove disdained to cast a pitying look
 While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.
 "Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
 Exempt from age and deathless now in vain;
 Did we your race on mortal man bestow
 Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?"

Here there is no want either of dignity or rapidity, but all is too artificial. "Nor Jove disdained," for instance, is a very

artificial and literary way of rendering Homer's words, and so is "coursers of immortal strain."

And with pity the son of Saturn saw them bewailing,
And he shook his head, and thus addressed his own bosom:—

"Ah, unhappy pair, to Peleus why did we give you,
To a mortal? but ye are without old age and immortal.
Was it that ye, with man, might have your thousands of
sorrows?

For than man, indeed, there breathes no wretcheder creature,
Of all living things, that on earth are breathing and moving."

Here I will observe that the use of "own," in the second line, for the last syllable of a dactyl, and the use of "To a," in the fourth, for a complete spondee, though they do not, I think, actually spoil the run of the hexameter, are yet undoubtedly instances of that overreliance on accent, and too free disregard of quantity, which Lord Redesdale visits with just reprehension.

I now take two longer passages in order to try my method more fully; but I still keep to passages which have already come under our notice. I quoted Chapman's version of some passages in the speech of Hector at his parting with Andromache. One astounding conceit will probably still be in your remembrance,—

When sacred Troy shall *shed her towers for tears of overthrow*.

I will quote a few lines which may give you also the keynote to the Anglo-Augustan manner of rendering this passage, and to the Miltonic manner of rendering it. What Mr. Newman's manner of rendering it would be, you can by this time sufficiently imagine for yourselves. Mr. Wright—to quote for once from his meritorious version instead of Cowper's, whose strong and weak points are those of Mr. Wright also—Mr. Wright begins his version of this passage thus:—

All these thy anxious cares are also mine,
Partner beloved; but how could I endure
The scorn of Trojans and their long-robed wives,
Should they behold their Hector shrink from war,
And act the coward's part? Nor doth my soul
Prompt the base thought.

Ex pede Herculem: you see just what the manner is. Mr. Sotheby, on the other hand (to take a disciple of Pope instead of Pope himself), begins thus:—

“What moves thee, moves my mind,” brave Hector said,
 “Yet Troy’s upbraiding scorn I deeply dread,
 If, like a slave, where chiefs with chiefs engage
 The warrior Hector fears the war to wage.
 Not thus my heart inclines.”

From that specimen, too, you can easily divine what, with such a manner, will become of the whole passage. But Homer has neither

What moves thee, moves my mind, —
 nor has he

All these thy anxious cares are also mine.

Ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γίναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ’ αἰνῶς, —

that is what Homer has, that is his style and movement, if one could but catch it. Andromache, as you know, has been entreating Hector to defend Troy from within the walls, instead of exposing his life, and with his own life, the safety of all those dearest to him, by fighting in the open plain. Hector replies : —

Woman, I too take thought for this; but then I bethink me
 What the Trojan men and Trojan women might murmur,
 If like a coward I skulked behind, apart from the battle.
 Nor would my own heart let me; my heart, which has bid
 me be valiant

Always, and always fighting among the first of the Trojans,
 Busy for Priam’s fame and my own, in spite of the future.
 For that day will come, my soul is assured of its coming,
 It will come, when sacred Troy shall go to destruction,
 Troy, and warlike Priam too, and the people of Priam.
 And yet not that grief, which then will be, of the Trojans,
 Moves me so much—not Hecuba’s grief, nor Priam my
 father’s,

Nor my brethren’s, many and brave, who then will be lying
 In the bloody dust, beneath the feet of their foemen —
 As thy grief, when, in tears, some brazen-coated Achaian
 Shall transport thee away, and the day of thy freedom be
 ended.

Then, perhaps, thou shalt work at the loom of another, in
 Argos,

Or bear pails to the well of Messeis, or Hypereia,
 Sorely against thy will, by strong Necessity’s order.

And some man may say, as he looks and sees thy tears falling :
See, the wife of Hector, that great preëminent captain

Of the horsemen of Troy, in the day they fought for their city.
 So some man will say; and then thy grief will redouble
 At thy want of a man like me, to save thee from bondage.
 But let me be dead, and the earth be mounded above me,
 Ere I hear thy cries, and thy captivity told of.

The main question, whether or no this version reproduces for him the movement and general effect of Homer better than other versions of the same passage, I leave for the judgment of the scholar. But the particular points, in which the operation of my own rules is manifested, are as follows. In the second line I leave out the epithet of the Trojan women, *ἐλκεσιπέπλους*, altogether. In the sixth line I put in five words, "in spite of the future," which are in the original by implication only, and are not there actually expressed. This I do, because Homer, as I have before said, is so remote from one who reads him in English, that the English translator must be even plainer, if possible, and more unambiguous than Homer himself; the connection of meaning must be even more distinctly marked in the translation than in the original. For in the Greek language itself there is something which brings one nearer to Homer, which gives one a clew to his thought, which makes a hint enough: but in the English language this sense of nearness, this clew, is gone; hints are insufficient, everything must be stated with full distinctness.

One more piece of translation and I have done. I will take the passage in which both Chapman and Mr. Newman have already so much excited our astonishment, the passage at the end of the nineteenth book of the Iliad, the dialogue between Achilles and his horse Xanthus, after the death of Patroclus. Achilles begins:—

"Xanthus and Balias both, ye far-famed seed of Podarga!
 See that ye bring your master home to the host of the Argives
 In some other sort than your last, when the battle is ended;
 And not leave him behind, a corpse on the plain, like Patroclus."

Then, from beneath the yoke, the fleet horse Xanthus addressed him:

Sudden he bowed his head, and all his mane, as he bowed it,
 Streamed to the ground by the yoke, escaping from under the collar;

And he was given a voice by the white-armed Goddess Hera.

"Truly, yet this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles!
 But thy day of death is at hand; nor shall *we* be the reason—

No, but the will of heaven, and Fate's invincible power.
 For by no slow pace or want of swiftness of ours
 Did the Trojans obtain to strip the arms from Patroclus;
 But that prince among Gods, the son of the lovely-haired Leto,
 Slew him fighting in front of the fray, and glorified Hector.
 But, for us, we vie in speed with the breath of the West Wind,
 Which, men say, is the fleetest of winds; 'tis thou who art fated
 To lie low in death, by the hand of a God and a Mortal."

Thus far he; and here his voice was stopped by the Furies.
 Then, with a troubled heart, the swift Achilles addressed him:

"Why dost thou prophesy so my death to me, Xanthus? It
 needs not.

I of myself know well, that here I am destined to perish,
 Far from my father and mother dear: for all that I will not
 Stay this hand from fight, till the Trojans are utterly routed."

So he spake, and drove with a cry his steeds into battle.

There are also one or two particular considerations which confirm me in the opinion that for translating Homer into English verse the hexameter should be used. The most successful attempt hitherto made at rendering Homer into English, the attempt in which Homer's general effect has been best retained, is an attempt made in the hexameter measure. It is a version of the famous lines in the third book of the Iliad, which end with the mention of Castor and Pollux. The author is the accomplished Provost of Eton, Dr. Hawtrey; and this performance of his must be my excuse for having taken the liberty to single him out for mention, as one of the natural judges of a translation of Homer, along with Professor Thompson and Professor Jowett, whose connection with Greek literature is official. The passage is short:¹ and Dr. Hawtrey's version of it is suffused with a pensive grace which is perhaps rather more Virgilian than Homeric; still it is the one ver-

¹ "Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
 Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
 Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
 Castor fleet in the car, — Polydeuces brave with the cestus, —
 Own dear brethren of mine, — one parent loved us as infants.
 Are they not here in the host, from the shores of loved Lacedæmon,
 Or, though they came with the rest in ships that bound through the waters,
 Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of Heroes,
 All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awakened?"

So said she: — they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
 There, in their own dear land, their Fatherland, Lacedæmon.

English Hexameter Translations; London, 1847; p. 242.

sion of any part of the Iliad which in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer,—it is the best, and it is in hexameters.

Here I stop. I have said so much, because I think that the task of translating Homer into English verse both will be reattempted, and may be reattempted successfully. There are great works composed of parts so disparate that one translator is not likely to have the requisite gifts for poetically rendering all of them. Such are the works of Shakespeare, and Goethe's "Faust"; and these it is best to attempt to render in prose only. People praise Tieck and Schlegel's version of Shakespeare: I, for my part, would sooner read Shakespeare in the French prose translation, and that is saying a great deal; but in the German poets' hands Shakespeare so often gets, especially where he is humorous, an air of what the French call *niaiserie*! and can anything be more un-Shakespearean than that? Again: Mr. Hayward's prose translation of the first part of "Faust"—so good that it makes one regret Mr. Hayward should have abandoned the line of translation for a kind of literature which is, to say the least, somewhat slight—is not likely to be surpassed by any translation in verse. But poems like the Iliad, which in the main are in one manner, may hope to find a poetical translator so gifted and so trained as to be able to learn that one manner, and to reproduce it. Only, the poet who would reproduce this must cultivate in himself a Greek virtue by no means common among the moderns in general, and the English in particular,—*moderation*. For Homer has not only the English vigor, he has the Greek grace; and when one observes the boistering, rollicking way in which his English admirers—even men of genius, like the late Professor Wilson—love to talk of Homer and his poetry, one cannot help feeling that there is no very deep community of nature between them and the object of their enthusiasm. "It is very well, my good friends," I always imagine Homer saying to them, if he could hear them: "you do me a great deal of honor, but somehow or other you praise me too like barbarians." For Homer's grandeur is not the mixed and turbid grandeur of the great poets of the north, of the authors of "Othello" and "Faust"; it is a perfect, a lovely grandeur. Certainly his poetry has all the energy and power of the poetry of our ruder climates; but it has, besides, the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky.

HECTOR, PARIS, HELEN, ANDROMACHE.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

[GEORGE CHAPMAN, English poet of the age of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., was born in 1559, and graduated at Cambridge. He was very slow in development: his first poem, "The Shadow of Night," was published at thirty-five, and his first play, "The Blind Beggar of Alexandria," at thirty-nine, when also appeared the first part (remodeled later) of his translation of the *Iliad*, his one living work. He translated also the *Odyssey*, the *Homeric Hymns*, *Hesiod*, *Musæus*' "Hero and Leander," and *Juvenal*'s Fifth Satire. Among his plays were "Bussy d'Ambois," "Cæsar and Pompey," "All Fools," "Monsieur d'Olive," "The Gentleman Usher," and "The Widow's Tears." He died in 1634.]

The loved of heaven's chief Power,
Hector, here entered. In his hand a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the brazen head went shining in before,
Helped with a burnished ring of gold. He found his brother then
Amongst the women, yet prepared to go amongst the men,
For in their chamber he was set, trimming his arms, his shield,
His curets, and was trying how his crooked bow would yield
To his straight arms. Amongst her maids was set the Argive Queen,
Commanding them in choicest works. When Hector's eye had seen
His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not bear
The very touching of his arms but where the women were,
And when the time so needed men, right cunningly he chid.
That he might do it bitterly, his cowardice he hid,
That simply made him so retired, beneath an anger, feigned
In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens sustained
Against him, for the foil he took in their cause; and again,
For all their gen'ral foils in his. So Hector seems to plain
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardice;
As that were it that sheltered him in his effeminacies,
And kept him, in that dang'rous time, from their fit aid in fight;
For which he chid thus: "Wretched man! so timeless is thy spite
That 'tis not honest; and their hate is just, 'gainst which it bends.
War burns about the town for thee; for thee our slaughtered friends
Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose heaps our high walls
Are overlooked by enemies; the sad sounds of their falls
Without, are echoed with the cries of wives and babes within;
And all for thee; and yet for them thy honor cannot win
Head of thine anger. Thou shouldst need no spirit to stir up thine,
But thine should set the rest on fire, and with a rage divine
Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbears.
Come forth, lest thy fair towers and Troy be burned about thine ears,"

Paris acknowledged, as before, all just that Hector spake,
 Allowing justice, though it were for his injustice' sake;
 And where his brother put a wrath upon him by his art,
 He takes it, for his honor's sake, as sprung out of his heart,
 And rather would have anger seem his fault than cowardice;
 And thus he answered: "Since, with right, you joined check with
 And I hear you, give equal ear: It is not any spleen [advice,
 Against the town, as you conceive, that makes me so unseen,
 But sorrow for it; which to ease, and by discourse digest
 Within myself, I live so close; and yet, since men might wrest
 My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her advice inclined
 This my addression to the field; which was mine own free mind,
 As well as th' instance of her words; for though the foil were mine,
 Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns. Stay then this haste of
 thine

But till I arm, and I am made a consort for thee straight;—
 Or go, I'll overtake thy haste." Helen stood at receipt,
 And took up all great Hector's powers, t' attend her heavy words,
 By which had Paris no reply. This vent her grief affords:

"Brother (if I may call you so, that had been better born
 A dog, than such a horrid dame, as all men curse and scorn,
 A mischief-maker, a man plague) O would to God, the day,
 That first gave light to me, had been a whirlwind in my way,
 And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
 Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I should thus engage
 The dear lives of so many friends! Yet since the Gods have been
 Helpless foreseers of my plagues, they might have likewise seen
 That he they put in yoke with me, to bear out their award,
 Had been a man of much more spirit, and, or had noblier dared
 To shield mine honor with this deed, or with his mind had known
 Much better the upbraids of men, that so he might have shown
 (More like a man) some sense of grief for both my shame and his.
 But he is senseless, nor conceives what any manhood is,
 Nor now, nor ever after will; and therefore hangs, I fear,
 A plague above him. But come near, good brother; rest you here,
 Who, of the world of men, stands charged with most unrest for me,
 (Vile wretch) and for my lover's wrong; on whom a destiny
 So bitter is imposed by Jove, that all succeeding times
 Will put, to our unended shames, in all men's mouths our crimes."

He answered: "Helen, do not seek to make me sit with thee;
 I must not stay, though well I know thy honored love of me.
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
 Longings to see me; for whose sakes, importune thou to deeds
 This man by all means, that your care may make his own make hast,
 And meet me in the open town, that all may see at last

He minds his lover. I myself will now go home, and see
 My household, my dear wife, and son, that little hope of me;
 For, sister, 'tis without my skill, if I shall evermore
 Return, and see them, or to earth, her right in me, restore.
 The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks." This said, he went to see
 The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-armed Andromache. . . .
 She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand,
 Her son, borne in his nurse's arms; when, like a heavenly sign,
 Compact of many golden stars, the princely child did shine,
 Whom Hector called Scamandrius, but whom the town did name
 Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the same.
 Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smiled upon his joy.
 Andromache cried out, mixed hands, and to the strength of Troy
 Thus wept forth her affection: "O noblest in desire!
 Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will set thyself on fire.
 Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be,
 If now thou issue; all the field will only run on thee.
 Better my shoulders underwent the earth, than thy decease;
 For then would earth bear joys no more; then comes the black increase
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion). Alas! What one survives
 To be my refuge? One black day bereft seven brothers' lives,
 By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breathed his last,
 His high-walled rich Cilician Thebes sacked by him, and laid wast;
 The royal body yet he left unspoiled; religion charmed
 That act of spoil; and all in fire he burned him complete armed;
 Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
 He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
 Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
 Did add to it, and set it round with elms; by which is shown,
 In theirs, the barrenness of death; yet might it serve beside
 To shelter the sad monument from all the ruffinous pride
 Of storms and tempests, used to hurt things of that noble kind.
 The short life yet my mother lived he saved, and served his mind
 With all the riches of the realm; which not enough esteemed,
 He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth, re-
 And she, in sylvan Hypoplace, Cilicia ruled again, [deemed,
 But soon was overruled by death; Diana's chaste disdain
 Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet, all these gone from me,
 Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes still my father be,
 My mother, brothers; and besides thou art my husband too,
 Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go,
 For thou gone, all these go again; pity our common joy,
 Lest, of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy, [tower,
 Thou leav'st him a poor widow's charge. Stay, stay then, in this
 And call up to the wild fig tree all thy retired power;

For there the wall is easiest scaled, and fittest for surprise,
 And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
 Have both surveyed and made attempt; I know not if induced
 By some wise augury, or the fact was naturally infused
 Into their wits, or courages." To this, great Hector said:
 "Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.
 But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn
 (Both in her husbands, and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn)
 That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breath
 Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
 Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was,
 Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
 Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
 Here must my country, father, friends, be, in him, made divine.
 And such a stormy day shall come (in mind and soul I know)
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow;
 When Priam, all his birth and power, shall in those tears be drowned.
 But neither Troy's posterity so much my soul doth wound,
 Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes)
 As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence,
 These free days clouded, and a night of captive violence
 Loading thy temples, out of which thine eyes must never see,
 But spin the Greek wives' webs of task, and their fetch-water be
 To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring;
 Which howsoever thou abhor'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing
 She will be mistress; whose cursed hands, when they shall crush out
 eries

From thy oppressions (being beheld by other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes: 'This dame was Hector's wife,
 A man that, at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
 Of all their army.' This again will rub thy fruitful wounds,
 To miss the man that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
 Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against thy plaints, and plight."

This said, he reached to take his son; who, of his arms afraid,
 And then the horsehair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
 Nodded so horribly, he clinged back to his nurse, and cried.
 Laughter affected his great sire, who doffed, and laid aside
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
 Then took and kissed his loving son, and (balancing his weight
 In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he used,
 And all the other bench of Gods: "O you that have infused
 Soul to this infant, now set down this blessing on his star;
 Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;

And make his reign so strong in Troy, that years to come may yield
His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquered field
Sown with his slaughters: 'These high deeds exceed his father's
worth.'

And let this echoed praise supply the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother with my life." This said, th' heroic sire
Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes fresh streams of love's salt fire
Billowed on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
In which his vows comprised the sum of all he did beseech
In her wished comfort. So she took into her od'rous breast
Her husband's gift; who, moved to see her heart so much oppressed,
He dried her tears, and thus desired: "Afflict me not, dear wife,
With these vain griefs. He doth not live, that can disjoin my life
And this firm bosom, but my fate; and fate, whose wings can fly?
Noble, ignoble, fate controls. Once born, the best must die.
Go home, and set thy housewif'ry on these extremes of thought;
And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing
naught.

These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men, and me
In whom, of all the Ilion race, they take their high'st degree."

On went his helm; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears;
When ev'ry fear turned back her looks, and ev'ry look shed tears.
Foe-slaught'ring Hector's house soon reached, her many women there
Wept all to see her: in his life great Hector's fun'rals were;
Never looked any eye of theirs to see their lord safe home,
'Scaped from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was Paris
come

From his high towers; who made no stay, when once he had put on
His richest armor, but flew forth; the flints he trod upon
Sparkled with luster of his arms; his long-ebbed spirits now flowed
The higher for their lower ebb. And as a fair steed, proud
With full-given mangers, long tied up, and now, his head stall broke,
He breaks from stable, runs the field, and with an ample stroke
Measures the center, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head,
About his shoulders shakes his crest, and where he hath been fed,
Or in some calm flood washed, or, stung with his high plight, he flies
Amongst his females, strength put forth, his beauty beautifies,
And, like life's mirror, bears his gait; so Paris from the tower
Of lofty Pergamus came forth; he showed a sunlike power
In carriage of his goodly parts, addressed now to the strife;
And found his noble brother near the place he left his wife.
Him thus respected he salutes: "Right worthy, I have fear
That your so serious haste to field, my stay hath made forbear,
And that I come not as you wish." He answered: "Honored man,
Be confident, for not myself nor any others, can

Reprove in thee the work of fight, at least, not any such
 As is an equal judge of things; for thou hast strength as much
 As serves to execute a mind very important, but
 Thy strength too readily flies off, enough will is not put
 To thy ability. My heart is in my mind's strife sad,
 When Troy (out of her much distress, she and her friends have had
 By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblesse in mine ears.
 But come, hereafter we shall calm these hard conceits of theirs,
 When, from their ports the foe expulsed, high Jove to them hath given
 Wished peace, and us free sacrifice to all the Powers of heaven."



ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

BY JOHN KEATS.

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.



CASSANDRA.

(For a drawing where Helen arms Paris, and Cassandra prophesies, as Hector leaves them for his last fight.)

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[English poet and preraphaelite artist, born of Italian parents, 1828; died 1882.]

I.

REND, rend thine hair, Cassandra: he will go.
 Yea, rend thy garments, wring thine hands, and cry
 From Troy still towered to the unreddened sky.

See, all but she who bore thee mock thy woe;
 He most whom that fair woman arms, with show
 Of wrath on her bent brows; for in this place,
 This hour thou bad'st all men in Helen's place
 The ravished ravishing prize of Death to know.

What eyes, what ears hath fair Andromache,
 Save for her Hector's form and step, as tear
 On tear make salt the warm last kiss he gave?
 He goes. Cassandra's words beat heavily
 Like crows upon his crest, and at his ear
 Ring hollow in the shield that shall not save.

II.

"O Hector, gone, gone, gone! O Hector, thee,
 Two chariots wait, in Troy long blest and curst;
 And Grecian spear and Phrygian sand athirst
 Crave from thy veins the blood of victory.
 Lo! long upon our hearth the brand had we,
 Lit for the roof tree's ruin; and to-day
 The ground stone quits the wall — the wind hath way —
 And higher and higher the wings of fire are free.

"O Paris, Paris! O thou burning brand,
 Thou beacon of the sea whence Venus rose,
 Lighting thy race to shipwreck! Even that hand
 Wherewith she took thine apple let her close
 Within thy curls at last, and while Troy glows
 Lift thee her trophy to the sea and land."



ACHILLES AND HELENA.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: English poet and miscellaneous writer; born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864, where he had lived chiefly since 1821. His "Imaginary Conversations" fill six large volumes. His first volume of poems was published in 1795; his last, entitled "Heroic Idylls," in 1863. The list of his writings in prose and verse is very long.]

Achilles, during the siege of Troy, having prayed to his mother Thetis and to Aphroditè that he might see Helen face to face, is transported by those goddesses to a place of meeting with her on Mount Ida.

Helena — Where am I? Desert me not, O ye blessed from above! ye twain who brought me hither!

Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful; couldst thou answer me? Why so silent? I beseech and implore thee, speak.

Achilles — Neither thy feet nor the feet of mules have borne thee where thou standest. Whether in the hour of departing sleep, or at what hour of the morning, I know not, O Helena, but Aphroditè and Thetis, inclining to my prayer, have, as thou art conscious, led thee into these solitudes. To me also have they shown the way; that I might behold the pride of Sparta, the marvel of the Earth, and — how my heart swells and agonizes at the thought! — the cause of innumerable woes to Hellas.

Helena — Stranger! thou art indeed one whom the goddesses or gods might lead, and glory in; such is thy stature, thy voice, and thy demeanor; but who, if earthly, art thou?

Achilles — Before thee, O Helena, stands Achilles, son of Peleus. Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knees, O Helena.

Helena — Spare me, thou goddess-born! thou cherished and only son of silver-footed Thetis! Chryseïs and Briseïs ought to soften and content thy heart. Lead not me also into captivity. Woes too surely have I brought down on Hellas; but woes have been mine alike, and will forever be.

Achilles — Daughter of Zeus! what word hast thou spoken! Chryseïs, child of the aged priest who performs in this land due sacrifices to Apollo, fell to the lot of another; an insolent and unworthy man, who hath already brought more sorrows upon our people than thou hast; so that dogs and vultures prey on the brave who sank without a wound. Briseïs is indeed mine; the lovely and dutiful Briseïs. He, unjust and contemptuous, proud at once and base, would tear her from me. But gods above! in what region has the wolf with impunity dared to seize upon the kid which the lion hath taken?

Talk not of being led into servitude. Could mortal be guilty of such impiety? Hath it never thundered on these mountain heads? Doth Zeus, the wide-seeing, see all the Earth but Ida? doth he watch over all but his own? Capaneus and

Typhœus less offended him, than would the wretch whose grasp should violate the golden hair of Helena. And dost thou still tremble? irresolute and distrustful!

Helena — I must tremble; and more and more.

Achilles — Take my hand: be confident: be comforted.

Helena — May I take it? may I hold it? I am comforted.

Achilles — The scene around us, calm and silent as the sky itself, tranquilizes thee; and so it ought. Turnest thou to survey it? perhaps it is unknown to thee.

Helena — Truly; for since my arrival I have never gone beyond the walls of the city.

Achilles — Look then around thee freely, perplexed no longer. Pleasant is this level eminence, surrounded by broom and myrtle, and crisp-leaved beech and broad dark pine above. Pleasant the short slender grass, bent by insects as they alight on it or climb along it, and shining up into our eyes, interrupted by tall sisterhoods of gray lavender, and by dark-eyed cistus, and by lightsome citisus, and by little troops of serpolet running in disorder here and there.

Helena — Wonderful! how didst thou ever learn to name so many plants?

Achilles — Chiron taught me them, when I walked at his side while he was culling herbs for the benefit of his brethren. All these he taught me, and at least twenty more; for wondrous was his wisdom, boundless his knowledge, and I was proud to learn.

Ah, look again! look at those little yellow poppies; they appear to be just come out to catch all that the sun will throw into their cups: they appear in their joyance and incipient dance to call upon the lyre to sing among them.

Helena — Childish! for one with such a spear against his shoulder; terrific even its shadow; it seems to make a chasm across the plain.

Achilles — To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly: it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails. What art thou pondering, Helena?

Helena — Recollecting the names of the plants. Several of them I do believe I had heard before, but had quite forgotten; my memory will be better now.

Achilles — Better now? in the midst of war and tumult?

Helena — I am sure it will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles — He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacinthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved, and spoke as we are speaking. They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

Helena — Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles — Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena — The odor of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles — There is none.

Helena — I could wish there were a little.

Achilles — Be seated, O Helena!

Helena — The feeble are obedient: the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.

Achilles — On this very ground where we are now reposing, they who conducted us hither told me, the fatal prize of beauty was awarded. One of them smiled; the other, whom in duty I love the most, looked anxious, and let fall some tears.

Helena — Yet she was not one of the vanquished.

Achilles — Goddesses contended for it; Helena was afar.

Helena — Fatal was the decision of the arbiter!

But could not the venerable Peleus, nor Pyrrhus the infant so beautiful and so helpless, detain thee, O Achilles, from this sad, sad war?

Achilles — No reverence or kindness for the race of Atreus brought me against Troy; I detest and abhor both brothers: but another man is more hateful to me still. Forbear we to name him. The valiant, holding the hearth as sacred as the temple, is never a violator of hospitality. He carries not away the gold he finds in the house; he folds not up the purple linen worked for solemnities, about to convey it from the cedar chest to the dark ship, together with the wife confided to his protection in her husband's absence, and sitting close and expectant by the altar of the gods.

It was no merit in Menelaus to love thee; it was a crime in another — I will not say to love, for even Priam or Nestor might love thee — but to avow it, and act on the avowal.

Helena — Menelaus, it is true, was fond of me, when Paris was sent by Aphroditè to our house. It would have been very

wrong to break my vow to Menelaus, but Aphroditè urged me by day and by night, telling me that to make her break hers to Paris would be quite inexpiable. She told Paris the same thing at the same hour; and as often. He repeated it to me every morning; his dreams tallied with mine exactly. At last ——

Achilles — The last is not yet come. Helena! by the Immortals! if ever I meet him in battle I transtix him with this spear.

Helena — Pray do not. Aphroditè would be angry and never forgive thee.

Achilles — I am not sure of that; she soon pardons. Variable as Iris, one day she favors and the next day she forsakes.

Helena — She may then forsake *me*.

Achilles — Other deities, O Helena, watch over and protect thee. Thy two brave brothers are with those deities now, and never are absent from their higher festivals.

Helena — They could protect me were they living, and they would. O that thou couldst but have seen them!

Achilles — Companions of my father on the borders of the Phasis, they became his guests before they went all three to hunt the boar in the brakes of Calydon. Thence too the beauty of a woman brought many sorrows into brave men's breasts, and caused many tears to hang long and heavily on the eye-lashes of matrons.

Helena — Didst thou indeed see my brothers at that season? Yes, certainly.

Achilles — I saw them not, desirous though I always was of seeing them, that I might have learnt from them, and might have practiced with them, whatever is laudable and manly. But my father, fearing my impetuosity, as he said, and my inexperience, sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold some mischief to me from an arrow: and among the brakes many arrows might fly wide, glancing from trees.

Helena — I wish thou hadst seen them, were it only once. Three such youths together the blessed sun will never shine upon again.

O my sweet brothers! how they tended me! how they loved me! how often they wished me to mount their horses and to hurl their javelins. They could only teach me to swim with them; and when I had well learnt it I was more afraid than at first. It gratified me to be praised for anything but swimming.

Happy, happy hours! soon over! Does happiness always go

away before beauty? It must go then: surely it might stay that little while. Alas! dear Castor! and dearer Polydeucès! often shall I think of you as ye were (and oh! as I was) on the banks of the Eurotas. Brave noble creatures! they were as tall, as terrible, and almost as beautiful, as thou art. Be not wroth! Blush no more for me.

Achilles—Helena! Helena! wife of Menelaus! my mother is reported to have left about me only one place vulnerable: I have at last found where it is. Farewell.

Helena—O leave me not! Earnestly I entreat and implore thee, leave me not alone. These solitudes are terrible: there must be wild beasts among them; there certainly are Fauns and Satyrs. And there is Cybelè, who carries towers and temples on her head; who hates and abhors Aphroditè, who persecutes those *she* favors, and whose priests are so cruel as to be cruel even to themselves.

Achilles—According to their promise, the goddesses who brought thee hither in a cloud will in a cloud reconduct thee, safely and unseen, into the city.

Again, O daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell!



THE TOMB OF ACHILLES.

By LORD BYRON.

(From "The Bride of Abydos.")

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave;
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,

The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter,
 Oh! when alone along the sky,
 The turret torch was blazing high,
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
 And shrieking sea birds warned him home:
 And clouds aloft, and tides below,
 With signs and sounds forbade to go;
 He could not see, he would not hear,
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear:
 His eye but saw that light of love,
 The only star it hailed above;
 His ear but rang with Hero's song, —
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"
 That tale is old, but love anew
 May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high and Helle's tide
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 And night's descending shadows hide
 That field with blood bedewed in vain,
 The desert of old Priam's pride;
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign —
 All, save immortal dreams that could beguile
 The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

III.

Oh! yet—for thus my steps have been;
 These feet have pressed the sacred shore;
 These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne —
 Minstrel! with thee to move, to mourn,
 To trace again those fields of yore,
 Believing every hillock green
 Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 And that around the undoubted scene
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
 Be long my lot! and cold were he
 Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
 Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
 That moon which shone on his high theme:
 No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
 But conscious shepherds bless it still,

Their flocks are grazing on the mound
 Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow :
 That mighty heap of gathered ground
 Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
 By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
 Is now a lone and nameless barrow !
 Within — thy dwelling place how narrow ;
 Without — can only strangers breathe :
 The name of him that *was* beneath :
 Dust long outlasts the storied stone ;
 But thou — thy very dust is gone !



ÆNONE.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" (1869), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), "The Cup" (1884), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænone" (1892)].

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon

Mournful Enone, wandering forlorn
 Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
 Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
 The purple flower droops: the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
 That house the cold crowned snake! O mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a River God,
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gathered shape: for it may be
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horned, white-hooved,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Far off the torrent called me from the cleft:
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. . . With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone: white-breasted like a star

Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a God's:
And his cheek brightened as the foam bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked
And listened, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

'My own Ænone,
Beautiful-browed Ænone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingravn
"For the most fair," would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, 'This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Here comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep mid noon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,

This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
On the tree tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and leaned
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,
Or labored mine undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
'Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom — from all neighbor crowns
Alliance and Allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the scepter staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attained
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
'The while, above, her full and earnest eye

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

“ ‘Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Again she said : ‘ I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,

If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiased by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God’s,
To push thee forward thro’ a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro’ all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.’

Here she ceased,

And Paris pondered, and I cried, ‘ O Paris,
Give it to Pallas ! ’ but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me !

“ O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder : from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o’er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

“ Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,

The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
 Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,'
 She spoke and laughed: I shut my sight for fear;
 But when I looked, Paris had raised his arm,
 And I beheld great Here's angry eyes,
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower;
 And from that time to this I am alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
 My love hath told me so a thousand times.
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
 Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
 Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
 My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
 High over the blue gorge, and all between
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
 Fostered the callow eaglet — from beneath
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
 Low in the valley. Never, never more
 Shall lone Cenone see the morning mist
 Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
 With narrow moonlit slips of silver cloud,
 Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
 The Abominable, that uninvited came
 Into the fair Peleian banquet hall,
 And cast the golden fruit upon the board,

And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

“O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev’n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
Sealed it with kisses ? watered it with tears ?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these !
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
O happy éarth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live :
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.

“O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born : her child ! — a shudder comes
Across me : never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes !

“O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O Éarth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe’er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.”

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

By LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

[LUCIAN, one of the foremost humorists and men of letters of all time, was born in Asia Minor during Trajan's reign, about A.D. 100. He studied for a sculptor, but finally went to Antioch and devoted himself to literature and oratory. He died in extreme old age. His works, written in Greek, are largely satirical burlesques on pagan philosophy and mythology and on the literature of his day, with some stories.]

ANTILOCHUS (SON OF NESTOR) and ACHILLEUS.

Antilochus — What sort of language was that, Achilleus, you addressed to Odysseus the day before yesterday about death; how ignoble and unworthy of both your teachers, Cheiron and Phœnix! For I overheard you, when you were saying that you would wish to be a servant, bound to the soil, in the house of any poor man "whose means of support were small," rather than to be king over all the dead. These sentiments, indeed, some abject Phrygian, cowardly, and dishonorably clinging to life, might, perhaps, be allowed to utter; but for the son of Peleus, the most rashly daring of all heroes, to entertain so ignoble thoughts about himself, is a considerable disgrace, and a contradiction to your actions in life; you who, though you might have reigned ingloriously a length of time in Pthiotis, of your own accord preferred death with fair fame.

Achilleus — But, O son of Nestor, at that time I was still unacquainted with the state of things here, and was ignorant which of those two conditions was the better, and used to prefer that wretched paltry glory to existence, but now I already perceive how profitless it is, even though the people above ground shall parrotlike sing its praises to the utmost of their power. With the dead there is perfect sameness of dignity; and neither those good looks of mine, Antilochus, nor my powers of strength are here: but we lie all alike under the same murky gloom, and in no way superior one to the other; and neither the dead of the Trojans have fear of me, nor do those of the Achæans pay me any court: but there is complete and entire equality in address, and all dead men are the same, "both the coward and the brave." These thoughts cause me anguish, and I am grieved that I am not alive and serving as a hireling.

Antilochus — Yet what can one do, Achilleus? For such is the will of Nature — that all certainly die: so one must abide

by her ordinance, and not be grieved at the constituted order of things. Besides, you observe how many of us, your friends, are about you here. And, after a short space of time, Odysseus, too, will certainly arrive; and community in misfortune, and the fact that one is not alone in suffering, brings comfort. You see Herakles and Meleager; and other admired heroes, who, I imagine, would not accept a return to the upper regions, if one were to send them back to be hired servants to starvelings and beggars.

Achilleus — Your exhortation is friendly and well meant; but, I know not how, the remembrance of things in life troubles me, and I imagine it does each one of you, too. However, if you do not confess it openly, you are in that respect worse off, in that you endure it in silence.

Antilochus — No, rather better off, Achilleus; for see the uselessness of speaking! And we have come to the resolution to keep silence, and to bear, and put up with it, not to incur ridicule, as you do, by indulging such wishes.

PROTESILAUS, ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE TROJAN WAR, SEEKS TO AVENGE HIMSELF BY AN ASSAULT ON HELEN.

Æakus [*gatekeeper*] — Why are you falling upon Helen, and throttling her, Protesilaus?

Protesilaus — Why? Because it was through her I met with my death, Æakus, leaving behind me my house half finished, and my newly married wife a widow.

Æakus — Blame Menelaus, then, who led you to Troy, for the sake of such a woman.

Protesilaus — You are right. It's he I have to call to account.

Menelaus — No, not me, my fine sir, but Paris more likely, who, contrary to every principle of justice, ran off with the wife of his host — myself. Why, this fellow deserves to be throttled not by you only but by all Hellenes and foreigners, seeing he has been the cause of death to such numbers.

Protesilaus — Better so. Never, therefore, I assure you, will I let you out of my hands, "ill-fated Paris" (taking him by the throat).

Paris — Then you do an injustice, Protesilaus, and that, too, to your fellow-craftsman. For I myself, also, am a devotee of Eros, and am held fast prisoner by the same divinity. And

you know how involuntary a sort of thing is *love*, and how a certain divinity drives us wherever he wishes, and it is impossible to resist him.

Protesilaus — You are right. Would therefore it were possible for me to get hold of Eros here!

Æakus — I will maintain the cause even of Eros against you. Why, he would himself acknowledge that, likely enough, he was the cause, as regards Paris, of his falling in love; but that of your death, Protesilaus, no one else was the cause but yourself, who, entirely forgetful of your newly married wife, when you brought your ships up at the Troad, so rashly and foolhardily leapt out before the rest, enamored of glory; on account of which you were the first, in the disembarkation, to die.

Protesilaus — Then, I shall, in defense of myself, make a still juster reply to you, *Æakus*: it is not I am responsible for all this, but Destiny, and the fact that my thread of life was so spun from the first.

Æakus — Rightly, too. Why, then, do you blame them?

AIAS (AJAX) and AGAMEMNON.

Agamemnon — If you in a fit of madness, Aias, killed yourself, and intended also to murder us all, why do you blame Odysseus; and, the day before yesterday, why did you not even look at him, when he came to consult the oracle, or deign to address a word to your old comrade and companion, but haughtily passed him by with huge strides?

Aias — With good reason, Agamemnon; for he was the actual and sole cause of my madness, seeing that he put himself in competition with me for the arms.

Agamemnon — And did you consider it your right to be unopposed, and to lord it over all without the toil of contest?

Aias — Yes, indeed, in such respect; for the suit of armor was my own, as it was my uncle's. Indeed, you others, though far superior, declined the contest for yourselves, and yielded the prize to me; whereas the son of Laertes, whom I often saved, when in imminent peril of being cut to pieces by the Phrygians, set himself up to be my superior, and to be more worthy to receive the arms.

Agamemnon — Blame Thetis, then, my admirable sir, who, though she should have delivered over the heritage of the arms

to you as her relative, took and deposited them for general competition.

Aias—No, but Odysseus, who was the only one to put himself forward as claimant.

Agamemnon—It is excusable, if, human as he was, he had great longing after glory, a very pleasant acquisition, for the sake of which every one of us also underwent dangers ; seeing, too, he conquered you, and that before Trojan judges.

Aias—*I* know what Goddess gave sentence against me : but it is not allowed one to say anything regarding the divinities. But as for your Odysseus, however, I could not by any means cease from hating him, Agamemnon ; not even if Athena herself should enjoin it upon me.

PISIDICÊ.¹

BY ANDREW LANG.

THE daughter of the Lesbian king,
 Within her bower she watched the war :
 Far off she heard the arrows ring,
 The smitten harness ring afar ;
 And fighting on the foremost car,
 Stood one who smote where all must flee :
 Fairer than the immortals are
 He seemed to fair Pisidicê !

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
 Unto Achilles, Peleus' son,
 Threw all its guarded gates apart,
 A maiden fortress lightly won.
 And ere that day of strife was done,
 No more of land or faith recked she ;
 But joyed in her new life begun, —
 Her life of love, Pisidicê !

She took a gift into her hand,
 As one that has a boon to crave ;
 She stole across the ruined land,
 Where lay the dead without a grave,
 And to Achilles' hand she gave
 Her gift, the secret postern's key :

¹ By permission of the Century Company.

"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love Pisidicê.

At dawn the Argives' clarion call
Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
They drove the women to the fleet,
Save one that to Achilles' feet
Clung — but in sudden wrath cried he,
"For her no doom but death is meet,"
And there men stoned Pisidicê.

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost,
Love's outcast now and evermore.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but thee
The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Pisidicê.



GREEKS AND TROJANS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From "Troilus and Cressida.")

[The legend of Troilus and Cressida is entirely un-Homeric, but for some reason took hold deeply of later poets. He is only mentioned once in the Iliad, and that casually near the end (Book 24, line 257), while she is not mentioned at all. The aged Priam, in his frantic grief over Hector's death, thus assails his other sons (Pope's translation):—

"Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Nestor the brave, renowned in rank of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine, . . .
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew."]

Scene: The Grecian Camp, before Agamemnon's tent. Trumpets.
Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agamemnon—

Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princess, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; for them, the bold and coward
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nestor—

With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance,
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
 Corival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide,
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
 As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And, with an accent tuned the selfsame key,
 Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulysses —

Agamemnon, —

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation,
 The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —
[To AGAMEMNON.]
 And thou most reverend for thy stretched-out life, —
[To NESTOR.]

I give to you both your speeches, — which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,
 Should with a bond of air, (strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienced tongue, — yet let it please both, —
 Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agamemnon —

Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
 That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips: than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulysses —

Troy, yet upon this basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
 But for these instances.
 The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order;
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horror
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture? Oh, when degree is shaken,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son shall strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglection of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdained
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nestor —

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agamemnon —

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy ?

Ulysses —

The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehand of our host, —
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless reputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquared,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries — *Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.* —
Now play me Nestor ; — hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
 That's done ; — as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*
'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet: — and at this sport,
 Sir Valor dies; cries, *O! — enough*, Patroclus; —
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor —

And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-willed; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulysses —

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this — bed work, mappery, closet war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine:
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nestor —

Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounded.*]

Agamemnon —

What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

*Enter ÆNEAS.**Menelaus —*

From Troy.

Agamemnon — What would you 'fore our tent?*Æneas —*

Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agamemnon —

Even this.

Æneas —

May one that is a herald, and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agamemnon —

With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æneas —

Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agamemnon —

How?

Æneas —

Ay;

I ask that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agamemnon —

This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æneas —

Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,

If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agamemnon —

Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æneas —

Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agamemnon —

What's your affair, I pray you?

Æneas —

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agamemnon —

He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æneas —

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear :

To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agamemnon —

Speak frankly, as the wind ;

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,

He tells thee so himself.

Æneas —

Trumpet, blow loud,

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ; —

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,

What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy

A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce

Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

That holds his honor higher than his ease ;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;

That knows his valor, and knows not his fear ;

That loves his mistress more than in confession,

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)

And dare avow her beauty and her worth,

In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,

Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;

And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,

Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :

If any come, Hector shall honor him ;

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburned, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agamemnon —

This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love.
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nestor —

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire sucked: he is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me, —
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æneas —

Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulysses —

Amen.

Agamemnon —

Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR*]

Ulysses —

Nestor, —

Nestor —

What says Ulysses?

Ulysses —

I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nestor —

What is't?

Ulysses —

This 'tis:
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all.

Nestor —

Well, and how ?

Ulysses —

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nestor —

The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia, — though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulysses —

And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nestor —

Yes,

It is most meet : Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honors off,
If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells ;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action : for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general ;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of her virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulysses —

Give pardon to my speech ; —

Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
 The luster of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honor and our shame, in this,
 Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nestor —

I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulysses —

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in Afric's sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foiled,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
 Ajax, employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nestor —

Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene: The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Agamemnon —

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Calchas —

You have a Trojan prisoner called Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear,

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Agamemnon — Let Diomedes bear him
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answered in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Diomedes —
 This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulysses —
 Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent: —
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turned on him.
 If so, I have derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
 It may do good: pride hath no other glass
 To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agamemnon —
 We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along; —
 So do each lord; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achilles —
 What, comes the general to speak with me?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agamemnon —

What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nestor —

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achilles —

No.

Nestor —

Nothing, my lord.

Agamemnon —

The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achilles —

Good day, good day.

Menelaus —

How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achilles —

What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax —

How now, Patroclus?

Achilles —

Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax —

Ha?

Achilles —

Good morrow.

Ajax —

Ay, and good next day, too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achilles —

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patroclus —

They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles:

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Achilles —

What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declined is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honor; but honor for those honors

That are without him, as place, riches, favor,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that leaned on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding

Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achilles —

I do believe it: for they passed by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulysses —

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingritudes:
 Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright: To have done is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost; —
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and molded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And ease thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achilles —

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulysses —

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achilles —

Ha! known!

Ulysses —

Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patroclus —

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achilles — Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patroclus —

Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor by him.

Achilles —

I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patroclus —

O, then beware :

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achilles —

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the food to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labor saved !

Enter THERSITES.

Thersites — A wonder!

Achilles—What?

Thersites — Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achilles — How so ?

Thersites—He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic end, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achilles — How can that be?

Thersites — Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an'twould

out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He has grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achilles — Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Thersites — Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achilles — To him, *Patroclus*: tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax* to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honored captain general of the Grecian army, *Agamemnon*. Do this.

Patroclus — Jove bless great *Ajax*!

Thersites — Humph!

Patroclus — I come from the worthy *Achilles*, —

Thersites — Ha!

Patroclus — Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his tent, —

Thersites — Humph!

Patroclus — And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thersites — *Agamemnon*?

Patroclus — Ay, my lord.

Thersites — Ha!

Patroclus — What say you to't?

Thersites — God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patroclus — Your answer, sir.

Thersites — If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patroclus — Your answer, sir.

Thersites — Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achilles — Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thersites — No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when *Hector* has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler *Apollo* get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achilles — Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Thersites — Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achilles — My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred; and I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exeunt *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*,

Thersites — 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

Scene: Troy. A Street. Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.

Paris —

See, ho! who's that there?

Deiphobus —

'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æneas —

Is the prince there in person? —

Had I so good occasion to lie long,

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed mate of my company.

Diomedes —

That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Paris —

A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told — how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did haunt you in the field.

Æneas —

Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:

But when I meet you armed, as black defiance,

As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diomedes —

The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æneas —

And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly

With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love, in such a sort,

The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diomedes —

We sympathize: — Jove, let Æneas live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,

With every joint a wound: and that to-morrow!

Æneas —

We know each other well.

Diomedes —

We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Paris —

This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early ?

Æneas —

I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Paris —

His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company : or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach.
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æneas —

That I assure you ;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Paris —

There is no help ;

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æneas — Good morrow, all.

[*Exit.*]



TWO ROYAL MISTRESSES.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HELEN AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

By ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

[ANNA LETITIA AIKIN: An English miscellaneous writer ; born in 1743 ; married Rochemont Barbauld, a Huguenot refugee, in 1774. A volume of "Miscellaneous Pieces," written with her brother, — but the best of them hers, — gave her reputation. She wrote "Hymns in Prose for Children," "Devotional Pieces," "Early Lessons," etc. She died in 1825.]

Helen — Whence comes it, my dear Madame Maintenon, that beauty, which in the age I lived in produced such extraordinary effects, has now lost almost all its power ?

Maintenon — I should wish first to be convinced of the fact, before I offer to give you a reason for it.

Helen — That will be very easy ; for there is no occasion to

go any further than our own histories and experience to prove what I advance. You were beautiful, accomplished, and fortunate; endowed with every talent and every grace to bend the heart of man and mold it to your wish: and your schemes were successful; for you raised yourself from obscurity and dependence to be the wife of a great monarch. — But what is this to the influence my beauty had over sovereigns and nations! I occasioned a long ten years' war between the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; contending kingdoms disputed the honor of placing me on their respective thrones; my story is recorded by the father of verse; and my charms make a figure even in the annals of mankind. You were, it is true, the wife of Louis XIV., and respected in his court: but you occasioned no wars; you are not spoken of in the history of France, though you furnished materials for the memoirs of a court. Are the love and admiration that were paid you merely as an amiable woman to be compared with the enthusiasm I inspired, and the boundless empire I obtained over all that was celebrated, great, or powerful in the age I lived in?

Maintenon — All this, my dear Helen, has a splendid appearance, and sounds well in a heroic poem; but you greatly deceive yourself if you impute it all to your personal merit. Do you imagine that half the chiefs concerned in the war of Troy were at all influenced by your beauty, or troubled their heads what became of you, provided they came off with honor? Believe me, love had very little to do in the affair. Menelaus sought to revenge the affront he had received; Agamemnon was flattered with the supreme command; some came to share the glory, others the plunder; some because they had bad wives at home, some in hopes of getting Trojan mistresses abroad: and Homer thought the story extremely proper for the subject of the best poem in the world. Thus you became famous; your elopement was made a national quarrel; the animosities of both nations were kindled by frequent battles: and the object was not the restoring of Helen to Menelaus, but the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. — My triumphs, on the other hand, were all owing to myself and to the influence of personal merit and charms over the heart of man. My birth was obscure; my fortunes low; I had passed the bloom of youth, and was advancing to that period at which the generality of our sex lose all importance with the other. I had to do with a man of gallantry and intrigue, a monarch who had been

long familiarized with beauty, and accustomed to every refinement of pleasure which the most splendid court in Europe could afford: Love and Beauty seemed to have exhausted all their powers of pleasing for him in vain. Yet this man I captivated, I fixed; and far from being content, as other beauties had been, with the honor of possessing his heart, I brought him to make me his wife, and gained an honorable title to his tenderest affection. — The infatuation of Paris reflected little honor upon you. A thoughtless youth, gay, tender, and impressible, struck with your beauty, in violation of all the most sacred laws of hospitality carries you off, and obstinately refuses to restore you to your husband. You seduced Paris from his duty, I recovered Louis from vice; you were the mistress of the Trojan prince, I was the companion of the French monarch.

Helen — I grant you were the wife of Louis, but not the queen of France. Your great object was ambition, and in that you met with a partial success; my ruling star was love, and I gave up everything for it. But tell me, did not I show my influence over Menelaus in his taking me again after the destruction of Troy?

Maintenon — That circumstance alone is sufficient to show that he did not love you with any delicacy. He took you as a possession that was restored to him, as a booty that he had recovered; and he had not sentiment enough to care whether he had your heart or not. The heroes of your age were capable of admiring beauty, and often fought for the possession of it; but they had not refinement enough to be capable of any pure, sentimental attachment or delicate passion. Was that period the triumph of love and gallantry, when a fine woman and a tripod were placed together for prizes at a wrestling bout, and the tripod esteemed the more valuable reward of the two? No: it is our Clelia, our Cassandra and Princess of Cleves, that have polished mankind and taught them how to love.

Helen — Rather say you have lost sight of nature and passion, between bombast on one hand and conceit on the other. Shall one of the cold temperament of France teach a Greek how to love? Greece, the parent of fair forms and soft desires, the nurse of poetry, whose soft climate and tempered skies disposed to every gentler feeling, and tuned the heart to harmony and love! — was Greece a land of barbarians? But recollect, if you can, an incident which showed the power of beauty in stronger

colors — that when the grave old counselors of Priam on my appearance were struck with fond admiration, and could not bring themselves to blame the cause of a war that had almost ruined their country; you see I charmed the old as well as seduced the young.

Maintenon — But I, after I was grown old, charmed the young; I was idolized in a capital where taste, luxury, and magnificence were at the height; I was celebrated by the greatest wits of my time, and my letters have been carefully handed down to posterity.

Helen — Tell me now, sincerely, were you happy in your elevated fortune?

Maintenon — Alas! Heaven knows I was far otherwise; a thousand times did I wish for my dear Scarron again. He was a very ugly fellow, it is true, and had but little money; but the most easy, entertaining companion in the world: we danced, laughed, and sung; I spoke without fear or anxiety, and was sure to please. With Louis all was gloom, constraint, and a painful solicitude to please — which seldom produces its effect: the king's temper had been soured in the latter part of life by frequent disappointments; and I was forced continually to endeavor to procure him that cheerfulness which I had not myself. Louis was accustomed to the most delicate flatteries; and though I had a good share of wit, my faculties were continually on the stretch to entertain him, — a state of mind little consistent with happiness or ease; I was afraid to advance my friends or punish my enemies. My pupils at St. Cyr were not more secluded from the world in a cloister than I was in the bosom of the court; a secret disgust and weariness consumed me. I had no relief but in my work and books of devotion; with these alone I had a gleam of happiness.

Helen — Alas! one need not have married a great monarch for that.

Maintenon — But ðeign to inform me, Helen, if you were really as beautiful as fame reports; for, to say truth, I cannot in your shade see the beauty which for nine long years had set the world in arms.

Helen — Honestly, no. I was rather low, and something sunburnt: but I had the good fortune to please; that was all. I was greatly obliged to Homer.

Maintenon — And did you live tolerably with Menelaus after all your adventures?

Helen — As well as possible. Menelaus was a good-natured, domestic man, and was glad to sit down and end his days in quiet. I persuaded him that Venus and the Fates were the cause of all my irregularities, which he complaisantly believed. Besides, I was not sorry to return home : for, to tell you a secret, Paris had been unfaithful to me long before his death, and was fond of a little Trojan brunette whose office it was to hold up my train ; but it was thought dishonorable to give me up. I began to think love a very foolish thing : I became a great housekeeper, worked the battles of Troy in tapestry, and spun with my maids by the side of Menelaus, who was so satisfied with my conduct, and behaved, good man, with so much fondness, that I verily think this was the happiest period of my life.

Maintenon — Nothing more likely ; but the most obscure wife in Greece could rival you there. Adieu ! You have convinced me how little fame and greatness conduce to happiness.



THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

(Translation of Parnell, corrected by Pope.)

[This delightful burlesque on the Iliad was anciently and most absurdly attributed to Homer himself. It cannot be earlier than the sixth century, and there was a tradition that the author was Pigres, brother of Queen Artemisia, who fought at Salamis, B.C. 480. — The translation is a loose paraphrase from a very inaccurate text, but is still the most spirited and entertaining yet made, and gives the mock-heroic tone perfectly. We have corrected the spelling of the names.]

Names of the Mice.

PSICHARPAX, Crumb-stealer.
 TROXARTES, Gnaw-bread.
 LICHOMYLE, Lick-meal.
 PTERNOTROCTES, Bacon-gnawer.
 LICHOPINAX, Lick-plate.
 EMBASICHYTROS, Go-in-the-pot.
 LICHENOR, Lickman.
 TROGLODYTES, Hole-dweller.
 ARTOPHAGUS, Bread-eater.
 TYROPHAGUS, Cheese-eater.
 PTERNOGLYPHUS, Bacon-tearer.
 CNISODIOCTES, Fat-hunter.
 SITOPHAGUS, Wheat-eater.
 MERIDARPAX, Scrap-stealer.

Names of the Frogs.

PHYSIGNATHUS, Puff-cheek.
 PELEUS, PELION, PELUSIUS, Clay-born.
 HYDROMEDUSE, Water-Queen.
 HYSIBOAS, Loud Bawler.
 SEUTLEUS, Beet-born.
 POLYPHONUS, Chatterbox.
 LIMNOCHARIS, Marsh-Grace.
 CRAMBOPHAGUS, Cabbage-eater.
 LIMNISIUS, Marsh-born.
 CALAMINTHIUS, Mint-born.
 HYDROCHARIS, Water-Grace.
 BORBOROCETES, Mud-nester.
 PRASSOPHAGUS, Leek-eater.
 PELOBATES, Clay-goer.
 PRASSEUS, Leek-green.
 CRAUGASIDES, Croakerson.

Book I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire,
From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,
Attend my labors, and reward my prayer.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threat'ning mice advanced with warlike grace,
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escaped the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Flies swift of foot across the neighboring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink his eager thirst to cool,
And dips his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanced his head,
And from the waters, hoarse resounding, said:

"What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffered friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A sceptered king; a son of martial fame:
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
Thus ceased the frog, and thus the mouse replies:

"Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psicharpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartes' line, whose sleeky down
In love compressed Lichomyle the brown.

My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotroctes reigns :
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures naught in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow ?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll ;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Concealed in flaskets from my curious eye ;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view ;
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honeyed cakes which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mixed with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear ;
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,⁹
And fix indented wounds with dexterous skill ;
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons armed, and cats with claws !
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait ;
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest :
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our herces of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks nor wat'rish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frogs' selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear."

As thus the downy prince his mind expressed,
His answer thus the croaking king addressed :

"Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove ;
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove :
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas I'll bear thee through :
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."

He said, and lent his back ; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,

Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks dissemble ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow.
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustomed fears;
He sighs, and, chilled with danger, longs for shore;
His tail, extended, forms a fruitless oar.
Half drenched in liquid death, his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoaned him from the dreadful lake:

“So passed Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete deposed his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!”

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows:
Lo! from the deep a water hydra rose:
He rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confused, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives to shun the sable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskilled in swimming, floats remote from shore
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage expressed:

“Nor thou that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But Heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise!”

This said, he sighing gasped, and gasping died.
His death the young Lichopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he passed the day,
Basked in the beam, and loitered life away.
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat!
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate;

Grief, dismal grief, ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafened ground;
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartes, crowned in glory, reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:
Psicharpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psicharpax lies remote from shore:
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-fingered morn had tinged the clouds,
Around their monarch mouse the nation crowds.
Slow rose the monarch, heaved his anxious breast,
And thus the council, filled with rage, addressed:

“For lost Psicharpax much my soul endures;
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours:
Three warlike sons adorned my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perished by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gaped, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying killed my gallant boy.
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.”

His words in every breast inspired alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoiled of all their beans,
The buskined warriors stalked along the plains;
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Faced with the plunder of a cat they flayed;
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield,
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear:
The wond'ring frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thick'ning form a ring.
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring,
When near the crowd, disclosed to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew;

The sacred herald's scepter graced his hand,
And thus his words expressed his king's command:

"Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fired, advance,
And decked in armor shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince, by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die."

The chief retires; the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplexed appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:

"O friends! I never forced the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And venturous in the lake the wanton died;
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head.
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, and in armor bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight;
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drowned;
Loud flash the waters, echoing shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquered plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain."

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardor to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made;
Formed of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glistened o'er the field;
And tapering sea reeds for the polished spear,
With upright order pierce the ambient air:
Thus dressed for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.

But, now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council called,) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride;
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride;
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravaged o'er the dales;
And so confirmed the daring Titans rose,
Heaped hills on hills, and bade the gods be foes.

This seen, the power his sacred visage rears;
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
Then thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
Have joined the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savory steams, they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where, while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast."

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;
When thus, resolved, the blue-eyed maid replies:
"In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil
(Ills following ill); but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine:
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and crossed the silver thread.
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear;
The thousand breaches skillful hands repair;
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve;
But gods, that use no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddess never less can owe;
Neglected learning gets no wealth below.
Nor let the frogs to gain my succor sue,
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favor too.
For late, when all the conflict ceased at night,
When my stretched sinews ached with eager fight;
When spent with glorious toil I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;

Lo, from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 With noisy croakings half the nation rose :
 Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay
 Till cocks proclaimed the crimson dawn of day.
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
 Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 Adorn the conquest of a nobler foe,
 Who, wildly rushing, meet the wondrous odds,
 Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
 O'er gilded clouds reclined, the danger view,
 And be the wars of mortals scenes for you."
 So moved the blue-eyed queen, her words persuade ;
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obeyed.

Book III.

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line ;
 The chiefs, conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
 Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war ;
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouthed hornets sound,
 The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground ;
 Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
 And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew,
 And brave Lichenor with a javelin slew ;
 The luckless warrior, filled with gen'rous flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame,
 When, in his liver struck, the javelin hung ;
 The mouse fell thundering, and the target rung :
 Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
 And, soiled in dust, his lovely tresses lie.
 A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast ;
 The missive spear within the bosom passed ;
 Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
 Embasichytros felt Seutlaeus' dart
 Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart ;
 But great Artophagus avenged the slain,
 And big Seutlaeus tumbling loads the plain.
 And Polyphonus dies, a frog renowned
 For boastful speech, and turbulence of sound ;
 Deep through the belly pierced, supine he lay,
 And breathed his soul against the face of day.

The strong Limnocharis, who viewed with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire ;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
A warrior versed in arts of sure retreat,
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate:
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lichenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanced, and took no wandering aim,
Through all the frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquished mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inured to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundering, flashes up the deep:
Lichenor, following, with a downward blow
Reached, in the lake, his unrecovered foe ;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood ;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.

Limnisius good Tyrophagus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales ;
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day ;
No nibbling prince excelled in fierceness more ;
His parents fed him on the savage boar :
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he moved Hydrocharis pursued,
Till fallen in death he lies ; a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone ;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Lichopinax with Borborocœtes fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights ;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incensed Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnisodiocetes off the rising ground ;

Then drags him o'er the lake, deprived of breath;
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psicharpax shines afar
(Scarce he so great whose loss provoked the war).
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius [Prassophagus] dead;
His freckled corse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Lifts with both hands a monstrous mass of mud:
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Dishonors his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enraged, and wildly sputtering from the shore,
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for laboring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days:
Full to the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flushed, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course:
Hoarse croaking threats precede; with fatal speed
Deep through the belly runs the pointed reed,
Then, strongly tugged, returned imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppressed with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain:
And where the ditches rising weeds supply,
To spread the lowly shades beneath the sky;
There lurks the silent mouse, relieved of heat,
And, safe embowered, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
Then where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.
Then pious ardor young Prassæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grow ,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,

Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honors of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground,
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mouse, and man :
 " What seas of blood I view, what worlds of slain !
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign !
How fierce his javelin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black furred hero, Meridarpax, shakes !
Unless some favoring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas winged with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye :
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war."

He ceased, reclining with attending head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said :
" Not Pallas, Jove ! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield ;
Nor Mars himself ; though Mars in armor bright
Ascends his car, and wheel amidst the fight :
Not these can drive the desperate mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise ;
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies ;
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mixed with mountains lay
When all the giant race enormous fell ;
And huge Enceladus was hurled to hell."

'Twas thus th' armipotent advised the gods,
When from his throne the cloud compeller nods ;
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandished bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;

The bolt discharged, inwrapped with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:
The earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake;
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threatens the croaking line;
Till Jove, that inly mourned the loss they bore,
With strange assistance filled the frightened shore.

Poured from the neighboring strand, deformed to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armor round their bodies close,
Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turned, oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell shears the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh the bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise,
Unnumbered joints distort their lengthened thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly braced,
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom placed;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
And either hand alike supplies a head.
These to call crabs mere mortal wits agree;
But gods have other names for things than we.

Now, where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend.
Here, short of feet, deprived the power to fly;
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrenched from their holds, and scattered all around.
The blended lances heap the cumbered ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear.
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep concealed in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus, to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phoebus drove with fainter rays:
And a whole war (so Jove ordained) begun,
Was fought, and ceased, in one revolving sun.

NO FINAL TRANSLATION OF HOMER POSSIBLE.

BY BUTCHER AND LANG.

THERE would have been less controversy about the proper method of Homeric translation, if critics had recognized that the question is a purely relative one, that of Homer there can be no final translation. The taste and the literary habits of each age demand different qualities in poetry, and therefore a different sort of rendering of Homer. To the men of the time of Elizabeth, Homer would have appeared bald, it seems, and lacking in ingenuity, if he had been presented in his antique simplicity. For the Elizabethan age, Chapman supplied what was then necessary, and the mannerisms that were then deemed of the essence of poetry, — namely, daring and luxurious conceits. Thus in Chapman's verse Troy must "shed her towers for tears of overthrow"; and when the winds toss Odysseus about, their sport must be called "the horrid tennis."

In the age of Anne, "dignity" and "correctness" had to be given to Homer, and Pope gave them by aid of his dazzling rhetoric, his antitheses, his *netteté*, his command of every conventional and favorite artifice. Without Chapman's conceits, Homer's poems would hardly have been what the Elizabethans took for poetry; without Pope's smoothness, and Pope's points, the Iliad and Odyssey would have seemed tame, rude, and harsh in the age of Anne. These great translations must always live as English poems. As transcripts of Homer they are like pictures drawn from a lost point of view. Again, when Europe woke to a sense, an almost exaggerated and certainly uncritical sense, of the value of her songs of the people, of all the ballads that Herder, Scott, Lönnrot, and the rest collected, it was commonly said that Homer was a ballad minstrel; that the translator must imitate the simplicity, and even adopt the formulæ, of the ballad. Hence came the renderings of Maginn, the experiments of Mr. Gladstone, and others. There was some excuse for the error of critics who asked for a Homer in ballad rhyme. The epic poet, the poet of gods and heroes, did indeed inherit some of the *formulæ* of the earlier *Volks-lied*. Homer, like the author of "The Song of Roland," like the singers of the "Kalevala," uses constantly recurring epithets, and

repeats, word for word, certain emphatic passages, messages, and so on. That custom is essential in the ballad; it is an accident, not the essence, of the epic. The epic is a poem of consummate and supreme art; but it still bears some birth-marks, some signs of the early popular chant, out of which it sprung, as the garden rose springs from the wild stock. When this is recognized, the demand for balladlike simplicity and "ballad slang" ceases to exist, and then all Homeric translations in the ballad manner cease to represent our conception of Homer. After the belief in the ballad manner follows the recognition of the romantic vein in Homer; and as a result came Mr. Worsley's admirable *Odyssey*. This masterly translation does all that can be done for the *Odyssey* in the romantic style. The liquid lapses of the verse, the wonderful closeness to the original, reproduce all of Homer, in music and in meaning, that can be rendered in English verse. There still, however, seems an aspect of the Homeric poems, and a demand in connection with Homer, to be recognized and to be satisfied.

Sainte-Beuve says, with reference probably to M. Leconte de Lisle's prose version of the epics, that some people treat the epics too much as if they were sagas. Now the Homeric epics are sagas; but then they are the sagas of the divine heroic age of Greece, and thus are told with an art which is not the art of the Northern poets. The epics are stories about the adventures of men living in most respects like the men of our own race who dwelt in Iceland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The epics are, in a way, and as far as manners and institutions are concerned, historical documents. Whoever regards them in this way must wish to read them exactly as they have reached us, without modern ornament, with nothing added or omitted. He must recognize, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that what he now wants—namely, the simple truth about the matter of the poem—can only be given in prose, "for in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognizable." It is for this reason that we have attempted to tell once more, in simple prose, the story of *Odysseus*. We have tried to transfer, not all the truth about the poem, but the historical truth, into English. In this process Homer must lose at least half his charm: his bright and equable speed, the musical current of that narrative, which, like the river of Egypt, flows from an indiscoverable source, and mirrors the temples and the palaces of unforgotten gods and kings. Without this music of verse, only a half truth about

Homer can be told; but then it is that half of the truth which at this moment it seems most necessary to tell. This is the half of the truth that the translators who use verse cannot easily tell. They *must* be adding to Homer, talking with Pope about "tracing the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn," or with Mr. Worsley about the islands that are "stars of the blue Ægæan," or with Dr. Hawtrey about "the earth's soft arms," when Homer says nothing at all about the "mazy lev'ret," or the "stars of the blue Ægæan," or the "soft arms" of earth. It would be impertinent indeed to blame any of these translations in their place. They give that which the romantic reader of poetry, or the student of the age of Anne, looks for in verse; and without tags of this sort, a translation of Homer in verse cannot well be made to hold together.

There can be then, it appears, no final English translation of Homer. In each there must be, in addition to what is Greek and eternal, the element of what is modern, personal, and fleeting. Thus we trust that there may be room for "the pale and far-off shadow of a prose translation," of which the aim is limited and humble. A prose translation cannot give the movement and the fire of a successful translation in verse; it only gathers, as it were, the crumbs which fall from the richer table, only tells the story without the song. Yet to a prose translation is permitted, perhaps, that close adherence to the archaisms of the epic, which in verse become mere oddities. The double epithets, the recurring epithets of Homer, if rendered into verse, delay and puzzle the reader, as the Greek does not delay nor puzzle him. In prose he may endure them, or even care to study them as the survivals of a stage of taste which is found in its prime in the sagas. These double and recurring epithets of Homer are a softer form of the quaint Northern periphrases, which make the sea the "swan's bath," gold the "dragon's hoard," men the "ring givers," and so on. We do not know whether it is necessary to defend our choice of a somewhat antiquated prose. Homer has no ideas which cannot be expressed in words that are "old and plain"; and to words that are old and plain, and as a rule, to such terms as, being used by the translators of the Bible, are still not unfamiliar, we have tried to restrict ourselves. It may be objected, that the employment of language which does not come spontaneously to the lips is an affectation out of place in a version of the *Odyssey*. To this we may answer that the Greek Epic dialect, like the English of

our Bible, was a thing of slow growth and composite nature; that it was never a spoken language, nor, except for certain poetical purposes, a written language. Thus the Biblical English seems as nearly analogous to the Epic Greek, as anything that our tongue has to offer.



THE ODYSSEY.

By ANDREW LANG.

As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
 So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
 And through the music of the languid hours,
 They hear like ocean on a western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.



CALYPSO.

(From the Odyssey of Homer: translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang.)

[ANDREW LANG: English man of letters; born in Scotland, March 31, 1844; educated at St. Andrews and at Balliol College. His writings have been of immense variety: best known are those on folklore and kindred subjects, as "Custom and Myth," "Cock Lane and Common Sense," his collections of "Fairy Books," etc.; his prose translations (with collaborators) of the Iliad and Odyssey; and his poems, in "Ballades in Blue China" and many other places. Died in 1912.]

I.

Now the Dawn arose from her couch, from the side of the lordly Tithonus, to bear light to the immortals and to mortal

men. And lo, the gods were gathering to session, and among them Zeus, that thunders on high, whose might is above all. And Athene told them the tale of the many woes of Odysseus, recalling them to mind; for near her heart was he that then abode in the dwelling of the nymph:—

“Father Zeus, and all ye other blessed gods that live forever, henceforth let not any sceptered king be kind and gentle with all his heart, nor minded to do righteously, but let him alway be a hard man and work unrighteousness, for behold, there is none that remembereth divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was, and was gentle as a father. Howbeit, as for him he lieth in an island suffering strong pains, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who holdeth him perforce; so he may not reach his own country, for he hath no ships by him with oars, and no companions to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now, again, they are set on slaying his beloved son on his homeward way, for he is gone to fair Pylos and to goodly Lacedæmon, to seek tidings of his father.”

And Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, answered and spake unto her: “My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Nay, didst thou not thyself plan this device, that Odysseus may assuredly take vengeance on those men at his coming? As for Telemachus, do thou guide him by thine art, as well thou mayest, that so he may come to his own country all unharmed, and the wooers may return in their ship with their labor all in vain.”

Therewith he spake to Hermes, his dear son: “Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses my unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, how he is to come to his home, with no furtherance of gods or of mortal men.” Nay, he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phæacians, who are near of kin to the gods. And they shall give him all worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own dear country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with the share of the spoil that fell to him. On such wise is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country.”

So spake he, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of

Argos. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep. With this rod in his hand flew the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped along the wave like the cormorant, that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetteth his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves. But when he had now reached that far-off isle, he went forth from the sea of violet blue to get him up into the land, till he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses: and he found her within. And on the hearth there was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandalwood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. And therein roosted birds long of wing, owls and falcons and chattering sea crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters. And fountains four set orderly were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows bloomed of violets and parsley, yea, even a deathless god who came thither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. There the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered. Now when he had gazed at all with wonder, anon he went into the wide cave; nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for the gods use not to be strange one to another, the immortals, not though one have his habitation far away. But he found not Odysseus, the great-hearted, within the cave, who sat weeping on the shore even as aforetime, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested deep. And Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining seat:—

“Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes, of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas as of old

thou wert not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought, my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfill it I may, and if it hath been fulfilled in the counsel of fate. But now follow me further, that I may set before thee the entertainment of strangers."

Therewith the goddess spread a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Argos, did eat and drink. Now after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, at the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise:—

"Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee this my saying truly, at thy command. 'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine; nay, who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs? But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the ægis. He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet, and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So spake he, and Calypso, that fair goddess, shuddered and uttered her voice, and spake unto him winged words: "Hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding, who ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make a mortal her dear bed-fellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, ye gods that live at ease were jealous thereof, till chaste Artemis, of the golden throne, slew him in Ortygia with the visitation of her gentle shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demeter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-plowed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and cast at him with his white bolt and slew him. So again ye gods now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Him I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a bark, for that Zeus had crushed and cleft his swift ship with a white

bolt in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And him have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age forever. Yet forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the ægis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will give him no dispatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bare him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide naught, that all unharmed he may come to his own country."

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her: "Yea, speed him now upon his path and have regard unto the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter."

II.

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the lady nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. And there she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no more found favor in his sight. Howsoever by night he would sleep by her, as needs he must, in the hollow caves, unwilling lover by a willing lady. And in the daytime he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him that fair goddess spake to him:—

"Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the ax, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do."

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus shuddered,

and uttering his voice spake to her winged words : " Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a raft to displeasure thee, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt."

So spake he, and Calypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spake and hailed him : —

" Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit, thou that hast conceived and spoken such a word. Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that water of the Styx that flows below, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt. Nay, but my thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if ever so sore a need came over me. For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine."

Therewith the fair goddess led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess. And they reached the hollow cave, the goddess and the man ; so he sat him down upon the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. As for her she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands upon the good cheer set before them. But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Calypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said : —

" Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, so it is indeed thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country even in this hour? Good fortune go with thee even so ! Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfill, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day. Not in sooth that I avow me to be less noble than she in form or fashion, for it is in no wise meet that mortal women should match them with immortals, in shape and comeliness."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and spake unto

her: "Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen. Myself I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death. Yet even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning. Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction. For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those."

So spake he, and the sun sank and darkness came on. Then they twain went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, abiding each by other.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head. Then she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great ax, fitted to his grasp, an ax of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adz, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him. Now after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the ax of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers; so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with treenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some men well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yardarm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make him sails; and these too

he fashioned very skillfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

III.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sat and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and Boötes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phæacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him; and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi: even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep; and he was yet more angered in spirit, and wagging his head he communed with his own heart. "Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phæacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering."

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands; and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea: and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great

wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own great spirit:—

“Oh, wretched man that I am! what is to befall me at the last? I fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came to mine own country; and lo, all these things have an end. In such wise doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath troubled the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds; yea, now is utter doom assured me. Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasure to the sons of Atreus! Would to God that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Pelæus! So should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achæans would have spread my fame; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death.”

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand; and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yardarm fell afar into the deep. Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave: for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head. Yet even so forgat he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spring after it in the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the midst thereof, avoiding the issues of death: and the great wave swept it hither and thither along the stream. And as the North Wind in the harvest tide sweeps the thistle down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither and thither along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase.

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him, Ino of the fair ankles, Leucothea, who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea she had gotten her share of worship from the gods. She took pity on Odysseus in his wandering and travail, and she rose, like a sea gull

on the wing, from the depth of the mere, and sat upon the well-bound raft and spake, saying : —

“Hapless one, wherefore was Poseidon, shaker of the earth, so wondrous wroth with thee, seeing that he soweth for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet shall he not make a full end of thee, for all his desire. But do even as I tell thee, and methinks thou art not witless. Cast off these garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds, but do thou swim with thine hands and strive to win a footing on the coast of the Phæacians, where it is decreed that thou escape. Here, take this veil immortal and wind it about thy breast; so is there no fear that thou suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep far from the land, and thyself turn away.”

With that the goddess gave the veil, and for her part dived back into the heaving deep, like a sea gull : and the dark wave closed over her. But the steadfast goodly Odysseus pondered, and heavily he spake to his own brave spirit : —

“Ah, woe is me ! Can it be that some one of the immortals is weaving a new snare for me, that she bids me quit my raft? Nay verily, I will not yet obey, for I had sight of the shore yet a long way off, where she told me that I might escape. I am resolved what I will do ; — and methinks on this wise it is best. So long as the timbers abide in the dowels, so long will I endure steadfast in affliction, but so soon as the wave hath shattered my raft asunder, I will swim, for meanwhile no better counsel may be.”

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and soul, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred against him a great wave, terrible and grievous, and vaulted from the crest, and therewith smote him. And as when a great tempestuous wind tosseth a heap of parched husks, and scatters them this way and that, even so did the wave scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode a single beam, as one rideth on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Calypso gave him. And presently he wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one eager to swim. And the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw him and wagged his head, and communed with his own soul. “Even so, after all thy sufferings, go wandering over the deep, till thou shalt come among a people, the fosterlings

of Zeus. Yet for all that I deem not that thou shalt think thyself too lightly afflicted." Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Ægæ, where is his lordly home.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Behold, she bound up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North and brake the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, might mingle with the Phæacians, lovers of the oar, avoiding death and the fates.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead (he being upborne on a great wave), he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing him; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood; and he swam onward, being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within ear-shot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea,—for there were no harbors for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs; then at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit:—

"Ah me! now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight of land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the sea, here there is no place to land on from out of the gray water. For without are sharp crags, and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth rock rises, and the sea is deep thereby, so that in no wise may I find firm foothold and escape my bane, for as I fain would go ashore, the great wave may haply snatch and dash me on the jagged rock—and a wretched endeavor that would be. But if I swim yet further along the coast to find, if I may, spits that take the waves aslant and havens of the sea, I fear lest the stormwinds catch me again and bear me over the teeming deep, making heavy moan; or else some god may even send

forth against me a monster from out of the shore water ; and many such pastureth the renowned Amphitrite. For I know how wroth against me hath been the great Shaker of the Earth."

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash it leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him. There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained, had not gray-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart : —

"Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art ; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king ; for I avow myself thy suppliant."

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his heart was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him. But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt

flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit:—

“Ah, woe is me! what is to betide me? what shall happen unto me at the last? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, and I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hillside up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey.”

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbors nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light elsewhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

THE SONG OF PHÆACIA.

By ANDREW LANG.

THE languid sunset, mother of roses,
 Lingers a light on the magic seas,
 The wide fire flames, as a flower uncloses,
 Heavy with odor, and loose to the breeze.

The red rose clouds, without law or leader,
 Gather and float in the airy plain;
 The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar,
 The cedar scatters his scent to the main.

The strange flowers' perfume turns to singing,
 Heard afar over moonlit seas:
 The Siren's song, grown faint in winging,
 Falls in scent on the cedar trees.

As waifs, blown out of the sunset, flying,
 Purple and rosy and gray, the birds
 Brighten the air with their wings; their crying
 Wakens a moment the weary herds.

Butterflies flit from the fairy garden,
 Living blossoms of flying flowers;
 Never the nights with winter harden,
 Nor moons wax keen in this land of ours.

Great fruits, fragrant, green and golden,
 Gleam in the green, and droop and fall;
 Blossom and bud and flower unfold
 Swing and cling to the garden wall.

Deep in the woods as twilight darkens,
 Glades are red with the scented fire;
 Far in the dells the white maid hearkens
 Song and sigh of the heart's desire.



THE STORY OF NAUSICAA.

(From the *Odyssey* of Homer: translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang.)

I.

So there he lay asleep, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, for-
 done with toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile Athene went to

the land and the city of the Phæacians, who of old, upon a time, dwelt in spacious Hypereia; near the Cyclopes they dwelt, men exceeding proud, who harried them continually, being mightier than they. Thence the godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them away, and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bread. And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit ere this had he been stricken by fate, and had gone down to the house of Hades, and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the gods. To his house went the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, devising a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. She betook her to the rich-wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept towards the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape the gray-eyed Athene spake to the princess, saying:—

“Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage day is near at hand, when thou thyself must needs go beautifully clad, and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a father and lady mother take delight. But come, let us arise and go a washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians, among that people whence thou thyself dost draw thy lineage. So come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wain to carry the men’s raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Yea and for thyself it is seemlier far to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way off the town.”

So spake the gray-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus,

where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

II.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marveled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council, whither the noble Phæacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, should have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; but he saw all and answered, saying:—

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men, and they gave ear, and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule wain, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath,

Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the agis, and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known,—but all are fair; even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

III.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden, who should be his guide to the city of the Phaeacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit:—

“Woe is me! to what men’s land am I come now? say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hilltops, and the river springs, and the grassy water meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to, I myself will make trial and see.”

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting in his strength, who fares out blown and rained upon, with flaming eyes; amid the kine he goes or amid the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his belly bids him to make assay upon the flocks, even within a close-penned fold. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-tressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, being marred with the salt sea foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town, and give him raiment. And as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word:—

“I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art a goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven; to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their souls ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes

upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing : a young sapling of a palm tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time I marveled in spirit,—for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground,—even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonished and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here too, methinks, some evil may betide me ; for I trow not that trouble will cease ; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore to thee first of all am I come, and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire : a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best.”

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said : “Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish—and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil, to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in any wise endure it :—and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant, when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phæacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phæacians depend.”

Thus she spake, and called to her maidens of the fair tresses : “Halt, my maidens ; whither flee ye at the sight of a man ? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy ? That mortal breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phæacians, for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we live in the wash of the waves, the outermost of

men, and no other mortals are conversant with us. Nay, but this man is some helpless one come hither in his wanderings, whom now we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a little gift is dear. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river, where withal is a shelter from the winds."

So she spake, but they had halted and called each to the other, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down, as Nausicaa bade them, the daughter of Alcinoüs, high of heart. Beside him they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the golden cruse, and bade him wash in the streams of the river. Then goodly Odysseus spake among the maidens, saying: "I pray you stand thus apart, while I myself wash the brine from my shoulders, and anoint me with olive oil, for truly oil is long a stranger to my skin. But in your sight I will not bathe, for I am ashamed to make me naked in the company of fair-tressed maidens."

Then they went apart and told all to their lady. But with the river water the goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the salt scurf that covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the crusted brine of the barren sea. But when he had washed his whole body, and anointed him with olive oil, and had clad himself in the raiment that the unwedded maiden gave him, then Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him greater and more mighty to behold, and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower. And as when some skillful man overlays gold upon silver—one that Hephestus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is his handiwork—even so did Athene shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat down, glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess marveled at him, and spake among her fair-tressed maidens, saying:—

"Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus hath this man come among the godlike Phæacians. Erewhile he seemed to me uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heaven. Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide! But come, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink."

Thus she spake, and they gave ready ear and hearkened, and set beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

IV.

Now Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folded the raiment and stored it in the goodly wain, and yoked the mules strong of hoof, and herself climbed into the car. Then she called on Odysseus, and spake and hailed him : " Up now, stranger, and rouse thee to go to the city, that I may convey thee to the house of my wise father, where, I promise thee, thou shalt get knowledge of all the noblest of the Phæacians. But do thou even as I tell thee, and thou seemest a discreet man enough. So long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way. But when we set foot within the city,—whereby goes a high wall with towers, and there is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is the entrance, and curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mole, for all the folk have stations for their vessels, each man one for himself. And there is the place of assembly about the goodly temple of Poseidon, furnished with heavy stones, deep bedded in the earth. There men look to the gear of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they fine down the oars. For the Phæacians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and gallant barks, wherein rejoicing they cross the gray sea. Their ungracious speech it is that I would avoid, lest some man afterward rebuke me, and there are but too many insolent folk among the people. And some one of the baser sort might meet me and say : ' Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger ? Where found she him ? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men,—for no men dwell near us ; or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer ; from heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore. Better so, if herself she has ranged abroad and found a lord from a strange land, for verily she holds in no regard the Phæacians here in this country, the many men and noble who are her wooers.' So will they speak, and this would turn to my reproach. Yea, and I myself would think it blame of another maiden who did such things in despite

of her friends, her father and mother being still alive, and was conversant with men before the day of open wedlock. But, stranger, heed well what I say, that as soon as may be thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Thou shalt find a fair grove of Athene, a poplar grove near the road, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There is my father's demesne, and his fruitful close, within the sound of a man's shout from the city. Sit thee down there and wait until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached the house of my father. But when thou deemest that we are got to the palace, then go up to the city of the Phæacians, and ask for the house of my father Alcinous, high of heart. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy guide, for nowise like it are builded the houses of the Phæacians, so goodly is the palace of the hero Alcinous. But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal. Pass thou by him, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If but her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-builded house, and to thine own country."

She spake, and smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they trotted and well they paced, and she took heed to drive in such wise that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and cunningly she plied the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the famous grove, the sacred place of Athene; so there the goodly Odysseus sat him down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: "Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the ægis, unwearied maiden; hear me even now, since before thou heardest not when I was smitten on the sea, when the renowned Earth Shaker smote me. Grant me to come to the Phæacians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

So he spake in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him; but she did not yet appear to him face to face, for she had regard

unto her father's brother, who furiously raged against the god-like *Odysseus*, till he should come to his own country.

V.

So he prayed there, the steadfast goodly *Odysseus*, while the two strong mules bare the princess to the town. And when she had now come to the famous palace of her father, she halted at the gateway, and round her gathered her brothers, men like to the immortals, and they loosed the mules from under the car, and carried the raiment within. But the maiden betook her to her chamber; and an aged dame from *Aperæa* kindled the fire for her, *Eurymedusa*, the handmaid of the chamber, whom the curved ships upon a time had brought from *Aperæa*; and men chose her as a prize for *Alcinous*, seeing that he bare rule over all the *Phæacians*, and the people hearkened to him as to a god. She waited on the white-armed *Nausicaa* in the palace halls; she was wont to kindle the fire and prepare the supper in the inner chamber.

At that same hour *Odysseus* roused him to go to the city, and *Athene* shed a deep mist about *Odysseus* for the favor that she bare him, lest any of the *Phæacians*, high of heart, should meet him and mock him in sharp speech, and ask him who he was. But when he was now about to enter the pleasant city, then the goddess, gray-eyed *Athene*, met him, in the fashion of a young maiden carrying a pitcher, and she stood over against him, and goodly *Odysseus* inquired of her:—

“My child, couldst thou not lead me to the palace of the lord *Alcinous*, who bears sway among this people? Lo, I am come here, a stranger travel worn from afar, from a distant land; wherefore of the folk who possess this city and country I know not any man.”

Then the goddess, gray-eyed *Athene*, answered him, saying: “Yea now, father and stranger, I will show thee the house that thou bidst me declare, for it lies near the palace of my noble father; behold, be silent as thou goest, and I will lead the way. And look on no man, nor question any. For these men do not gladly suffer strangers, nor lovingly entreat whose cometh from a strange land. They trust to the speed of their swift ships, wherewith they cross the great gulf, for the Earth Shaker hath vouchsafed them this power. Their ships are swift as the flight of a bird, or as a thought.”

Therewith Pallas Athene led the way swiftly, and he followed hard in the footsteps of the goddess. And it came to pass that the Phæacians, mariners renowned, marked him not as he went down the city through their midst, for the fair-tressed Athene suffered it not, that awful goddess, who shed a wondrous mist about him, for the favor that she bare him in her heart. And Odysseus marveled at the havens and the gallant ships, yea and the places of assembly of the heroes, and the long high walls crowned with palisades, a marvel to behold. But when they had now come to the famous palace of the king, the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake first and said : —

“Lo, here, father and stranger, is the house that thou wouldst have me show thee : and thou shalt find kings at the feast, the fosterlings of Zeus ; enter then, and fear not in thine heart, for the dauntless man is the best in every adventure, even though he come from a strange land. Thou shalt find the queen first in the halls : Arete is the name whereby men call her, and she came even of those that begat the king Alcinous. First Nausithous was son of Poseidon, the Earth Shaker, and of Peribœa, the comeliest of women, youngest daughter of great-hearted Eurymedon, who once was king among the haughty Giants. Howbeit, he destroyed his infatuate people, and was himself destroyed ; but Poseidon lay with Peribœa and begat a son, proud Nausithous, who sometime was prince among the Phæacians ; and Nausithous begat Rhexenor and Alcinous. While Rhexenor had as yet no son, Apollo of the silver bow smote him, a groom new wed, leaving in his halls one only child Arete ; and Alcinous took her to wife, and honored her as no other woman in the world is honored, of all that nowadays keep house under the hand of their lords. Thus she hath, and hath ever had, all worship heartily from her dear children and from her lord Alcinous and from all the folk, who look on her as on a goddess, and greet her with reverend speech, when she goes about the town. Yea, for she too hath no lack of understanding. To whomso she shows favor, even if they be men, she ends their feuds. If but her heart be kindly disposed to thee, then is there good hope that thou mayest see thy friends, and come to thy high-roofed home and thine own country.”

VI.

Therewith gray-eyed Athene departed over the unharvested seas, and left pleasant Scheria, and came to Marathon and wide-wayed Athens, and entered the good house of Erechtheus. Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there or ever he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of great-hearted Alcinous. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the doorposts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hound, and silver, which Hephestus wrought by his cunning, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous, being free from death and age all their days. And within were seats arrayed against the wall this way and that, from the threshold even to the inmost chamber, and thereon were spread light coverings finely woven, the handiwork of women. There the Phæacian chieftains were wont to sit eating and drinking, for they had continual store. Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace. And he had fifty handmaids in the house, and some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs and turn the yarn as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar tree : and the soft olive oil drops off that linen, so closely is it woven. For as the Phæacian men are skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship upon the deep, even so are the women the most cunning at the loom, for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork and cunning wit. And without the courtyard hard by the door is a great garden, of four plowgates, and a hedge runs round on either side. And there grow tall trees blossoming, pear trees and pomegranates, and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth, neither faileth, winter or summer, enduring through all the year. Evermore the West Wind blowing brings some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea and cluster ripens upon

cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There too hath he a fruitful vineyard planted, whereof the one part is being dried by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground, while other grapes men are gathering, and yet others they are treading in the wine press. In the foremost row are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black to vintaging. There too, skirting the furthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are perpetually fresh, and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard, and issues by the lofty house, and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

VII.

There the steadfast goodly Odysseus stood and gazed. But when he had gazed at all and wondered, he passed quickly over the threshold within the house. And he found the captains and the counselors of the Phæacians pouring forth wine to the keen-sighted god, the slayer of Argos ; for to him they poured the last cup when they were minded to take rest. Now the steadfast goodly Odysseus went through the house, clad in a thick mist, which Athene shed around him, till he came to Arete and the king Alcinous. And Odysseus cast his hands about the knees of Arete, and then it was that the wondrous mist melted from off him, and a silence fell on them that were within the house at the sight of him, and they marveled as they beheld him. Then Odysseus began his prayer : —

“Arete, daughter of godlike Rhexenor, after many toils am I come to thy husband and to thy knees and to these guests, and may the gods vouchsafe them a happy life, and may each one leave to his children after him his substance in his halls and whatever dues of honor the people have rendered unto him. But speed, I pray you, my parting right quickly, that I may come to mine own country, for already too long do I suffer affliction far from my friends.”

Therewith he sat him down by the hearth in the ashes at the fire, and behold, a dead silence fell on all. And at the last the ancient lord Echeneus spake among them, an elder of the Phæacians, excellent in speech and skilled in much wisdom of

old time. With good will he made harangue and spake among them : —

“Alcinous, this truly is not the more seemly way, nor is it fitting that the stranger should sit upon the ground in the ashes by the hearth, while these men refrain them, waiting thy word. Nay come, bid the stranger arise, and set him on a chair inlaid with silver, and command the henchmen to mix the wine, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants. And let the housewife give supper to the stranger out of such stores as be within.”

Now when the mighty king Alcinous heard this saying, he took Odysseus, the wise and crafty, by the hand, and raised him from the hearth, and set him on a shining chair, whence he bade his son give place, valiant Laodamas, who sat next him and was his dearest. And a handmaid bare water for the hands in a goodly golden ewer, and poured it forth over a silver basin to wash withal, and drew to his side a polished table. And a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by him and laid upon the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had by her. So the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink ; and then the mighty king Alcinous spake unto the henchman : —

“Pontonous, mix the bowl and serve out the wine to all in the hall, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants.”

So spake he, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine, and served it out to all, when he had poured for libation into each cup in turn.

VIII.

Thus they spake one to the other. And white-armed Arete bade her handmaids set out bedsteads beneath the corridor, and cast fair purple blankets over them, and spread coverlets above, and thereon lay thick mantles to be a clothing over all. So they went from the hall with torch in hand. But when they had busied them and spread the good bedstead, they stood by Odysseus and called unto him, saying : —

“Up now, stranger, and get thee to sleep, thy bed is made.”

So spake they, and it seemed to him that rest was wondrous good. So he slept there, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, on the jointed bedstead, beneath the echoing corridor. But Alcinous

laid him down in the innermost chamber of the high house, and by him the lady his wife arrayed bedstead and bedding.

Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then the mighty king Alcinous gat him up from his bed; and Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, likewise uprose, the waster of cities. And the mighty king Alcinous led the way to the assembly place of the Phæacians, which they had stablished hard by the ships. So when they had come thither, and sat them down on the polished stones close by each other, Pallas Athene went on her way through the town, in the semblance of the herald of wise Alcinous, devising a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. Then standing by each man she spake, saying:—

“Hither now get ye to the assembly, ye captains and counselors of the Phæacians, that ye may learn concerning the stranger, who hath lately come to the palace of wise Alcinous, in his wanderings over the deep, and his form is like the deathless gods.”

Therewith she aroused the spirit and desire of each one, and speedily the meeting places and seats were filled with men that came to the gathering: yea, and many an one marveled at the sight of the wise son of Laertes, for wondrous was the grace Athene poured upon his head and shoulders, and she made him greater and more mighty to behold, that he might win love and worship and honor among all the Phæacians, and that he might accomplish many feats, wherein the Phæacians made trial of Odysseus. Now when they were gathered and come together, Alcinous made harangue and spake among them:—

“Hearken, ye captains and counselors of the Phæacians, and I will say that which my spirit within me bids me utter. This stranger, I know not who he is, hath come to my house in his wandering, whether from the men of the dawning or the westward, and he presses for a convoy, and prays that it be assured to him. So let us, as in time past, speed on the convoy. For never, nay never, doth any man who cometh to my house, abide here long in sorrow for want of help upon his way. Nay, come let us draw down a black ship to the fair salt sea, for her first voyage, and let them choose fifty and two noble youths throughout the township, who have been proved heretofore the best. And when ye have made fast the oars upon the benches, step all ashore, and thereafter come to our house, and quickly fall to feasting; and I will make good provision for all. To the noble youths I give this commandment;

but ye others, sceptered kings, come to my fair dwelling, that we may entertain the stranger in the halls, and let no man make excuse. Moreover, bid hither the divine minstrel, Demodocus, for the god hath given minstrelsy to him as to none other, to make men glad in what way soever his spirit stirs him to sing."

He spake and led the way, and the sceptered kings accompanied him, while the henchman went for the divine minstrel. And chosen youths, fifty and two, departed at his command, to the shore of the unharvested sea. But after they had gone down to the ship and to the sea, first of all they drew the ship down to the deep water, and placed the mast and sails in the black ship, and fixed the oars in leathern loops, all orderly, and spread forth the white sails. And they moored her high out in the shore water, and thereafter went on their way to the great palace of the wise Alcinous. Now the corridors and the courts and the rooms were thronged with men that came to the gathering, for there were many, young and old. Then Alcinous sacrificed twelve sheep among them, and eight boars with flashing tusks, and two oxen with trailing feet. These they flayed and made ready, and dressed a goodly feast.

IX.

Then the henchman drew near, leading with him the beloved minstrel, whom the muse loved dearly, and she gave him both good and evil; of his sight she reft him, but granted him sweet song. Then Pontonous, the henchman, set for him a high chair inlaid with silver, in the midst of the guests, leaning it against the tall pillar, and he hung the loud lyre on a pin, close above his head, and showed him how to lay his hands on it. And close by him he placed a basket, and a fair table, and a goblet of wine by his side, to drink when his spirit bade him. So they stretched forth their hands upon the good cheer spread before them. But after they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, the muse stirred the minstrel to sing the songs of famous men, even that lay whereof the fame had then reached the wide heaven, namely, the quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles, son of Peleus; how once on a time they contended in fierce words at a rich festival of the gods, but Agamemnon, king of men, was inly glad when the noblest of the Achæans fell at variance. For so Phœbus Apollo in his sooth-

saying had told him that it must be, in goodly Pytho, what time he crossed the threshold of stone, to seek to the oracle. For in those days the first wave of woe was rolling on Trojans and Danaans through the counsel of great Zeus.

This song it was that the famous minstrel sang; but Odysseus caught his great purple cloak with his stalwart hands, and drew it down over his head, and hid his comely face, for he was ashamed to shed tears beneath his brows in presence of the Phæacians. Yea, and oft as the divine minstrel paused in his song, Odysseus would wipe away the tears, and draw the cloak from off his head, and take the double goblet and pour forth before the gods. But whensoever he began again, and the chiefs of the Phæacians stirred him to sing, in delight at the lay, again would Odysseus cover up his head and make moan. Now none of all the company marked him weeping, but Alcinous alone noted it and was ware thereof as he sat by him and heard him groaning heavily. And presently he spake among the Phæacians, masters of the oar:—

“Hearken, ye captains and counselors of the Phæacians, now have our souls been satisfied with the good feast, and with the lyre, which is the mate of the rich banquet. Let us go forth anon, and make trial of divers games, that the stranger may tell his friends, when home he returneth, how greatly we excel all men in boxing, and wrestling, and leaping, and speed of foot.”

He spake, and led the way, and they went with him. And the henchman hung the loud lyre on the pin, and took the hand of Demodocus, and led him forth from the hall, and guided him by the same way whereby those others, the chiefs of the Phæacians, had gone to gaze upon the games. So they went on their way to the place of assembly, and with them a great company innumerable; and many a noble youth stood up to play. There rose Acronæus, and Ocyalus, and Elatreus, and Nauteus, and Prynneus, and Anchialus, and Eretmeus, and Ponteus, and Proræus, Thoon, and Anabesineus, and Amphialus, son of Polyneus, son of Tekton, and likewise Euryalus, the peer of murderous Ares, the son of Naubolus, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Phæacians next to noble Laodamas. And there stood up the three sons of noble Alcinous, Laodamas, and Halius, and godlike Clytoneus. And behold, these all first tried the issue in the foot race. From the very start they strained at utmost speed: and all together they flew

forward swiftly, raising the dust along the plain. And noble Clytoneus was far the swiftest of them all in running, and by the length of the furrow that mules cleave in a fallow field, so far did he shoot to the front, and came to the crowd by the lists, while those other were left behind. Then they made trial of strong wrestling, and here in turn Euryalus excelled all the best. And in leaping Amphialus was far the foremost, and Elatreus in weight throwing, and in boxing Laodamas, the good son of Alcinous. Now when they had all taken their pleasure in the games, Laodamas, son of Alcinous, spake among them : —

“Come, my friends, let us ask the stranger whether he is skilled or practiced in any sport. Ill fashioned, at least, he is not in his thighs and sinewy legs and hands withal, and his stalwart neck and mighty strength : yea and he lacks not youth, but is crushed by many troubles. For I tell thee there is naught else worse than the sea to confound a man, how hardy soever he may be.”

And Euryalus in turn made answer, and said : “Laodamas, verily thou hast spoken this word in season. Go now thyself and challenge him, and declare thy saying.”

Now when the good son of Alcinous heard this, he went and stood in the midst, and spake unto Odysseus : “Come, do thou too, father and stranger, try thy skill in the sports, if haply thou art practiced in any ; and thou art like to have knowledge of games, for there is no greater glory for a man while yet he lives, than that which he achieves by hand and foot. Come, then, make essay, and cast away care from thy soul : thy journey shall not now be long delayed ; lo, thy ship is even now drawn down to the sea, and the men of thy company are ready.”

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying : “Laodamas, wherefore do ye mock me, requiring this thing of me ? Sorrow is far nearer my heart than sports, for much have I endured and labored sorely in time past, and now I sit in this your gathering, craving my return, and making my prayer to the king and all the people.”

And Euryalus answered, and rebuked him to his face : “No, truly, stranger, nor do I think thee at all like one that is skilled in games, whereof there are many among men ; rather art thou such an one as comes and goes in a benched ship, a master of sailors that are merchantmen, one with a memory for his freight,

or that hath the charge of a cargo homeward bound, and of greedily gotten gains; thou seemest not a man of thy hands."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked askance and spake unto him: "Stranger, thou hast not spoken well; thou art like a man presumptuous. So true it is that the gods do not give every gracious gift to all, neither shapeliness, nor wisdom, nor skilled speech. For one man is feebler than another in presence, yet the god crowns his words with beauty, and men behold him and rejoice, and his speech runs surely on his way with a sweet modesty, and he shines forth among the gathering of his people, and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god. Another again is like the deathless gods for beauty, but his words have no crown of grace about them; even as thou art in comeliness preëminent, nor could a god himself fashion thee for the better, but in wit thou art a weakling. Yea, thou hast stirred my spirit in my breast by speaking thus amiss. I am not all unversed in sports, as thy words go, but methinks I was among the foremost while as yet I trusted in my youth and my hands, but now am I holden in misery and pains: for I have endured much in passing through the wars of men and the grievous waves of the sea. Yet even so, for all my affliction, I will essay the games, for thy word hath bitten to the quick, and thou hast roused me with thy saying."

He spake, and clad even as he was in his mantle leaped to his feet, and caught up a weight larger than the rest, a huge weight heavier far than those wherewith the Phæacians contended in casting. With one whirl he sent it from his stout hand, and the stone flew hurtling: and the Phæacians, of the long oars, those mariners renowned, crouched to earth beneath the rushing of the stone. Beyond all the marks it flew, so lightly it sped from his hand, and Athene in the fashion of a man marked the place, and spake and hailed him:—

"Yea, even a blind man, stranger, might discern that token if he groped for it, for it is in no wise lost among the throng of the others, but is far the first; for this bout then take heart: not one of the Phæacians shall attain thereunto or overpass it."

So spake she; and the steadfast goodly Odysseus rejoiced and was glad, for that he saw a true friend in the lists.

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X.

Then Alcinous bade Halius and Laodamas dance alone, for none ever contended with them. So when they had taken in their hands the goodly ball of purple hue, that cunning Polybus had wrought for them, the one would bend backwards, and throw it towards the shadowy clouds; and the other would leap upward from the earth, and catch it lightly in his turn, before his feet touched the ground. Now after they had made trial of throwing the ball straight up, the twain set to dance upon the bounteous earth, tossing the ball from hand to hand, and the other youths stood by the lists and beat time, and a great din uprose.

Then it was that goodly Odysseus spake unto Alcinous: "My lord Alcinous, most notable among all the people, thou didst boast thy dancers to be the best in the world, and lo, thy words are fulfilled; I wonder as I look on them."

So spake he, and the mighty king Alcinous rejoiced and spake at once among the Phæacians, masters of the oar: —

"Hearken ye, captains and counselors of the Phæacians, this stranger seems to me a wise man enough. Come then, let us give him a stranger's gift, as is meet. Behold, there are twelve glorious princes who rule among this people and bear sway, and I myself am the thirteenth. Now each man among you bring a fresh robe and a doublet, and a talent of fine gold, and let us speedily carry all these gifts together, that the stranger may take them in his hands, and go to supper with a glad heart. As for Euryalus let him yield amends to the man himself with soft speech and with a gift, for his was no gentle saying."

So spake he, and they all assented thereto, and would have it so. And each one sent forth his henchman to fetch his gift, and Euryalus answered the king and spake, saying: —

"My lord Alcinous, most notable among all the people, I will make atonement to thy guest according to thy word. I will give him a hanger all of bronze, with a silver hilt thereto, and a sheath of fresh-sawn ivory covers it about, and it shall be to him a thing of price."

Therewith he puts into his hands the hanger dight with silver, and uttering his voice spake to him winged words: "Hail, stranger and father; and if aught grievous hath been spoken, may the stormwinds soon snatch and bear it away.

But may the gods grant thee to see thy wife and to come to thine own country, for all too long hast thou endured affliction away from thy friends."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "Thou too, my friend, all hail; and may the gods vouchsafe thee happiness, and mayst thou never miss this sword which thou hast given me, thou that with soft speech hast yielded me amends."

He spake and hung about his shoulders the silver-studded sword. And the sun sank, and the noble gifts were brought him. Then the proud henchmen bare them to the palace of Alcinous, and the sons of noble Alcinous took the fair gifts, and set them by their reverend mother. And the mighty king Alcinous led the way, and they came in and sat them down on the high seats. And the mighty Alcinous spake unto Arete:

"Bring me hither, my lady, a choice coffer, the best thou hast, and thyself place therein a fresh robe and a doublet, and heat for our guest a caldron on the fire, and warm water, that after the bath the stranger may see all the gifts duly arrayed which the noble Phæacians bare hither, and that he may have joy in the feast, and in hearing the song of the minstrelsy. Also I will give him a beautiful golden chalice of mine own, that he may be mindful of me all the days of his life when he poureth the drink offering to Zeus and to the other gods."

So spake he, and Arete bade her handmaids to set a great caldron on the fire with what speed they might. And they set the caldron for the filling of the bath on the blazing fire, and poured water therein, and took fagots and kindled them beneath. So the fire began to circle round the belly of the caldron, and the water waxed hot. Meanwhile Arete brought forth for her guest the beautiful coffer from the treasure chamber, and bestowed fair gifts therein, raiment and gold, which the Phæacians gave him. And with her own hands she placed therein a robe and goodly doublet, and uttering her voice spake to him winged words:—

"Do thou now look to the lid, and quickly tie the knot, lest any man spoil thy goods by the way, when presently thou fallest on sweet sleep traveling in thy black ship."

Now when the steadfast goodly Odysseus heard this saying, forthwith he fixed on the lid, and quickly tied the curious knot, which the lady Circe on a time had taught him. Then straightway the housewife bade him go to the bath and bathe him; and he saw the warm water and was glad, for he was not wont

to be so cared for, from the day that he left the house of fair-tressed Calypso, but all that while he had comfort continually as a god.

Now after the maids had bathed him and anointed him with olive oil, and had cast a fair mantle and a doublet upon him, he stept forth from the bath, and went to be with the chiefs at their wine. And Nausicaa, dowered with beauty by the gods, stood by the doorpost of the well-built hall, and marveled at Odysseus, beholding him before her eyes, and she uttered her voice and spake to him winged words:—

“Farewell, stranger, and even in thine own country bethink thee of me upon a time, for that to me first thou owest the ransom of life.”

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: “Nausicaa, daughter of great-hearted Alcinous, yea, may Zeus, the thunderer, the lord of Here, grant me to reach my home and see the day of my returning; so would I, even there, do thee worship as to a god, all my days for evermore, for thou, lady, hast given me my life.”

He spake and sat him in the high seat by king Alcinous. And now they were serving out the portions and mixing the wine. Then the henchman drew nigh leading the sweet minstrel, Demodocus, that was had in honor of the people. So he set him in the midst of the feasters, and made him lean against a tall column. Then to the henchman spake Odysseus of many counsels, for he had cut off a portion of the chine of a white-toothed boar, whereon yet more was left, with rich fat on either side:—

“Lo, henchman, take this mess, and hand it to Demodocus, that he may eat, and I will bid him hail, despite my sorrow. For minstrels of all men on earth get their meed of honor and worship; inasmuch as the muse teacheth them the paths of song, and loveth the tribe of minstrels.”

XI.

So spake he, and dead silence fell on all, and they were spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Thereupon Alcinous answered him, and spake, saying:—

“Odysseus, now that thou hast come to my high house with floor of bronze, never, methinks, shalt thou be driven from thy way ere thou returnest, though thou hast been sore afflicted. And for each man among you, that in these halls of mine drink

evermore the dark wine of the elders, and hearken to the minstrel, this is my word and command. Garments for the stranger are already laid up in a polished coffer, with gold curiously wrought, and all other such gifts as the counselors of the Phæacians bare hither. Come now, let us each of us give him a great tripod and a caldron, and we in turn will gather goods among the people and get us recompense; for it were hard that one man should give without return."

So spake Alcinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then they went each one to his house to lay him down to rest; but so soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, they hasted to the ship and bare the bronze, the joy of men. And the mighty king Alcinous himself went about the ship and diligently bestowed the gifts beneath the benches, that they might not hinder any of the crew in their rowing, when they labored at their oars. Then they betook them to the house of Alcinous and fell to feasting. And the mighty king Alcinous sacrificed before them an ox to Zeus, the son of Cronos, that dwells in the dark clouds, who is lord of all. And when they had burnt the pieces of the thighs, they shared the glorious feast and made merry, and among them harped the divine minstrel Demodocus, whom the people honored. But Odysseus would ever turn his head toward the splendor of the sun, being fain to hasten his setting: for verily he was most eager to return. And as when a man longs for his supper, for whom all day long two dark oxen drag through the fallow field the jointed plow, yea and welcome to such an one the sunlight sinketh, that so he may get him to supper, for his knees wax faint by the way, even so welcome was the sinking of the sunlight to Odysseus. Then straight he spake among the Phæacians, masters of the oar, and to Alcinous in chief he made known his word, saying:—

"My lord Alcinous, most notable of all the people, pour ye the drink offering, and send me safe upon my way, and as for you, fare ye well. For now have I all that my heart desired, an escort and loving gifts. May the gods of heaven give me good fortune with them, and may I find my noble wife in my home with my friends unharmed, while ye, for your part, abide here and make glad your gentle wives and children; and may the gods vouchsafe all manner of good, and may no evil come nigh the people!"

So spake he, and they all consented thereto and bade send the stranger on his way, in that he had spoken aright. Then

the mighty king Alcinous spake to the henchman : " Pontonous, mix the bowl and serve out the wine to all in the hall, that we may pray to Father Zeus, and send the stranger on his way to his own country."

So spake he, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine, and served it to all in turn. And they poured forth before the blessed gods that keep wide heaven, even there as they sat. Then goodly Odysseus uprose, and placed in Arete's hand the double cup, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words : —

" Fare thee well, O queen, all the days of thy life, till old age come and death, that visit all mankind. But I go homeward, and do thou in this thy house rejoice in thy children and thy people and Alcinous the king."

Therewith goodly Odysseus stept over the threshold. And with him the mighty Alcinous sent forth a henchman to guide him to the swift ship and the sea banks. And Arete sent in his train certain maidens of her household, one bearing a fresh robe and a doublet, and another she joined to them to carry the strong coffer, and yet another bare bread and red wine. Now when they had come down to the ship and to the sea, straightway the good men of the escort took these things and laid them by in the hollow ship, even all the meat and drink. Then they strewed for Odysseus a rug and a sheet of linen, on the decks of the hollow ship in the hinder part thereof, that he might sleep sound. Then he too climbed aboard and laid him down in silence, while they sat upon the benches, every man in order, and unbound the hawser from the pierced stone. So soon as they leant backwards and tossed the sea water with the oar blade, a deep sleep fell upon his eyelids, a sound sleep, very sweet, and next akin to death. And even as on a plain a yoke of four stallions comes springing all together beneath the lash, leaping high and speedily accomplishing the way, so leaped the stern of that ship, and the dark wave of the sounding sea rushed mightily in the wake, and she ran ever surely on her way, nor could a circling hawk keep pace with her, of winged things the swiftest. Even thus she lightly sped and cleft the waves of the sea, bearing a man whose counsel was as the counsel of the gods, one that erewhile had suffered much sorrow of heart, in passing through the wars of men, and the grievous waves ; but for that time he slept in peace, forgetful of all that he had suffered,

XII.

So when the star came up, that is brightest of all, and goes ever heralding the light of early Dawn, even then did the seafaring ship draw nigh the island. There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phœreys, the ancient one of the sea, and thereby are two headlands of sheer cliff, which slope to the sea on the haven's side and break the mighty wave that ill winds roll without, but within, the decked ships ride unmoored when once they have attained to that landing place. Now at the harbor's head is a long-leaved olive tree, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the nymphs, that are called the Naiads. And therein are mixing bowls and jars of stone, and there moreover do bees hive. And there are great looms of stone, whereon the nymphs weave raiment of purple stain, a marvel to behold, and therein are waters welling evermore. Two gates there are to the cave, the one set toward the North Wind whereby men may go down, but the portals toward the South pertain rather to the gods, whereby men may not enter: it is the way of the immortals.

Thither they, as having knowledge of that place, let drive their ship; and now the vessel in full course ran ashore, half her keel's length high; so well was she sped by the hands of the oarsmen. Then they alighted from the benched ship upon the land, and first they lifted Odysseus from out the hollow ship, all as he was in the sheet of linen and the bright rug, and laid him yet heavy with slumber on the sand. And they took forth the goods which the lordly Phæacians had given him on his homeward way by grace of the great-hearted Athene. These they set in a heap by the trunk of the olive tree, a little aside from the road, lest some wayfaring man, before Odysseus awakened, should come and spoil them. Then themselves departed homeward again.

* * * * *

Even then the goodly Odysseus awoke where he slept on his native land; nor knew he the same again, having now been long afar, for around him the goddess had shed a mist, even Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, to the end that she might make him undiscovered for that he was, and might expound to him all things, that so his wife should not know him, neither his townsmen and kinsfolk, ere the wooers had paid for all

their transgressions. Wherefore each thing showed strange to the lord of the land, the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom. So he started up, and stood and looked upon his native land, and then he made moan withal, and smote on both his thighs with the down stroke of his hands, and making lament, he spake, saying : —

“Oh, woe is me, unto what mortals’ land am I now come? Say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of a god-fearing mind? Whither shall I bear all this wealth? Yea where shall I myself go wandering? Oh! that it had abided with the Phaeacians where it was, and that I had gone to some other of the mighty princes, who would have entreated me kindly and sent me on my way. But now I know not where to bestow my treasure, and yet I will not leave it here behind, lest haply other men make spoil of it. Lo now, they were not wholly wise or just, the princes and counselors of the Phaeacians, who carried me to a strange land. Verily they promised to bring me to clear-seen Ithaca, but they performed it not. May Zeus requite them, the god of suppliants, seeing that he watches over all men and punishes the transgressor! But come, I will reckon up these goods and look to them, lest the men be gone, and have taken back of their gifts upon their hollow ship.”

Therewith he set to number the fair tripods and the caldrons and the gold and the goodly woven raiment; and of all these he lacked not aught, but he bewailed him for his own country, as he walked downcast by the shore of the sounding sea, and made sore lament. Then Athene came nigh him in the guise of a young man, the herdsman of a flock, a young man most delicate, such as are the sons of kings. And she had a well-wrought mantle that fell in two folds about her shoulders, and beneath her smooth feet she had sandals bound, and a javelin in her hands. And Odysseus rejoiced as he saw her, and came over against her, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words : —

“Friend, since thou art the first that I have chanced on in this land, hail to thee, and with no ill will mayest thou meet me! Nay, save this my substance and save me too, for to thee as to a god I make prayer, and to thy dear knees have I come. And herein tell me true, that I may surely know. What land, what people is this? what men dwell herein? Is it, perchance,

some clear-seen isle, or a shore of the rich mainland that lies and leans upon the deep?"

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake to him again: "Thou art witless, stranger, or thou art come from afar, if indeed thou askest of this land; nay, it is not so very nameless but that many men know it, both all those who dwell toward the dawning and the sun, and they that abide over against the light toward the shadowy west. Verily it is rough and not fit for the driving of horses, yet is it not a very sorry isle, though narrow withal. For herein is corn past telling, and herein too wine is found, and the rain is on it evermore, and the fresh dew. And it is good for feeding goats and feeding kine; all manner of wood is here, and watering places unfailing are herein. Wherefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca hath reached even unto Troy-land, which men say is far from this Achæan shore."

So spake she, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad, and had joy in his own country, according to the word of Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, lord of the ægis. And he uttered his voice and spake unto her winged words; yet he did not speak the truth, but wrested the word into guile, for he had a gainful and a nimble wit within his breast:—

"Of Ithaca have I heard tell, even in broad Crete, far over the seas; and now have I come hither myself with these my goods. And I left as much again to my children, when I turned outlaw for the slaying of the dear son of Idomeneus, Orsilochus, swift of foot, who in wide Crete was the swiftest of all men that live by bread. Now he would have despoiled me of all that booty of Troy, for the which I had endured pain of heart, in passing through the wars of men, and the grievous waves of the sea, for this cause that I would not do a favor to his father, and make me his squire in the land of the Trojans. but commanded other fellowship of mine own. So I smote him with a bronze-shod spear as he came home from the field, lying in ambush for him by the wayside, with one of my companions. And dark midnight held the heavens, and no man marked us, but privily I took his life away. Now after I had slain him with the sharp spear, straightway I went to a ship and besought the lordly Phœnicians, and gave them spoil to their hearts' desire. I charged them to take me on board, and land me at Pylos or at goodly Elis where the Epeans bear rule. Howbeit of a truth, the might of the wind drave them out of

their course, sore against their will, nor did they willfully play me false. Thence we were driven wandering, and came hither by night. And with much ado we rowed onward into harbor, nor took we any thought of supper, though we stood sore in need thereof, but even as we were we stept ashore and all lay down. Then over me there came sweet slumber in my weariness, but they took forth my goods from the hollow ship, and set them by me where I myself lay upon the sands. Then they went on board, and departed for the fair-lying land of Sidon; while as for me I was left stricken at heart."

So spake he, and the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, smiled, and caressed him with her hand; and straightway she changed to the semblance of a woman, fair and tall, and skilled in splendid handiwork. And uttering her voice she spake unto him winged words:—

"Crafty must he be and knavish, who would outdo thee in all manner of guile, even if it were a god encountered thee. Hardy man, subtle of wit, of guile insatiate, so thou wast not even in thine own country to cease from thy sleights and knavish words, which thou lovest from the bottom of thine heart! But come, no more let us tell of these things, being both of us practiced in deceits, for that thou art of all men far the first in counsel and in discourse, and I in the company of all the gods win renown for my wit and wile. Yet thou knewest not me, Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who am always by thee and guard thee in all adventures. Yea, and I made thee to be beloved of all the Phæacians. And now am I come hither to contrive a plot with thee and to hide away the goods, that by my counsel and design the noble Phæacians gave thee on thy homeward way. And I would tell thee how great a measure of trouble thou art ordained to fulfill within thy well-built house. But do thou harden thy heart, for so it must be, and tell none neither man nor woman of all the folk, that thou hast indeed returned from wandering, but in silence endure much sorrow, submitting thee to the despite of men."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "Hard is it, goddess, for a mortal man that meets thee to discern thee, howsoever wise he be; for thou takest upon thee every shape. But this I know well, that of old thou wast kindly to me, so long as we sons of the Achæans made war in Troy. But so soon as we had sacked the steep city of

Priam and had gone on board our ships, and the god had scattered the Achæans, thereafter I have never beheld thee, daughter of Zeus, nor seen thee coming on board my ship, to ward off sorrow from me. But I wandered evermore with a stricken heart, till the gods delivered me from my evil case, even till the day when, within the fat land of the men of Phæacia, thou didst comfort me with thy words, and thyself didst lead me to their city. And now I beseech thee in thy father's name to tell me : for I deem not that I am come to clear-seen Ithaca, but I roam over some other land, and methinks that thou speakest thus to mock me and beguile my mind. Tell me whether in very deed I am come to mine own dear country."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him : "Yea, such a thought as this is ever in thy breast. Wherefore I may in no wise leave thee in all thy grief, so wary art thou, so ready of wit and so prudent. Right gladly would any other man on his return from wandering have hastened to behold his children and his wife in his halls ; but thou hast no will to learn or to hear aught, till thou hast furthermore made trial of thy wife, who sits as ever in her halls, and wearily for her the nights wane always and the days, in shedding of tears. But of this I never doubted, but ever knew it in my heart that thou wouldest come home with the loss of all thy company. Yet, I tell thee, I had no mind to be at strife with Poseidon, my own father's brother, who laid up wrath in his heart against thee, being angered at the blinding of his dear son. But come, and I will show thee the place of the dwelling of Ithaca, that thou mayst be assured. Lo, here is the haven of Phorcys, the ancient one of the sea, and here at the haven's head is the olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by it is the pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the nymphs that are called the Naiads. Yonder, behold, is the roofed cavern, where thou offeredst many an acceptable sacrifice of hecatombs to the nymphs ; and lo, this hill is Neriton, all clothed in forest."

Therewith the goddess scattered the mist, and the land appeared. Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad, rejoicing in his own land, and he kissed the earth, the grain giver. And anon he prayed to the nymphs, and lifted up his hands, saying : —

"Ye Naiad nymphs, daughters of Zeus, never did I think to look on you again, but now be ye greeted in my loving

prayers : yea and gifts as aforetime I will give, if the daughter of Zeus, driver of the spoil, suffer me of her grace myself to live, and bring my dear son to manhood."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake to him again :
 "Be of good courage, and let not thy heart be careful about these things. But come, let us straightway set thy goods in the secret place of the wondrous cave, that there they may abide for thee safe. And let us for ourselves advise us how all may be for the very best."

Therewith the goddess plunged into the shadowy cave, searching out the chambers of the cavern. Meanwhile Odysseus brought up his treasure, the gold and the unyielding bronze and fair woven raiment, which the Phæacians gave him. And these things he laid by with care, and Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, lord of the ægis, set a stone against the door of the cave. Then they twain sat down by the trunk of the sacred olive tree, and devised death for the froward wooers.



GLAUCUS AND CIRCE.

By JOHN KEATS.

(From "Endymion.")

[JOHN KEATS : An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but the story is very difficult to follow, and is mainly a vehicle for luscious verbal music. Its promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. His highest flight was reached in the sublime "Hyperion," but he had no constructive imagination and let it drop after the first canto. He had enormous effect on the coming poets of his time, and Tennyson was his thoroughgoing disciple. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends" in 1891.]

ΑΗ, Scylla fair!

Why did poor Glaucus ever — ever dare
 To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger youth!
 I loved her to the very white of truth,
 And she would not conceive it. Timid thing!
 She fled me swift as sea bird on the wing,
 Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
 From where large Hercules wound up his story

Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
 The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
 Gleam delicately through the azure clear:
 Until 'twas too fierce agony to bear;
 And in that agony, across my grief
 It flashed, that Circe might find some relief—
 Cruel enchantress! So above the water
 I reared my head, and looked for Phœbus' daughter.
 Ææa's isle was wondering at the moon:—
 It seemed to whirl around me, and a swoon
 Left me dead drifting to that fatal power.

When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower;
 Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
 Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.
 How sweet, and sweeter! for I heard a lyre,
 And over it a sighing voice expire.
 It ceased—I caught light footsteps; and anon
 The fairest face that morn e'er looked upon
 Pushed through a screen of roses. Starry Jove!
 With tears, and smiles, and honey words she wove
 A net whose thralldom was more bliss than all
 The range of flowered Elysium. Thus did fall
 The dew of her rich speech:

“Ah! Art awake?

O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake!
 I am so oppressed with joy! Why, I have shed
 An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead;
 And now I find thee living, I will pour
 From these devoted eyes their silver store,
 Until exhausted of the latest drop,
 So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
 Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
 Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou art fond
 Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
 If thou art ripe to taste a long love dream;
 If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardor mute,
 Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
 O let me pluck it for thee.”

Thus she linked
 Her charming syllables, till indistinct
 Their music came to my o'er-sweetened soul;
 And then she hovered over me, and stole
 So near, that if no nearer it had been
 This furrowed visage thou hadst never seen.

Young man of Latmus! thus particular
 Am I, that thou may'st plainly see how far
 This fierce temptation went: and thou mayst not
 Exclaim, How then, was Scylla quite forgot?

Who could resist? Who in this universe?
 She did so breathe ambrosia; so immerse
 My fine existence in a golden clime.
 She took me like a child of suckling time,
 And cradled me in roses. Thus condemned,
 The current of my former life was stemmed,
 And to this arbitrary queen of sense
 I bowed a tranced vassal; nor would thence
 Have moved, even though Amphion's harp had wooed
 Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
 For as Apollo each eve doth devise
 A new appareling for western skies;
 So every eve, nay every spendthrift hour
 Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
 And I was free of haunts umbrageous;
 Could wander in the mazy forest house
 Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antlered deer,
 And birds from coverts innermost and drear
 Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow —
 To me new-born delights!

Now let me borrow,
 For moments few, a temperament as stern
 As Pluto's scepter, that my words not burn
 These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
 How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

One morn she left me sleeping: half awake
 I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
 My greedy thirst with nectarous camel draughts;
 But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
 Of disappointment stuck in me so sore
 That out I ran and searched the forest o'er.
 Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
 Damp awe assailed me; for there 'gan to boom
 A sound of moan, an agony of sound,
 Sepulchral from the distance all around.
 Then came a conquering earth thunder, and rumbled
 That fierce complain to silence: while I stumbled
 Down a precipitous path, as if impelled,
 I came to a dark valley.

Groanings swelled
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approached a flame's gaunt blue,
That glared before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitched me towards; and I soon was near
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear:
In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbor queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, groveling, serpentine,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom bag, and sting!
O such deformities! Old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so phantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Ofttimes upon the sudden she laughed out,
And from a basket emptied to the rout
Clusters of grapes, the which they ravened quick
And roared for more; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on't a black dull-gurgling phial:
Groaned one and all, as if some piercing trial
Was sharpening for their pitiable bones.
She lifted up the charm: appealing groans
From their poor breasts went suing to her ear
In vain; remorseless as an infant's bier
She whisked against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture pilgrimage;
Until their grieved bodies 'gan to bloat
And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat:
Then was appalling silence: then a sight
More wildering than all that hoarse affright;
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,
Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas, — and so vanished.
Yet there was not a breath of wind: she banished
These phantoms with a nod. Lo! from the dark
Come waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,

With dancing and loud revelry, — and went
 Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent. —
 Sighing, an elephant appeared and bowed
 Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
 In human accent: "Potent goddess! chief
 Of pains resistless! make my being brief,
 Or let me from this heavy prison fly:
 Or give me to the air, or let me die!
 I sue not for my happy crown again;
 I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
 I sue not for my lone, my widowed wife;
 I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
 My children fair, my lovely girls and boys!
 I will forget them; I will pass these joys;
 Ask naught so heavenward, so too — too high:
 Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
 Or be delivered from this cumbrous flesh,
 From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
 And merely given to the cold, bleak air.
 Have mercy, goddess! Circe, feel my prayer!"

That curst magician's name fell icy numb
 Upon my wild conjecturing: truth had come
 Naked and saberlike against my heart.
 I saw a fury whetting a death dart;
 And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
 Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
 Think, my deliverer, how desolate
 My waking must have been! disgust, and hate,
 And terrors manifold divided me
 A spoil amongst them. I prepared to flee
 Into the dungeon core of that wild wood:
 I fled three days — when lo! before me stood
 Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now,
 A clammy dew is bending on my brow,
 At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
 "Ha! ha! Sir Dainty! there must be a nurse
 Made of rose leaves and thistledown, express,
 To cradle thee, my sweet, and lull thee: yes,
 I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch:
 My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.
 So, fairy thing, it shall have lullabies
 Unheard of yet; and it shall still its cries
 Upon some breast more lily feminine.
 Oh, no — it shall not pine, and pine, and pine

More than one pretty, trifling thousand years;
 And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears
 Cut short its immortality. Sea flirt!
 Young dove of the waters! truly I'll not hurt
 One hair of thine: see how I weep and sigh,
 That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
 And must we part? Ah, yes, it must be so.
 Yet, ere thou leavest me in utter woe,
 Let me sob over thee my last adieus,
 And speak a blessing. Mark me! Thou hast thews
 Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race;
 But such a love is mine, that here I chase
 Eternally away from thee all bloom
 Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
 Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
 And there, ere many days be overpast,
 Disabled age shall seize thee; and even then
 Thou shalt not go the way of aged men;
 But live and wither, cripple and still breathe
 Ten hundred years; which gone, I then bequeath
 Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
 Adieu, sweet love, adieu!"

As shot stars fall,
 She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
 And poisoned was my spirit: despair sung
 A war song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
 A hand was at my shoulder to compel
 My sullen steps; another 'fore my eyes
 Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
 Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
 I found me; by my fresh, my native home.
 Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
 Came salutary as I waded in;
 And, with a blind, voluptuous rage, I gave
 Battle to the swollen billow ridge, and drave
 Large froth before me, while there yet remained
 Hale strength, nor from my bones all marrow drained.

Young lover, I must weep — such hellish spite
 With dry cheek who can tell? While thus my might
 Proving upon this element, dismayed,
 Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid;
 I looked — 'twas Scylla! Cursed, cursed Circe!
 O vulture witch, hast never heard of mercy?

Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
 But thou must nip this tender innocent
 Because I loved her? — Cold, O cold indeed
 Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
 The sea swell took her hair. Dead as she was
 I clung about her waist, nor ceased to pass
 Fleet as an arrow through unfathomed brine,
 Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
 Ribbed and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
 Headlong I darted; at one eager swirl
 Gained its bright portal, entered, and behold!
 'Twas vast, and desolate, and icy cold;
 And all around — But wherefore this to thee,
 Who, in few minutes more, thyself shalt see? —
 I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled.
 My fevered parchings up, my scathing dread
 Met palsy halfway; soon these limbs became
 Gaunt, withered, sapless, feeble, cramped, and lame.



THE STRAYED REVELER.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[For biographical sketch, see Principles of Homeric Translation.]

Scene: The Portico of Circe's Palace. Evening. Present: A YOUTH, CIRCE.

The Youth — Faster, faster,
 O Circe, Goddess,
 Let the wild, thronging train,
 The bright procession
 Of eddying forms,
 Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
 Down on me! thy right arm,
 Leaned up against the column there,
 Props thy soft cheek;
 Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
 The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
 I held but now.

Is it then evening
 So soon? I see, the night dews,
 Clustered in thick beads, dim
 The agate brooch stones
 On thy white shoulder;
 The cool night wind, too,
 Blows through the portico,
 Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
 Waves thy white robe!

Circe — Whence art thou, sleeper?

The Youth — When the white dawn first
 Through the rough fir planks
 Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
 Up at the valley head,
 Came breaking, Goddess!
 I sprang up, I threw round me
 My dappled fawn skin;
 Passing out, from the wet turf,
 Where they lay, by the hut door,
 I snatched up my vine crown, my fir staff,
 All drenched in dew —
 Came swift down to join
 The rout early gathered
 In the town, round the temple,
 Iacchus' white fane
 On yonder hill.

Quick I passed, following
 The woodcutters' cart track
 Down the dark valley; — I saw
 On my left, through the beeches,
 Thy palace, Goddess,
 Smokeless, empty!
 Trembling, I entered; beheld
 The court all silent,
 The lions sleeping,
 On the altar this bowl.
 I drank, Goddess!
 And sank down here, sleeping,
 On the steps of thy portico.

Circe — Foolish boy! Why tremblest thou?
 Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
 Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,

Through the delicate, flushed marble,
 The red, creaming liquor,
 Strown with dark seeds!
 Drink, then! I chide thee not,
 Deny thee not my bowl.
 Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so!
 Drink — drink again!

The Youth — Thanks, gracious one! —
 Ah, the sweet fumes again!
 More soft, ah me,
 More subtle-winding
 Than Pan's flute music!
 Faint — faint! Ah me,
 Again the sweet sleep!

Circe — Hist! Thou — within there!
 Come forth, Ulysses!
 Art tired with hunting?
 While we range the woodland,
 See what the day brings.

Ulysses — Ever new magic!
 Hast thou then lured hither,
 Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
 The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
 Iacchus' darling —
 Or some youth beloved of Pan,
 Of Pan and the Nymphs?
 That he sits, bending downward
 His white, delicate neck
 To the ivy-wreathed marge
 Of thy cup; the bright, glancing vine leaves
 That crown his hair,
 Falling forward, mingling
 With the dark ivy plants —
 His fawn skin, half untied,
 Smeared with red wine stains? Who is he,
 That he sits, overweighed
 By fumes of wine and sleep,
 So late, in thy portico?
 What youth, Goddess, — what guest
 Of Gods or mortals?

Circe — Hist! he wakes!
 I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
 Nay, ask him!

The Youth — Who speaks! Ah, who comes forth
 To thy side, Goddess, from within?
 How shall I name him?
 This spare, dark-featured,
 Quick-eyed stranger?
 Ah, and I see too
 His sailor's bonnet,
 His short coat, travel-tarnished,
 With one arm bare! —
 Art thou not he, whom fame
 This long time rumors
 The favored guest of Circe, brought by the waves?
 Art thou he, stranger?
 The wise Ulysses,
 Laertes' son?

Ulysses — I am Ulysses.
 And thou, too, sleeper?
 Thy voice is sweet.
 It may be thou hast followed
 Through the islands some divine bard,
 By age taught many things,
 Age and the Muses;
 And heard him delighting
 The chiefs and people
 In the banquet, and learned his songs,
 Of Gods and Heroes,
 Of war and arts,
 And peopled cities,
 Inland, or built
 By the gray sea — If so, then hail!
 I honor and welcome thee.

The Youth — The Gods are happy.
 They turn on all sides
 Their shining eyes,
 And see below them
 The earth and men.

 They see Tiresias
 Sitting, staff in hand,
 On the warm, grassy
 Asopus bank,
 His robe drawn over
 His old, sightless head,
 Revolving inly
 The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Reared proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moored to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting ; — round him,
Round his green harvest plot,
Flow the cool lake waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide stepp, unharnessing
His wheeled house at noon.
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers ; — all around
The boundless, waving grass plains stretch, thick-starred
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris flowers.
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal ; before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard fowl,
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil ; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds
Topped with rough-hewn,
Gray, rain-bleared statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasman stream ; — thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow

The ferryboat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm-harnessed by the mane; a chief,
With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them; but astern
The cowering merchants in long robes
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk bales and of balsam drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barred onyx stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor!
O prince, what pain!

They too can see
Tiresias; — but the Gods,
Who give them vision,
Added this law:
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorned white hairs;
Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthened
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion; — then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears

Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones; they feel
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alcmena's dreadful son
Ply his bow; — such a price
The Gods exact for song:
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake; — but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms
In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon harvest to the heart — They see
The Scythian; — but long frosts
Parch them in winter time on the bare stepp,
Till they too fade like grass; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
On the Oxus stream; — but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber horse have burst
Upon their caravan; or greedy kings,
In the walled cities the way passes through,
Crushed them with tolls; or fever airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes
Near harbor; — but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy;
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first
Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
Came, lolling in the sunshine,
From the dewy forest coverts,
This way, at noon.
Sitting by me, while his Fauns
Down at the water side
Sprinkled and smoothed
His drooping garland,
He told me these things.

Circe's Palace



But I, Ulysses,
 Sitting on the warm steps,
 Looking over the valley,
 All day long, have seen,
 Without pain, without labor,
 Sometimes a wild-haired Mænad —
 Sometimes a Faun with torches —
 And sometimes, for a moment,
 Passing through the dark stems
 Flowing-robed, the beloved,
 The desired, the divine,
 Beloved Iacchus.

Ah, cool night wind, tremulous stars!
 Ah, glimmering water,
 Fitful earth murmur,
 Dreaming woods!
 Ah, golden-haired, strangely smiling Goddess,
 And thou, proved, much enduring,
 Wave-tossed Wanderer!
 Who can stand still?
 Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me —
 The cup again!

Faster, faster,
 O Circe, Goddess,
 Let the wild, thronging train,
 The bright procession
 Of eddying forms,
 Sweep through my soul!

CIRCE'S PALACE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "The Marble Faun" (1860), "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first

series appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

SOME of you have heard, no doubt, of the wise King Ulysses, and how he went to the siege of Troy, and how, after the famous city was taken and burned, he spent ten long years in trying to get back again to his own little kingdom of Ithaca. At one time in the course of this weary voyage, he arrived at an island that looked very green and pleasant, but the name of which was unknown to him. For, only a little while before he came thither, he had met with a terrible hurricane, or rather a great many hurricanes at once, which drove his fleet of vessels into a strange part of the sea, where neither himself nor any of his mariners had ever sailed. This misfortune was entirely owing to the foolish curiosity of his shipmates, who, while Ulysses lay asleep, had untied some very bulky leathern bags, in which they supposed a valuable treasure to be concealed. But in each of these stout bags, King Æolus, the ruler of the winds, had tied up a tempest, and had given it to Ulysses to keep, in order that he might be sure of a favorable passage homeward to Ithaca; and when the strings were loosened, forth rushed the whistling blasts, like air out of a blown bladder, whitening the sea with foam, and scattering the vessels nobody could tell whither.

Immediately after escaping from this peril, a still greater one had befallen him. Scudding before the hurricane, he reached a place which, as he afterwards found, was called Læstrygonia, where some monstrous giants had eaten up many of his companions, and had sunk every one of his vessels, except that in which he himself sailed, by flinging great masses of rock at them, from the cliffs along the shore. After going through such troubles as these, you cannot wonder that King Ulysses was glad to moor his tempest-beaten bark in a quiet cove of the green island which I began with telling you about. But he had encountered so many dangers from giants, and one-eyed Cyclopes, and monsters of the sea and land, that he could not help dreading some mischief, even in this pleasant and seemingly solitary spot. For two days, therefore, the poor weather-worn voyagers kept quiet, and either stayed on board of their vessel, or merely crept along under cliffs that bordered the shore; and to keep themselves alive they dug shellfish out of

the sand, and sought for any little rill of fresh water that might be running towards the sea.

Before the two days were spent, they grew very weary of this kind of life; for the followers of King Ulysses, as you will find it important to remember, were terrible gormandizers, and pretty sure to grumble if they missed their regular meals, and their irregular ones besides. Their stock of provisions was quite exhausted, and even the shellfish began to get scarce, so that they had now to choose between starving to death or venturing into the interior of the island, where, perhaps, some huge three-headed dragon, or other horrible monster, had his den. Such misshapen creatures were very numerous in those days; and nobody ever expected to make a voyage, or take a journey, without running more or less risk of being devoured by them.

But King Ulysses was a bold man as well as a prudent one; and on the third morning he determined to discover what sort of a place the island was, and whether it were possible to obtain a supply of food for the hungry mouths of his companions. So, taking a spear in his hand, he clambered to the summit of a cliff, and gazed round about him. At a distance, towards the center of the island, he beheld the stately towers of what seemed to be a palace, built of snow-white marble, and rising in the midst of a grove of lofty trees. The thick branches of these trees stretched across the front of the edifice, and more than half concealed it, although, from the portion which he saw, Ulysses judged it to be spacious and exceedingly beautiful, and probably the residence of some great nobleman or prince. A blue smoke went curling up from the chimney, and was almost the pleasantest part of the spectacle to Ulysses. For, from the abundance of this smoke, it was reasonable to conclude that there was a good fire in the kitchen, and that, at dinner time, a plentiful banquet would be served up to the inhabitants of the palace, and to whatever guests might happen to drop in.

With so agreeable a prospect before him, Ulysses fancied that he could not do better than to go straight to the palace gate, and tell the master of it that there was a crew of poor shipwrecked mariners, not far off, who had eaten nothing for a day or two save a few clams and oysters, and would therefore be thankful for a little food. And the prince or nobleman must be a very stingy curmudgeon, to be sure, if, at least, when

his own dinner was over, he would not bid them welcome to the broken victuals from the table.

Pleasing himself with this idea, King Ulysses had made a few steps in the direction of the palace, when there was a great twittering and chirping from the branch of a neighboring tree. A moment afterwards, a bird came flying towards him, and hovered in the air, so as almost to brush his face with its wings. It was a very pretty little bird, with purple wings and body, and yellow legs, and a circle of golden feathers round its neck, and on its head a golden tuft, which looked like a king's crown in miniature. Ulysses tried to catch the bird. But it fluttered nimbly out of his reach, still chirping in a piteous tone, as if it could have told a lamentable story, had it only been gifted with human language. And when he attempted to drive it away, the bird flew no farther than the bough of the next tree, and again came fluttering about his head, with its doleful chirp, as soon as he showed a purpose of going forward.

"Have you anything to tell me, little bird?" asked Ulysses.

And he was ready to listen attentively to whatever the bird might communicate; for at the siege of Troy, and elsewhere, he had known such odd things to happen, that he would not have considered it much out of the common run had this little feathered creature talked as plainly as himself.

"Peep!" said the bird, "peep, peep, pe—weep!" And nothing else would it say, but only, "Peep, peep, pe—weep!" in a melancholy cadence, and over and over and over again. As often as Ulysses moved forward, however, the bird showed the greatest alarm, and did its best to drive him back, with the anxious flutter of its purple wings. Its unaccountable behavior made him conclude, at last, that the bird knew of some danger that awaited him, and which must needs be very terrible, beyond all question, since it moved even a little fowl to feel compassion for a human being. So he resolved, for the present, to return to the vessel, and tell his companions what he had seen.

This appeared to satisfy the bird. As soon as Ulysses turned back, it ran up the trunk of a tree, and began to pick insects out of the bark with its long, sharp bill; for it was a kind of woodpecker, you must know, and had to get its living in the same manner as other birds of that species. But every little while, as it pecked at the bark of the tree, the purple bird bethought itself of some secret sorrow, and repeated its plaintive note of "Peep, peep, pe—weep!"

On his way to the shore, Ulysses had the good luck to kill a large stag by thrusting his spear into its back. Taking it on his shoulders (for he was a remarkably strong man), he lugged it along with him, and flung it down before his hungry companions. I have already hinted to you what gormandizers some of the comrades of King Ulysses were. From what is related of them, I reckon that their favorite diet was pork, and that they had lived upon it until a good part of their physical substance was swine's flesh, and their tempers and dispositions were very much akin to the hog. A dish of venison, however, was no unacceptable meal to them, especially after feeding so long on oysters and clams. So, beholding the dead stag, they felt of its ribs in a knowing way, and lost no time in kindling a fire, of driftwood, to cook it. The rest of the day was spent in feasting, and if these enormous eaters got up from table at sunset, it was only because they could not scrape another morsel off the poor animal's bones.

The next morning their appetites were as sharp as ever. They looked at Ulysses, as if they expected him to clamber up the cliff again and come back with another fat deer upon his shoulders. Instead of setting out, however, he summoned the whole crew together, and told them it was in vain to hope that he could kill a stag every day for their dinner, and therefore it was advisable to think of some other mode of satisfying their hunger.

"Now," said he, "when I was on the cliff yesterday, I discovered that this island is inhabited. At a considerable distance from the shore stood a marble palace, which appeared to be very spacious, and had a great deal of smoke curling out of one of its chimneys."

"Aha!" muttered some of his companions, smacking their lips. "That smoke must have come from the kitchen fire. There was a good dinner on the spit; and no doubt there will be as good a one to-day."

"But," continued the wise Ulysses, "you must remember, my good friends, our misadventure in the cavern of one-eyed Polyphemus, the Cyclops! Instead of his ordinary milk diet, did he not eat up two of our comrades for his supper, and a couple more for breakfast, and two at his supper again? Methinks I see him yet, the hideous monster, scanning us with that great red eye, in the middle of his forehead, to single out the fattest. And then again only a few days ago, did we not

fall into the hands of the king of the Læstrygons, and those other horrible giants, his subjects, who devoured a great many more of us than are now left? To tell you the truth, if we go to yonder palace, there can be no question that we shall make our appearance at the dinner table; but whether seated as guests, or served up as food, is a point to be seriously considered."

"Either way," murmured some of the hungriest of the crew, "it will be better than starvation; particularly if one could be sure of being well fattened beforehand, and daintily cooked afterwards."

"That is a matter of taste," said King Ulysses, "and, for my own part, neither the most careful fattening nor the daintiest of cookery would reconcile me to being dished at last. My proposal is, therefore, that we divide ourselves into two equal parties, and ascertain, by drawing lots, which of the two shall go to the palace, and beg for food and assistance. If these can be obtained, all is well. If not, and if the inhabitants prove as inhospitable as Polyphemus, or the Læstrygons, then there will but half of us perish, and the remainder may set sail and escape."

As nobody objected to this scheme, Ulysses proceeded to count the whole band, and found that there were forty-six men including himself. He then numbered off twenty-two of them, and put Eurylochus (who was one of his chief officers, and second only to himself in sagacity) at their head. Ulysses took command of the remaining twenty-two men, in person. Then, taking off his helmet, he put two shells into it, on one of which was written, "Go," and on the other, "Stay." Another person now held the helmet, while Ulysses and Eurylochus drew out each a shell; and the word "Go" was found written on that which Eurylochus had drawn. In this manner, it was decided that Ulysses and his twenty-two men were to remain at the seaside until the other party should have found out what sort of treatment they might expect at the mysterious palace. As there was no help for it, Eurylochus immediately set forth at the head of his twenty-two followers, who went off in a very melancholy state of mind, leaving their friends in hardly better spirits than themselves.

No sooner had they clambered up the cliff, than they discerned the tall marble towers of the palace, ascending, as white as snow, out of the lovely green shadow of the trees which surrounded it. A gush of smoke came from a chimney in the rear

of the edifice. This vapor rose high in the air, and, meeting with a breeze, was wafted seaward, and made to pass over the heads of the hungry mariners. When people's appetites are keen, they have a very quick scent for anything savory in the wind.

"That smoke comes from the kitchen!" cried one of them, turning up his nose as high as he could, and snuffing eagerly. "And, as sure as I'm a half-starved vagabond, I smell roast meat in it."

"Pig, roast pig!" said another. "Ah, the dainty little porker! My mouth waters for him."

"Let us make haste," cried the others, "or we shall be too late for the good cheer!"

But scarcely had they made half a dozen steps from the edge of the cliff, when a bird came fluttering to meet them. It was the same pretty little bird, with the purple wings and body, the yellow legs, the golden collar round its neck, and the crownlike tuft upon its head, whose behavior had so much surprised Ulysses. It hovered about Eurylochus, and almost brushed his face with its wings.

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" chirped the bird.

So plaintively intelligent was the sound, that it seemed as if the little creature were going to break its heart with some mighty secret that it had to tell, and only this one poor note to tell it with.

"My pretty bird," said Eurylochus, — for he was a wary person, and let no token of harm escape his notice, — "my pretty bird, who sent you hither? And what is the message which you bring?"

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" replied the bird, very sorrowfully.

Then it flew towards the edge of the cliff, and looked round at them, as if exceedingly anxious that they should return whence they came. Eurylochus and a few of the others were inclined to turn back. They could not help suspecting that the purple bird must be aware of something mischievous that would befall them at the palace, and the knowledge of which affected its airy spirit with a human sympathy and sorrow. But the rest of the voyagers, snuffing up the smoke from the palace kitchen, ridiculed the idea of returning to the vessel. One of them (more brutal than his fellows, and the most notorious gormandizer in the whole crew) said such a cruel and

wicked thing, that I wonder the mere thought did not turn him into a wild beast in shape, as he already was in his nature.

"This troublesome and impertinent little fowl," said he, "would make a delicate tidbit to begin dinner with. Just one plump morsel, melting away between the teeth. If he comes within my reach, I'll catch him, and give him to the palace cook to be roasted on a skewer."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before the purple bird flew away, crying "Peep, peep, pe—weep," more dolorously than ever.

"That bird," remarked Eurylochus, "knows more than we do about what awaits us at the palace."

"Come on, then," cried his comrades, "and we'll soon know as much as he does."

The party, accordingly, went onward through the green and pleasant wood. Every little while they caught new glimpses of the marble palace, which looked more and more beautiful the nearer they approached it. They soon entered a broad pathway, which seemed to be very neatly kept, and which went winding along with streaks of sunshine falling across it, and specks of light quivering among the deepest shadows that fell from the lofty trees. It was bordered, too, with a great many sweet-smelling flowers, such as the mariners had never seen before. So rich and beautiful they were, that, if the shrubs grew wild here, and were native in the soil, then this island was surely the flower garden of the whole earth; or, if transplanted from some other clime, it must have been from the Happy Islands that lay towards the golden sunset.

"There has been a great deal of pains foolishly wasted on these flowers," observed one of the company: and I tell you what he said, that you may keep in mind what gormandizers they were. "For my part, if I were the owner of the palace, I would bid my gardener cultivate nothing but savory pot herbs to make a stuffing for roast meat, or to flavor a stew with."

"Well said!" cried the others. "But I'll warrant you there's a kitchen garden in the rear of the palace."

At one place they came to a crystal spring, and paused to drink at it for want of liquor which they liked better. Looking into its bosom, they beheld their own faces dimly reflected, but so extravagantly distorted by the gush and motion of the water, that each one of them appeared to be laughing at himself and all his companions. So ridiculous were these images of

themselves, indeed, that they did really laugh aloud, and could hardly be grave again as soon as they wished. And after they had drunk, they grew still merrier than before.

"It has a twang of the wine cask in it," said one, smacking his lips.

"Make haste!" cried his fellows; "we'll find the wine cask itself at the palace; and that will be better than a hundred crystal fountains."

Then they quickened their pace, and capered for joy at the thought of the savory banquet at which they hoped to be guests. But Eurylochus told them that he felt as if he were walking in a dream.

"If I am really awake," continued he, "then, in my opinion, we are on the point of meeting with some stranger adventure than any that befell us in the cave of Polyphemus, or among the gigantic man-eating Læstrygons, or in the windy palace of King Æolus, which stands on a brazen-walled island. This kind of dreamy feeling always comes over me before any wonderful occurrence. If you take my advice, you will turn back."

"No, no," answered his comrades, snuffing the air, in which the scent from the palace kitchen was now very perceptible. "We would not turn back, though we were certain that the king of the Læstrygons, as big as a mountain, would sit at the head of the table, and huge Polyphemus, the one-eyed Cyclops, at its foot."

At length they came within full sight of the palace, which proved to be very large and lofty, with a great number of airy pinnacles upon its roof. Though it was now midday, and the sun shone brightly over the marble front, yet its snowy whiteness, and its fantastic style of architecture, made it look unreal, like the frostwork on a window pane, or like the shapes of castles which one sees among the clouds by moonlight. But, just then, a puff of wind brought down the smoke of the kitchen chimney among them, and caused each man to smell the odor of the dish that he liked best; and, after scenting it, they thought everything else moonshine, and nothing real save this palace, and save the banquet that was evidently ready to be served up in it.

So they hastened their steps towards the portal, but had not got halfway across the wide lawn, when a pack of lions, tigers, and wolves came bounding to meet them. The terrified mariners

started back, expecting no better fate than to be torn to pieces and devoured. To their surprise and joy, however, these wild beasts merely capered around them, wagging their tails, offering their heads to be stroked and patted, and behaving just like so many well-bred house dogs, when they wish to express their delight at meeting their master, or their master's friends. The biggest lion licked the feet of Eurylochus; and every other lion, and every wolf and tiger, singled out one of his two and twenty followers, whom the beast fondled as if he loved him better than a beef bone.

But, for all that, Eurylochus imagined that he saw something fierce and savage in their eyes: nor would he have been surprised, at any moment, to feel the big lion's terrible claws, or to see each of the tigers make a deadly spring, or each wolf leap at the throat of the man whom he had fondled. Their mildness seemed unreal, and a mere freak; but their savage nature was as true as their teeth and claws.

Nevertheless, the men went safely across the lawn, with the wild beasts frisking about them and doing no manner of harm; although, as they mounted the steps of the palace, you might possibly have heard a low growl, particularly from the wolves: as if they thought it a pity, after all, to let the strangers pass without so much as tasting what they were made of.

Eurylochus and his followers now passed under a lofty portal, and looked through the open doorway into the interior of the palace. The first thing that they saw was a spacious hall, and a fountain in the middle of it, gushing up towards the ceiling out of a marble basin, and falling back into it with a continual splash. The water of this fountain, as it spouted upward, was constantly taking new shapes, not very distinctly, but plainly enough for a nimble fancy to recognize what they were. Now it was the shape of a man in a long robe, the fleecy whiteness of which was made out of the fountain's spray; now it was a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or an ass, or, as often as anything else, a hog, wallowing in the marble basin as if it were his sty. It was either magic or some very curious machinery that caused the gushing waterspout to assume all these forms. But, before the strangers had time to look closely at this wonderful sight, their attention was drawn off by a very sweet and agreeable sound. A woman's voice was singing melodiously in another room of the palace, and with her voice was mingled the noise of a loom, at which she was probably seated, weaving a rich

texture of cloth, and intertwining the high and low sweetness of her voice into a rich tissue of harmony.

By and by, the song came to an end; and then, all at once, there were several feminine voices, talking airily and cheerfully, with now and then a merry burst of laughter, such as you may always hear when three or four young women sit at work together.

"What a sweet song that was!" exclaimed one of the voyagers.

"Too sweet, indeed," answered Eurylochus, shaking his head. "Yet it was not so sweet as the song of the Sirens, those birdlike damsels who wanted to tempt us on the rocks, so that our vessel might be wrecked, and our bones left whitening along the shore."

"But just listen to the pleasant voices of those maidens, and that buzz of the loom, as the shuttle passes to and fro," said another comrade. "What a domestic, household, homelike sound it is! Ah, before that weary siege of Troy, I used to hear the buzzing loom and the women's voices under my own roof. Shall I never hear them again? nor taste those nice little savory dishes which my dearest wife knew how to serve up?"

"Tush! we shall fare better here," said another. "But how innocently those women are babbling together, without guessing that we overhear them! And mark that richest voice of all, so pleasant and familiar, but which yet seems to have the authority of a mistress among them. Let us show ourselves at once. What harm can the lady of the palace and her maidens do to mariners and warriors like us?"

"Remember," said Eurylochus, "that it was a young maiden who beguiled three of our friends into the palace of the king of the Læstrygons, who ate up one of them in the twinkling of an eye."

No warning or persuasion, however, had any effect on his companions. They went up to a pair of folding doors at the farther end of the hall, and, throwing them wide open, passed into the next room. Eurylochus, meanwhile, had stepped behind a pillar. In the short moment while the folding doors opened and closed again, he caught a glimpse of a very beautiful woman rising from the loom, and coming to meet the poor weather-beaten wanderers, with a hospitable smile, and her hand stretched out in welcome. There were four other young women, who joined their hands and danced merrily forward, making gestures of

obedience to the strangers. They were only less beautiful than the lady who seemed to be their mistress. Yet Eurylochus fancied that one of them had sea-green hair, and that the close-fitting bodice of a second looked like the bark of a tree, and that both the others had something odd in their aspect, although he could not quite determine what it was, in the little while that he had to examine them.

The folding doors swung quickly back, and left him standing behind the pillar, in the solitude of the outer hall. There Eurylochus waited until he was quite weary, and listened eagerly to every sound, but without hearing anything that could help him to guess what had become of his friends. Footsteps, it is true, seemed to be passing and repassing in other parts of the palace. Then there was a clatter of silver dishes, or golden ones, which made him imagine a rich feast in a splendid banquetting hall. But by and by he heard a tremendous grunting and squealing, and then a sudden scampering, like that of small, hard hoofs over a marble floor, while the voices of the mistress and her four handmaidens were screaming all together, in tones of anger and derision. Eurylochus could not conceive what had happened, unless a drove of swine had broken into the palace, attracted by the smell of the feast. Chancing to cast his eyes at the fountain, he saw that it did not shift its shape, as formerly, nor looked either like a long-robed man, or a lion, a tiger, a wolf, or an ass. It looked like nothing but a hog, which lay wallowing in the marble basin, and filled it from brim to brim.

But we must leave the prudent Eurylochus waiting in the outer hall, and follow his friends into the inner secrecy of the palace. As soon as the beautiful woman saw them, she arose from the loom, as I have told you, and came forward, smiling, and stretching out her hand. She took the hand of the foremost among them, and bade him and the whole party welcome.

"You have been long expected, my good friends," said she. "I and my maidens are well acquainted with you, although you do not appear to recognize us. Look at this piece of tapestry, and judge if your faces must not have been familiar to us."

So the voyagers examined the web of cloth which the beautiful woman had been weaving in her loom, and, to their vast astonishment, they saw their own figures perfectly represented in different colored threads. It was a lifelike picture of their recent adventures, showing them in the cave of Polyphemus, and how they had put out his one great moony eye: while in

another part of the tapestry they were untying the leathern bags, puffed out with contrary winds; and farther on, they beheld themselves scampering away from the gigantic king of the Læstrygons, who had caught one of them by the leg. Lastly, there they were, sitting on the desolate shore of this very island, hungry and downcast, and looking ruefully at the bare bones of the stag which they devoured yesterday. This was as far as the work had yet proceeded; but when the beautiful woman should again sit down at her loom, she would probably make a picture of what had since happened to the strangers, and of what was now going to happen.

"You see," she said, "that I know all about your troubles; and you cannot doubt that I desire to make you happy for as long a time as you may remain with me. For this purpose, my honored guests, I have ordered a banquet to be prepared. Fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, and in luscious stews, and seasoned, I trust, to all your tastes, are ready to be served up. If your appetites tell you it is dinner time, then come with me to the festal saloon."

At this kind invitation, the hungry mariners were quite overjoyed; and one of them, taking upon himself to be spokesman, assured their hospitable hostess that any hour of the day was dinner time with them, whenever they could get flesh to put in the pot, and fire to boil it with. So the beautiful woman led the way; and the four maidens (one of them had sea-green hair, another a bodice of oak bark, a third sprinkled a shower of water drops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth had some other oddity, which I have forgotten), all these followed behind, and hurried the guests along, until they entered a magnificent saloon. It was built in a perfect oval, and lighted from a crystal dome above. Around the walls were ranged two and twenty thrones, overhung by canopies of crimson and gold, and provided with the softest of cushions, which were tasseled and fringed with gold cord. Each of the strangers was invited to sit down; and there they were, two and twenty storm-beaten mariners, in worn and tattered garb, sitting on two and twenty cushioned and canopied thrones, so rich and gorgeous that the proudest monarch had nothing more splendid in his stateliest hall.

Then you might have seen the guests nodding, winking with one eye, and leaning from one throne to another, to communicate their satisfaction in hoarse whispers,

"Our good hostess has made kings of us all," said one. "Ha! do you smell the feast? I'll engage it will be fit to set before two and twenty kings."

"I hope," said another, "it will be, mainly, good substantial joints, sirloins, spareribs, and hinder quarters, without two many kickshaws. If I thought the good lady would not take it amiss, I should call for a fat slice of fried bacon to begin with."

Ah, the gluttons and gormandizers! You see how it was with them. In the loftiest seats of dignity, on royal thrones, they could think of nothing but their greedy appetite, which was the portion of their nature that they shared with wolves and swine, so that they resembled those vilest of animals far more than they did kings,—if, indeed, kings were what they ought to be.

But the beautiful woman now clapped her hands; and immediately there entered a train of two and twenty serving men, bringing dishes of the richest food, all hot from the kitchen fire, and sending up such a steam that it hung like a cloud below the crystal dome of the saloon. An equal number of attendants brought great flagons of wine, of various kinds, some of which sparkled as it was poured out, and went bubbling down the throat; while, of other sorts, the purple liquor was so clear that you could see the wrought figures at the bottom of the goblet. While the servants supplied the two and twenty guests with food and drink, the hostess and her four maidens went from one throne to another, exhorting them to eat their fill, and to quaff wine abundantly, and thus to recompense themselves, at this one banquet, for the many days when they had gone without a dinner. But, whenever the mariners were not looking at them (which was pretty often, as they looked chiefly into the basins and platters), the beautiful woman and her damsels turned aside and laughed. Even the servants, as they knelt down to present the dishes, might be seen to grin and sneer, while the guests were helping themselves to the offered dainties.

And, once in a while, the strangers seemed to taste something that they did not like.

"Here is an odd kind of a spice in this dish," said one. "I can't say it quite suits my palate. Down it goes, however."

"Send a good draught of wine down your throat," said his comrade on the next throne. "That is the stuff to make this

sort of cookery relish well. Though I must needs say, the wine has a queer taste too. But the more I drink of it, the better I like the flavor."

Whatever little fault they might find with the dishes, they sat at dinner a prodigiously long while; and it would really have made you ashamed to see how they swilled down the liquor and gobbled up the food. They sat on golden thrones, to be sure; but they behaved like pigs in a sty; and, if they had had their wits about them, they might have guessed that this was the opinion of their beautiful hostess and her maidens. It brings a blush into my face to reckon up, in my own mind, what mountains of meat and pudding, and what gallons of wine, these two and twenty guzzlers and gormandizers ate and drank. They forgot all about their homes, and their wives and children, and all about Ulysses, and everything else, except this banquet, at which they wanted to keep feasting forever. But at length they began to give over, from mere incapacity to hold any more.

"That last bit of fat is too much for me," said one.

"And I have not room for another morsel," said his next neighbor, heaving a sigh. "What a pity! My appetite is as sharp as ever."

In short, they all left off eating, and leaned back on their thrones, with such a stupid and helpless aspect as made them ridiculous to behold. When their hostess saw this, she laughed aloud; so did her four damsels; so did the two and twenty serving men that bore the dishes, and their two and twenty fellows that poured out the wine. And the louder they all laughed, the more stupid and helpless did the two and twenty gormandizers look. Then the beautiful woman took her stand in the middle of the saloon, and stretching out a slender rod (it had been all the while in her hand, although they never noticed it till this moment), she turned it from one guest to another, until each had felt it pointed at himself. Beautiful as her face was, and though there was a smile on it, it looked just as wicked and mischievous as the ugliest serpent that ever was seen; and fat-witted as the voyagers had made themselves, they began to suspect that they had fallen into the power of an evil-minded enchantress.

"Wretches," cried she, "you have abused a lady's hospitality; and in this princely saloon your behavior has been suited to a hogpen. You are already swine in everything but

the human form, which you disgrace, and which I myself should be ashamed to keep a moment longer, were you to share it with me. But it will require only the slightest exercise of magic to make the exterior conform to the hoggish disposition. Assume your proper shapes, gormandizers, and begone to the sty!"

Uttering these last words, she waved her wand; and stamping her foot imperiously, each of the guests was struck aghast at beholding, instead of his comrades in human shape, one and twenty hogs sitting on the same number of golden thrones. Each man (as he still supposed himself to be) essayed to give a cry of surprise, but found that he could merely grunt, and that, in a word, he was just such another beast as his companions. It looked so intolerably absurd to see hogs on cushioned thrones, that they made haste to wallow down upon all fours, like other swine. They tried to groan and beg for mercy, but forthwith emitted the most awful grunting and squealing that ever came out of swinish throats. They would have wrung their hands in despair, but, attempting to do so, grew all the more desperate for seeing themselves squatted on their hams, and pawing the air with their fore trotters. Dear me! what pendulous ears they had! what little red eyes, half buried in fat! and what long snouts, instead of Grecian noses!

But brutes as they certainly were, they yet had enough of human nature in them to be shocked at their own hideousness; and, still intending to groan, they uttered a viler grunt and squeal than before. So harsh and ear-piercing it was, that you would have fancied a butcher was sticking his knife into each of their throats, or, at the very least, that somebody was pulling every hog by his funny little twist of a tail.

"Begone to your sty!" cried the enchantress, giving them some smart strokes with her wand; and then she turned to the serving men, "Drive out these swine, and throw down some acorns for them to eat."

The door of the saloon being flung open, the drove of hogs ran in all directions save the right one, in accordance with their hoggish perversity, but were finally driven into the back yard of the palace. It was a sight to bring tears into one's eyes (and I hope none of you will be cruel enough to laugh at it), to see the poor creatures go snuffling along, picking up here a cabbage leaf and there a turnip top, and rooting their noses in the earth for whatever they could find. In their sty, moreover, they behaved more piggishly than the pigs that had been

born so ; for they bit and snorted at one another, put their feet in the trough, and gobbled up their victuals in a ridiculous hurry ; and, when there was nothing more to be had, they made a great pile of themselves among some unclean straw, and fell fast asleep. If they had any human reason left, it was just enough to keep them wondering when they should be slaughtered, and what quality of bacon they should make.

Meantime, as I told you before, Eurylochus had waited, and waited, and waited, in the entrance hall of the palace, without being able to comprehend what had befallen his friends. At last, when the swinish uproar resounded through the palace, and when he saw the image of a hog in the marble basin, he thought it best to hasten back to the vessel, and inform the wise Ulysses of these marvelous occurrences. So he ran as fast as he could down the steps, and never stopped to draw breath till he reached the shore.

"Why do you come alone?" asked King Ulysses, as soon as he saw him. "Where are your two and twenty comrades?"

At these questions, Eurylochus burst into tears.

"Alas!" cried he, "I greatly fear that we shall never see one of their faces again."

Then he told Ulysses all that had happened, as far as he knew it, and added that he suspected the beautiful woman to be a vile enchantress, and the marble palace, magnificent as it looked, to be only a dismal cavern in reality. As for his companions, he could not imagine what had become of them, unless they had been given to the swine to be devoured alive. At this intelligence all the voyagers were greatly affrighted. But Ulysses lost no time in girding on his sword, and hanging his bow and quiver over his shoulders, and taking a spear in his right hand. When his followers saw their wise leader making these preparations, they inquired whither he was going, and earnestly besought him not to leave them.

"You are our king," cried they ; "and what is more, you are the wisest man in the whole world, and nothing but your wisdom and courage can get us out of this danger. If you desert us, and go to the enchanted palace, you will suffer the same fate as our poor companions, and not a soul of us will ever see our dear Ithaca again."

"As I am your king," answered Ulysses, "and wiser than any of you, it is therefore the more my duty to see what has befallen our comrades, and whether anything can yet be done

to rescue them. Wait for me here until to-morrow. If I do not then return, you must hoist sail, and endeavor to find your way to our native land. For my part, I am answerable for the fate of these poor mariners, who have stood by my side in battle, and been so often drenched to the skin, along with me, by the same tempestuous surges. I will either bring them back with me or perish."

Had his followers dared, they would have detained him by force. But King Ulysses frowned sternly on them, and shook his spear, and bade them stop him at their peril. Seeing him so determined, they let him go, and sat down on the sand, as disconsolate a set of people as could be, waiting and praying for his return.

It happened to Ulysses, just as before, that, when he had gone a few steps from the edge of the cliff, the purple bird came fluttering towards him, crying, "Peep, peep, pe—weep!" and using all the art it could to persuade him to go no farther.

"What mean you, little bird?" cried Ulysses. "You are arrayed like a king in purple and gold, and wear a golden crown upon your head. Is it because I too am a king, that you desire so earnestly to speak with me? If you can talk in human language, say what you would have me do."

"Peep!" answered the purple bird, very dolorously. "Peep, peep, pe—we—ep!"

Certainly there lay some heavy anguish at the little bird's heart; and it was a sorrowful predicament that he could not, at least, have the consolation of telling what it was. But Ulysses had no time to waste in trying to get at the mystery. He therefore quickened his pace, and had gone a good way along the pleasant wood path, when there met him a young man of very brisk and intelligent aspect, and clad in a rather singular garb. He wore a short cloak, and a sort of cap that seemed to be furnished with a pair of wings; and from the lightness of his step, you would have supposed that there might likewise be wings on his feet. To enable him to walk still better (for he was always on one journey or another), he carried a winged staff, around which two serpents were wriggling and twisting. In short, I have said enough to make you guess that it was Quicksilver; and Ulysses (who knew him of old, and had learned a great deal of his wisdom from him) recognized him in a moment.

"Whither are you going in such a hurry, wise Ulysses?"

asked Quicksilver. "Do you not know that this island is enchanted? The wicked enchantress (whose name is Circe, the sister of King Æetes) dwells in the marble palace which you see yonder among the trees. By her magic arts, she changes every human being into the brute, beast, or fowl whom he happens most to resemble."

"That little bird, which met me at the edge of the cliff," exclaimed Ulysses; "was he a human being once?"

"Yes," answered Quicksilver. "He was once a king, named Picus, and a pretty good sort of a king too, only rather too proud of his purple robe, and his crown, and the golden chain about his neck; so he was forced to take the shape of a gaudy-feathered bird. The lions, and wolves, and tigers, who will come running to meet you, in front of the palace, were formerly fierce and cruel men, resembling in their dispositions the wild beasts whose forms they now rightfully wear."

"And my poor companions," said Ulysses. "Have they undergone a similar change, through the arts of this wicked Circe?"

"You well know what gormandizers they were," replied Quicksilver; and, rogue that he was, he could not help laughing at the joke. "So you will not be surprised to hear that they have all taken the shapes of swine! If Circe had never done anything worse, I really should not think her so very much to blame."

"But can I do nothing to help them?" inquired Ulysses.

"It will require all your wisdom," said Quicksilver, "and a little of my own into the bargain, to keep your royal and sagacious self from being transformed into a fox. But do as I bid you; and the matter may end better than it has begun."

While he was speaking, Quicksilver seemed to be in search of something; he went stooping along the ground, and soon laid his hand on a little plant with a snow-white flower, which he plucked and smelt of. Ulysses had been looking at that very spot only just before; and it appeared to him that the plant had burst into full flower the instant when Quicksilver touched it with his fingers.

"Take this flower, King Ulysses," said he. "Guard it as you do your eyesight; for I can assure you it is exceedingly rare and precious, and you might seek the whole earth over without ever finding another like it. Keep it in your hand, and smell of it frequently after you enter the palace, and while

you are talking with the enchantress. Especially when she offers you food, or a draught of wine out of her goblet, be careful to fill your nostrils with the flower's fragrance. Follow these directions, and you may defy her magic arts to change you into a fox."

Quicksilver then gave him some further advice how to behave, and, bidding him be bold and prudent, again assured him that, powerful as Circe was, he would have a fair prospect of coming safely out of her enchanted palace. After listening attentively, Ulysses thanked his good friend, and resumed his way. But he had taken only a few steps, when, recollecting some other questions which he wished to ask, he turned round again, and beheld nobody on the spot where Quicksilver had stood; for that winged cap of his, and those winged shoes, with the help of the winged staff, had carried him quickly out of sight.

When Ulysses reached the lawn, in front of the palace, the lions and other savage animals came bounding to meet him, and would have fawned upon him and licked his feet. But the wise king struck at them with his long spear, and sternly bade them begone out of his path; for he knew that they had once been bloodthirsty men, and would now tear him limb from limb, instead of fawning upon him, could they do the mischief that was in their hearts. The wild beasts yelped and glared at him, and stood at a distance while he ascended the palace steps.

On entering the hall, Ulysses saw the magic fountain in the center of it. The upgushing water had now again taken the shape of a man in a long, white, fleecy robe, who appeared to be making gestures of welcome. The king likewise heard the noise of the shuttle in the loom, and the sweet melody of the beautiful woman's song, and then the pleasant voices of herself and the four maidens talking together, with peals of merry laughter intermixed. But Ulysses did not waste much time in listening to the laughter or the song. He leaned his spear against one of the pillars of the hall, and then, after loosening his sword in the scabbard, stepped boldly forward, and threw the folding doors wide open. The moment she beheld his stately figure standing in the doorway, the beautiful woman rose from the loom, and ran to meet him with a glad smile throwing its sunshine over her face, and both her hand extended.

"Welcome, brave stranger!" cried she. "We were expecting you."

And the nymph with the sea-green hair made a courtesy down to the ground, and likewise bade him welcome; so did her sister with the bodice of oaken bark, and she that sprinkled dewdrops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth one with some oddity which I cannot remember. And Circe, as the beautiful enchantress was called (who had deluded so many persons that she did not doubt of being able to delude Ulysses, not imagining how wise he was), again addressed him.

"Your companions," said she, "have already been received into my palace, and have enjoyed the hospitable treatment to which the propriety of their behavior so well entitles them. If such be your pleasure, you shall first take some refreshment, and then join them in the elegant apartment which they now occupy. See, I and my maidens have been weaving their figures into this piece of tapestry."

She pointed to the web of beautifully woven cloth in the loom. Circe and the four nymphs must have been very diligently at work since the arrival of the mariners; for a great many yards of tapestry had now been wrought, in addition to what I before described. In this new part, Ulysses saw his two and twenty friends represented as sitting on cushioned and canopied thrones, greedily devouring dainties and quaffing deep draughts of wine. The work had not yet gone any further. Oh no, indeed. The enchantress was far too cunning to let Ulysses see the mischief which her magic arts had since brought upon the gormandizers.

"As for yourself, valiant sir," said Circe, "judging by the dignity of your aspect, I take you to be nothing less than a king. Deign to follow me, and you shall be treated as befits your rank."

So Ulysses followed her into the oval saloon, where his two and twenty comrades had devoured the banquet, which ended so disastrously for themselves. But, all this while, he had held the snow-white flower in his hand, and had constantly smelt of it while Circe was speaking; and as he crossed the threshold of the saloon, he took good care to inhale several long and deep snuffs of its fragrance. Instead of two and twenty thrones, which had before been ranged around the wall, there was now only a single throne, in the center of the apartment. But this was surely the most magnificent seat that ever a king or an

emperor reposed himself upon, all made of chased gold, studded with precious stones, with a cushion that looked like a soft heap of living roses, and overhung by a canopy of sunlight which Circe knew how to weave into drapery. The enchantress took Ulysses by the hand, and made him sit down upon this dazzling throne. Then, clapping her hands, she summoned the chief butler.

"Bring hither," said she, "the goblet that is set apart for kings to drink out of. And fill it with the same delicious wine which my royal brother, King Æetes, praised so highly, when he last visited me with my fair daughter Medea. That good and amiable child! Were she here now, it would delight her to see me offering this wine to my honored guest."

But Ulysses, while the butler was gone for the wine, held the snow-white flower to his nose.

"Is it a wholesome wine?" he asked.

At this the four maidens tittered; whereupon the enchantress looked round at them, with an aspect of severity.

"It is the wholesomest juice that ever was squeezed out of the grape," said she; "for, instead of disguising a man, as other liquor is apt to do, it brings him to his true self, and shows him as he ought to be."

The chief butler liked nothing better than to see people turned into swine, or making any kind of a beast of themselves; so he made haste to bring the royal goblet, filled with a liquid as bright as gold, and which kept sparkling upward, and throwing a sunny spray over the brim. But, delightfully as the wine looked, it was mingled with the most potent enchantments that Circe knew how to concoct. For every drop of the pure grape juice there were two drops of the pure mischief; and the danger of the thing was, that the mischief made it taste all the better. The mere smell of the bubbles, which effervesced at the brim, was enough to turn a man's beard into pig's bristles, or make a lion's claws grow out of his fingers, or a fox's brush behind him.

"Drink, my noble guest," said Circe, smiling as she presented him with the goblet. "You will find in this draught a solace for all your troubles."

King Ulysses took the goblet with his right hand, while with his left he held the snow-white flower to his nostrils, and drew in so long a breath that his lungs were quite filled with its pure and simple fragrance. Then, drinking off all the wine, he looked the enchantress calmly in the face,

"Wretch," cried Circe, giving him a smart stroke with her wand, "how dare you keep your human shape a moment longer? Take the form of the brute whom you most resemble. If a hog, go join your fellow-swine in the sty; if a lion, a wolf, a tiger, go howl with the wild beasts on the lawn; if a fox, go exercise your craft in stealing poultry. Thou hast quaffed off my wine, and canst be man no longer."

But, such was the virtue of the snow-white flower, instead of wallowing down from his throne in swinish shape, or taking any other brutal form, Ulysses looked even more manly and kinglike than before. He gave the magic goblet a toss, and sent it clashing over the marble floor, to the farthest end of the saloon. Then, drawing his sword, he seized the enchantress by her beautiful ringlets, and made a gesture as if he meant to strike off her head at one blow.

"Wicked Circe," cried he, in a terrible voice, "this sword shall put an end to thy enchantments. Thou shalt die, vile wretch, and do no more mischief in the world, by tempting human beings into the vices which make beasts of them."

The tone and countenance of Ulysses were so awful, and his sword gleamed so brightly, and seemed to have so intolerably keen an edge, that Circe was almost killed by the mere fright, without waiting for a blow. The chief butler scrambled out of the saloon, picking up the golden goblet as he went; and the enchantress and the four maidens fell on their knees, wringing their hands, and screaming for mercy.

"Spare me!" cried Circe,—"spare me, royal and wise Ulysses. For now I know that thou art he of whom Quick-silver forewarned me, the most prudent of mortals, against whom no enchantments can prevail. Thou only couldst have conquered Circe. Spare me, wisest of men. I will show thee true hospitality, and even give myself to be thy slave, and this magnificent palace to be henceforth thy home."

The four nymphs, meanwhile, were making a most piteous ado; and especially the ocean nymph, with the sea-green hair, wept a great deal of salt water, and the fountain nymph, besides scattering dewdrops from her fingers' ends, nearly melted away into tears. But Ulysses would not be pacified until Circe had taken a solemn oath to change back his companions, and as many others as he should direct, from their present forms of beast or bird into their former shapes of men.

"On these conditions," said he, "I consent to spare your life. Otherwise you must die upon the spot."

With a drawn sword hanging over her, the enchantress would readily have consented to do as much good as she had hitherto done mischief, however little she might like such employment. She therefore led Ulysses out of the back entrance of the palace, and showed him the swine in their sty. There were about fifty of these unclean beasts in the whole herd; and though the greater part were hogs by birth and education, there was wonderfully little difference to be seen betwixt them and their new brethren who had so recently worn the human shape. To speak critically, indeed, the latter rather carried the thing to excess, and seemed to make it a point to wallow in the miriest part of the sty, and otherwise to outdo the original swine in their own natural vocation. When men once turn to brutes, the trifle of man's wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality.

The comrades of Ulysses, however, had not quite lost the remembrance of having formerly stood erect. When he approached the sty, two and twenty enormous swine separated themselves from the herd, and scampered towards him, with such a chorus of horrible squealing as made him clap both hands to his ears. And yet they did not seem to know what they wanted, nor whether they were merely hungry, or miserable from some other cause. It was curious, in the midst of their distress, to observe them thrusting their noses into the mire, in quest of something to eat. The nymph with the bodice of oaken bark (she was the hamadryad of an oak) threw a handful of acorns among them: and the two and twenty hogs scrambled and fought for the prize, as if they had tasted not so much as a noggin of sour milk for a twelvemonth.

"These must certainly be my comrades," said Ulysses. "I recognize their dispositions. They are hardly worth the trouble of changing them into the human form again. Nevertheless, we will have it done, lest their bad example should corrupt the other hogs. Let them take their original shapes, therefore, Dame Circe, if your skill is equal to the task. It will require greater magic, I trow, than it did to make swine of them."

So Circe waved her wand again, and repeated a few magic words, at the sound of which the two and twenty hogs pricked up their pendulous ears. It was a wonder to behold how their snouts grew shorter and shorter, and their mouths (which they

seemed to be sorry for, because they could not gobble so expeditiously) smaller and smaller, and how one and another began to stand upon his hind legs, and scratch his nose with his fore trotters. At first the spectators hardly knew whether to call them hogs or men, but by and by came to the conclusion that they rather resembled the latter. Finally, there stood the twenty-two comrades of Ulysses, looking pretty much the same as when they left the vessel.

You must not imagine, however, that the swinish quality had entirely gone out of them. When once it fastens itself into a person's character, it is very difficult getting rid of it. This was proved by the hamadryad, who, being exceedingly fond of mischief, threw another handful of acorns before the twenty-two newly restored people; whereupon down they wallowed, in a moment, and gobbled them up in a very shameful way. Then, recollecting themselves, they scrambled to their feet, and looked more than commonly foolish.

"Thanks, noble Ulysses!" they cried. "From brute beasts you have restored us to the condition of men again."

"Do not put yourselves to the trouble of thanking me," said the wise king. "I fear I have done but little for you."

To say the truth, there was a suspicious kind of a grunt in their voices, and for a long time afterwards they spoke gruffly, and were apt to set up a squeal.

"It must depend on your own future behavior," added Ulysses, "whether you do not find your way back to the sty."

At this moment, the note of a bird sounded from the branch of a neighboring tree.

"Peep, peep, pe—wee—ep!"

It was the purple bird, who, all this while, had been sitting over their heads, watching what was going forward, and hoping that Ulysses would remember how he had done his utmost to keep him and his followers out of harm's way. Ulysses ordered Circe instantly to make a king of this good little fowl, and leave him exactly as she found him. Hardly were the words spoken, and before the bird had time to utter another "Pe—weep," King Picus leaped down from the bough of the tree, as majestic a sovereign as any in the world, dressed in a long purple robe and gorgeous yellow stockings, with a splendidly wrought collar about his neck, and a golden crown upon his head. He and King Ulysses exchanged with one another the courtesies which belong to their elevated rank. But from that

time forth, King Pious was no longer proud of his crown and his trappings of royalty, nor of the fact of his being a king; he felt himself merely the upper servant of his people, and that it must be his lifelong labor to make them better and happier.

As for the lions, tigers, and wolves (though Circe would have restored them to their former shapes at his slightest word), Ulysses thought it advisable that they should remain as they now were, and thus give warning of their cruel dispositions, instead of going about under the guise of men, and pretending to human sympathies, while their hearts had the bloodthirstiness of wild beasts. So he let them howl as much as they liked, but never troubled his head about them.



THE LONGING OF CIRCE.¹

By CAMERON MANN.

THE rapid years drag by, and bring not here
The man for whom I wait;
All things pall on me: in my heart grows fear
Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease,
Which all my isle enfold;
THE fountain's sleepy plash, the summer breeze
That bears not heat nor cold.

With dull, unvaried mien, my maid and I
Plod through our daily tasks;
Gather strange herbs, weave purple tapestry,
Distill in magic flasks.

MOST weary am I of these men who yield
So quickly to my spell, —
THE beastly rout now wandering afield,
With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah, when, in place of tigers and of swine,
Shall he confront me whom
My song cannot enslave, nor that bright wine
Where rank enchantments fume?

¹ By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Then with what utter gladness will I cast
 My sorceries away,
 And kneel to him, my lord revealed at last,
 And serve him night and day!



THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

[HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc. Died September, 1921.]

HUDDLING they came, with shag sides caked of mire, —
 With hoofs fresh sullied from the troughs o'erturned, —
 With wrinkling snouts, — yet eyes in which desire
 Of some strange thing unutterably burned,
 Unquenchable; and still where'er She turned
 They rose about her, striving each o'er each,
 With restless, fierce importuning that yearned
 Through those brute masks some piteous tale to teach,
 Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the power of speech.

For these — Eurylochos alone escaping —
 In truth, that small exploring band had been,
 Whom wise Odysseus, dim precaution shaping,
 Ever at heart, of peril unforeseen,
 Had sent inland; — whom then the islet Queen, —
 The fair disastrous daughter of the Sun, —
 Had turned to likeness of the beast unclean,
 With evil wand transforming one by one,
 To shapes of loathly swine, imbruted and undone.

But "the men's minds remained," and these forever
 Made hungry suppliance through the fire-red eyes;
 Still searching aye, with impotent endeavor,
 To find, if yet, in any look, there lies
 A saving hope, or if they might surprise

In that cold face soft pity's spark concealed,
Which she, still scorning, evermore denies;
Nor was there in her any ruth revealed
To whom with such mute speech and dumb words they appealed.

*What hope is ours — what hope! To find no mercy
After much war, and many travails done? —
Ah, kinder far than thy fell philters, Circe,
The ravening Cyclops and the Læstrigon!
And O, thrice cursèd be Laertes' son,
By whom, at last, we watch the days decline
With no fair ending of the quest begun,
Condemned in sties to weary and to pine
And with men's hearts to beat through this foul front of swine!*

*For us not now, — for us, alas! no more
The old green glamour of the glancing sea;
For us not now the laughter of the oar, —
The strong-ribbed keel wherein our comrades be;
Not now, at even, any more shall we,
By low-browed banks and reedy river places,
Watch the beast hurry and the wild fowl flee;
Or steering shoreward, in the upland spaces,
Have sight of curling smoke and fair-skinned foreign faces.*

*Alas for us! — for whom the columned houses
We left aforetime, cheerless must abide;
Cheerless the hearth where now no guest carouses, —
No minstrel raises song at eventide;
And O, more cheerless than aught else beside,
The wistful hearts with heavy longing full; —
The wife that watched us on the waning tide, —
The sire whose eyes with weariness are dull, —
The mother whose slow tears fall on the carded wool.*

*If swine we be, — if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Persé, make us swine indeed,
Well-pleased on litter straw to lie supine, —
Well-pleased on mast and acorn shales to feed,
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;
But O Unmerciful! O Pitiless!
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed! —
To waste long days in yearning, dumb distress
And memory of things gone, and utter hopelessness!*

*Leave us at least, if not the things we were,
 At least consentient to the thing we be;
 Not hapless doomed to loathe the forms we bear,
 And senseful roll in senseless savagery;
 For surely cursed above all cursed are we,
 And surely this the bitterest of ill; —
 To feel the old aspirings fair and free,
 Become blind motions of a powerless will
 Through swinelike frames dispersed to swinelike issues still.*

*But make us men again, for that thou mayst!
 Yea, make us men, Enchantress, and restore
 These groveling shapes, degraded and debased,
 To fair embodiments of men once more; —
 Yea, by all men that ever woman bore; —
 Yea, e'en by him hereafter born in pain,
 Shall draw sustainment from thy bosom's core,
 O'er whom thy face yet kindly shall remain,
 And find its like therein, — make thou us men again!*

*Make thou us men again, — if men but groping
 That dark Hereafter which th' Olympians keep,
 Make thou us men again, — if men but hoping
 Behind death's doors security of sleep; —
 For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep; —
 To feel delight of living, and to plow
 The salt-blown acres of the shoreless deep; —
 Better, — yea better far all these than bow
 Foul faces to foul earth, and yearn — as we do now!*

So they in speech unsyllabled. But She,
 The fair-tressed Goddess, born to be their bane,
 Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,
 Compelled them groaning to the sties again;
 Where they in hopeless bitterness were fain
 To rend the oaken woodwork as before,
 And tear the troughs in impotence of pain, —
 Not knowing, they, that even at the door
 Divine Odysseus stood, — as Hermes told of yere.

A FANTASIA ON THE ODYSSEY.

BY LUDVIG HOLBERG.

[LUDVIG HOLBERG, the Scandinavian Molière, and also historian, philosopher, essayist, critic, and letter-writer, was born at Bergen, Norway, December 8, 1684; but was educated in Copenhagen; left Norway permanently at twenty-one, and is purely Danish in work and influence, — the creator of modern Danish literature. He was the youngest of twelve children, and early orphaned. He journeyed much abroad for twenty years, spending 1705–1707 at Oxford, and was the means of fertilizing Scandinavian thought and letters with foreign ideas and art. He became a professor in the Copenhagen University in 1718, and never left its service, teaching at first metaphysics, which he hated, and afterwards other branches. His first works were historical; next he wrote on international law, then a satirical mock epic, “Peder Paars”; then he began writing comedies for the Copenhagen theater, producing twenty-eight in five years, immortalizing himself, and creating a great national Danish stage. The burning of Copenhagen in 1728, and the accession of a strait-laced king in 1730, put an end to the theater, and it was nearly twenty years before Holberg began again, producing six more plays. The best known of them outside is “Erasmus Montanus” (see a later volume); “The Lucky Shipwreck” is the author’s self-defense for his satire; he dealt with all sides of life and character. He wrote also a notable History of Denmark; hero and heroine stories in Plutarch’s manner; “Niels Klim’s Subterranean Journey” (of the Gulliver sort); “Moral Thoughts,” and several volumes of “Letters.” He was ennobled in 1747, and died January 28, 1754.]

TWENTY YEARS AFTER THE SIEGE OF TROY.

[ULYSSES *near the close of his wanderings has met Dido and been detained by her.*

Ulysses — Chilian, I am afraid —

Chilian — Afraid of what, my lord?

Ulysses — Afraid that Dido is in love with me.

Chilian — Are you sure?

Ulysses — Luckless me! Chilian, if it is so, we are booked to stay here.

Chilian — My lord, don’t be offended, but how old were you when you left home?

Ulysses — In the prime of life; not more than forty.

Chilian — All right. Forty years for a starter, ten for the siege makes fifty, and twenty on this voyage home is seventy. The royal Dido must love fossils immensely, if she neglects the crowd of youths she could pick from, and falls in love with a hoary old man.

Ulysses — Stop, Chilian, I don’t wish to hear such argu-

ments; you must have gone wrong in your calculations. What you see with your own eyes you must not doubt. If you see snow in summer, you ought not to say, "This can't be snow, for it is summer;" it is enough to see the snow yourself.

Chilian—I see, your lordship: I must not use reason on what happens to us in this journey. I won't, then; I will try to reason out a way to get clear of this scrape.

Ulysses—How can we escape this imminent catastrophe?

Chilian—No way, my lord, except by quietly putting out to sea.

Ulysses—You are right, *Chilian*. I will go at once and discuss the matter with my faithful companions. Stay here till I return. [Exit.]

Chilian [to himself]—I wish I had a pinch of snuff, so as to shake myself up; for my head is going crazy. I know quite well that when my master returns he will say it is ten years since he spoke to me last. We shall be several thousand years old before we get home to our own country again; for we don't keep up with time—it runs away from us even when we stand still. I have a piece of cheese with me that I brought from Ithaca thirty years ago, and it is fresh yet. And the earth runs away from us as much as time; often enough we are in the eastern part of the world when I light my pipe, and in the western before I have smoked it out.

ULYSSES returns.

Ulysses—Great Zeus! can such things be?

Chilian—What's the matter now, my lord?

Ulysses—*Chilian*, I couldn't have believed such a thing possible if I had not seen it with my own eyes.

Chilian—What is it, your honor?

Ulysses—Dido, Dido, what harm have I done you that you practice your sorceries on my faithful companions?

Chilian—Are they bewitched?

Ulysses—*Chilian*, listen to a wonderful story, such as never has happened before since Deucalion's flood. During the four weeks since I talked with you last—

Chilian—Only four weeks? I supposed it must be at least four years.

Ulysses — During those four weeks I have been making plans with my faithful companions to leave here on the quiet. We were all ready to embark when Dido got wind of it and to block it turned all my companions, by magic, into swine.

Chilian — Why, my good master, that is impossible! [*aside*] for they were that before.

Ulysses — Chilian, it is only too true. I thought my eyes must have deceived me, and spoke to them. But their voices were transformed along with their bodies, and they only grunted at me in reply. Then I fled in fear of being turned into one too. Here they come now: I dare not stay.

[*Exit, weeping.*]

ULYSSES' COMPANIONS *enter, crawling on all fours and grunting.*

Chilian — Ha, ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, the devil take me if I ever saw such a thing in my life before!

The Swine — Ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf!

Chilian — Say, you chaps, what devil is riding you?

The Swine — We are swine, good master. Ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf!

Chilian — May the devil fly away with me if you are — any more than you ever were.

The Swine — Ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf!

Chilian [*going down on all fours and grunting like the rest*] — Ouf, ouf, ouf! Look here, you chaps, are you sure you are hogs?

The Swine — Ouf, ouf, ouf!

Chilian — All right, if you are hogs you must eat hog feed. Eat this garbage here.

The Swine — We are not hungry, good master. Ouf, ouf, ouf, ouf!

Chilian [*lashing them with a birch rod*] — Go ahead, I say — eat it up, or I'll cut your pigskin backs into strips. Go on, go on — if you are hogs it is just the right kind of feed for you.

[*Beats them with the rod. They get up and are men once more.*]

The Companions — D—— you, we'll make you pay for this thrashing, Mr. Wegner [*the actor who played Chilian*]. What do you mean by spoiling the story in this way? [*Run off.*]

Chilian [*to the audience*] — I didn't spoil the story — I only turned them into two-legged swine, as they were before. But here comes my master again.

Ulysses — Oh, *Chilian*, have they gone?

Chilian — Yes, all gone, your honor — on two legs, as they did before.

Ulysses — What, then they are no longer swine?

Chilian — Oh, I don't say that; not by any means; but my magical skill has enabled me to make them go on two legs again.

Ulysses — O mighty son of *Æsculapius*! You should have temples and altars erected in your honor! What god or goddess taught you such divine arts?

Chilian — I went and lay down in a field and wept bitterly over the calamity that had befallen our men. During this I fell asleep, and *Persephone* (I believe that's her name), the goddess of medicine, came to me in a vision and said: "Chilian, thy tears and thy prayers have reached me. Rise and cut a wand from the first birch tree at thy left. It is a sacred tree, as yet untouched by man. The instant you touch your compatriots with it, they will rise and walk on two legs as before." It was just as she said. I won't say whether they are still hogs or not; but I know they look just as they used, and walk on two legs, and talk — in fact, they gave me bad tongue because I struck them too hard with the holy birch.

Ulysses — *Chilian*, you have saved me! Let me embrace you!

Chilian — Your servant. I should be pleased if my lord would turn hog, too, so I could have the pleasure of transforming him.

Ulysses — *Chilian*, there is no time to spare. The ship is all ready; let us go and get the men together, so we may escape quickly and silently. There comes *Dido*! run!

ODYSSEUS IN HADES.

(From the "Odyssey" ; translated by Philip S. Worsley.)

Soon as Persephone the female host
 Dispersed, came pacing from the shadowy train,
 Silent in sorrow, Agamemnon's ghost,
 With souls all round him by Ægisthus slain.
 Soon having quaffed the blood he knew me plain,
 Wailed, and with feeble arms, shorn of their force,
 Yearned to embrace me. Then I, touched with pain,
 Wept when I marked him, and with kind remorse
 Of pity the cold shade addressed in winged discourse :

"O glorious Agamemnon, king of men,
 What destiny too cruel dashed thy joy,
 And hurled thee realmless to this darksome den ?
 Did then Poseidôn his fierce gales employ
 Unenviable, and all thy ships destroy ?
 Or thee from earth did rude barbarians sweep,
 While thou wast plundering, on thy road from Troy,
 Beeves, and their beauteous flocks of fruitful sheep,
 Or for their wives and walls red battle wast waging deep ?"

Thus I inquired. He answering spake in turn :
 "Zeus-born Laertiades, Odysseus brave,
 Neither through storms unenviable did stern
 Poseidon whelm me in the rolling wave,
 Nor rude barbarian hands my death blow gave ;
 But dark Ægisthus working doom and death,
 Leagued with my cursed wife, hurled me to the grave,
 While feasting in his house, without one breath
 Of warning, as some churl a stalled ox murdereth.

"So by the worst of dooms I died, and all
 My friends like white-toothed swine around me bled,
 Which in a wealthy noble's banquet hall
 Die for some revel, or when their lord is wed.
 Thou of a truth hast witnessed thousands dead,
 Whether in secret slain or the strong flood
 Of onset, yet were this compassionèd
 More than all else, couldst thou have seen where stood
 Full tables, foaming bowls, while the floor smoked with blood.

“There did I hear Cassandra’s piercing shriek,
 Daughter of Priam, as she fell down slain
 By crafty Clytæmnestra, fierce to wreak
 Her murderous bale: I, falling, in wild pain
 Clutched the wet steel with dying hands in vain.
 That shameless cursed woman where I lay
 Tare out my life, and scorned with fell disdain
 Eyelids of one then passing on his way
 Toward Hades to seal down, and press the lips’ cold clay;

“Since naught exists more horrible and bold
 Than evil in the breast of womankind,
 When she to her own lust herself hath sold;
 Even as this fell monster in her mind
 Against the husband of her youth designed
 Black murder. I, the while, poor dreamer, thought
 Good words from children and from slaves to find;
 But she, by the foul sin she planned and wrought,
 On the mere name of woman eternal shame hath brought.”

Grieving he ceased, and I made answer then:
 “Too oft, by Heaven, dread suffering and disgrace
 Far-seeing Zeus, the King of gods and men,
 Hurls in his anger on the Atrean race
 From the beginning, and through all their days
 Hath, for the plots of women, piled a cloud
 Of ruin o’er their house! In a far place
 For Helena died many a hero proud —
 Next against thee dark murder Clytæmnestra vowed.”

“Never for this, hereafter in thy life,”
 He answered, “make parade of tenderness,
 Nor the whole matter even to thy wife
 Show forth, but part reveal and part suppress;
 Albeit I ween she is no murderess,
 Icarius’ daughter, sage Penelope —
 One rather whom the gods with forethought bless,
 Apt for good counsels, wise exceedingly,
 And not from hands like hers shall ruin alight on thee.

“Her a new bride we left, when at my hest
 Soldiers of Argos crossed the rolling sea.
 Her only child an infant at the breast,
 Helpless and void of power, who now, maybe,
 Sits with the noble chieftains. Happy he!

Whom on the dear hearth his returning sire
 Shall gaze on, when the old calamity
 Is ended, while with equal fond desire
 Both, twined in mutual arms, their mutual respire!

"She did the sight of mine own son deny,
 So quick she slew me. But remember thou
 On mine own coast to land in privacy;
 No more are women to be trusted now.
 But of my child whate'er thou knowest, avow!
 Whether in famed Orchomenus he bide,
 Or sandy Pylos — some true word allow —
 Or if with Menelaüs, in Sparta wide —
 Since on the earth not yet hath brave Orestes died."

I answered: "Why this question? I know not
 His life or death. We talk but idle air."
 So we in converse rooted to the spot
 Stood weeping; and Achilleus' shade came near,
 Antilochus, Patrocleus, Aias fair
 Beyond all Danaans after Peleus' son;
 And, while I looked, that spirit knew me there,
 Swift-foot Aiachides, and spake anon,
 Mixing with winged words full many a bitter moan:

"Zeus-born Laertiades, Odysseus brave,
 Where in thy desperate councils wilt thou cease?
 How durst thou seek these kingdoms of the grave,
 Wherein the dead, mere phantoms, reasonless,
 Inhabit?" Whom I answering there address:
 "O Lord Achilleus, name invincible,
 First of Achaïans, I Tiresias
 Came to consult, if he some word might tell
 Whereby this long return I might accomplish well.

"Not yet Achaia's realm have I come nigh,
 Nor on my native earth one footprint set;
 Still am I held in sore adversity.
 But than thyself, Achilleus, no man yet
 Was happier, nor shall one hereafter get
 Such glory as the gods on thee bestow,
 Who like a deity didst reap our debt
 Of praise above, and now art lord below —
 Wherefore, though dead, take heart, nor vex thyself with woe."

"Scoff not at death," he answered, "noble chief!
 Rather would I in the sun's warmth divine
 Serve a poor churl who drags his days in grief,
 Than the whole lordship of the dead were mine.
 But came my brave son to your wars, to shine
 First in the front of arms? This also tell:
 If to the blameless Peleus men assign
 Due reference in the land, or if he dwell
 Spurned in his weak old age, and not regarded well.

"Since to his help I can no longer wield
 Under the sun that valor famed of yore,
 Such as men knew me in the Trojan field,
 Smiter of heroes, bulwark of the war.
 Could I but once unto my father's door,
 Such as I was, return a little space,
 Soon would I make those caitiffs to abhor
 My hands inviolable, who now disgrace
 Rights nobler than their own, and scorn his kingly place."

* * * * *

Thus the dim shades pressed forward, one by one,
 Still in my ears rehearsing sad lament;
 But never Aias, child of Telamon,
 Came near me, but with gloomy brows and bent
 Stood far aloof, in sternness eminent,
 Eating his heart for that old victory
 Against him given by clear arbitrament,
 Concerning brave Achilleus' arm, which she,
 Thetis, his reverend mother, set for rivalry.

O that Athene and the sons of Troy
 Had never by the ships their rede unrolled,
 Sentence divulging that cut off from joy
 That brave one; since for this the earth doth hold
 Aias, the fairest in corporeal mold,
 And first in exploit after Peleus' son!
 Then I in words the darkling shadow cold
 Bespake: 'O Aias, child of Telamon,
 Wilt thou not even here thine anger leave forgone,

"Nor ever those pernicious arms forget,
 By gods put forth to work the Argives woe?
 For else hadst thou, our tower, been living yet.
 Now equal tears among the Achaians flow
 For thee and lost Achilleus. Well I know

None other was the cause, but Zeus in hate
 Willed to afflict the Danaan swordsmen so,
 And forced upon thy life this evil fate.
O hear me, noble chief, and thy proud soul abate!"

He nothing answered but severely stern
 Toward Erebus involved in darkness dim
And to the other shades his feet did turn,
 Where none the less this sullen ghost and grim
 Even yet should have addressed me, or I him,
But that within my breast more strong desire
 Impelled me, passing from the pool's dark brim
 Into the deeper regions to retire,
And view the other souls, and of their state inquire.

* * * * *

There also Tantalus in anguish stood,
 Plunged in the stream of a translucent lake;
And to his chin welled ever the cold flood.
 But when he rushed, in fierce desire to break
 His torment, not one drop could he partake.
For as the old man stooping seems to meet
 That water with his fiery lips, and slake
 The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,
Leaving the dark earth dry, the shuddering waves retreat.

Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
 Fruit of all savor in profusion flung,
And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to shed.
 There citrons waved, with shining fruitage hung,
 Pears and pomegranates, olive ever young,
And the sweet-mellowing fig; but whensoe'er
 The old man, fain to cool his burning tongue,
 Clutched with his fingers at the branches fair,
Came a strong wind and whirled them skyward through the air

And I saw Sisyphus in travail strong
 Shove with both hands a mighty sphere of stone,
 With feet and sinewy wrists he laboring long
 Just pushed the vast globe up, with many a groan;
 But when he thought the huge mass to have thrown
 Clean o'er the summit, the enormous weight
 Back to the nether plain rolled tumbling down.
 He, straining, the great toil resumed, while sweat
 Bathed each laborious limb, and the brows smoked with heat.

And after him the strength of Heracles
 I gazed on, a mere shadowy counterfeit
 (He, the true form, among the gods of ease,
 Wed to fair-ankled Hebe, still doth sit,
 Feasting). While round him the dead phantoms flit,
 Like of bewildered birds a clang there came.
 He, dark as Night, with bent bow, seems to fit
 Shaft to the naked nerve, and eyes his game,
 Dreadfully crouching down, as one in act to aim.

Also a wondrous sword belt, all of gold,
 Gleamed like a fire athwart his ample breast,
 Whereon were shapes of creatures manifold,
 Boar, bear, and lion sparkling-eyed, expressed,
 With many a bloody deed and warlike gest.
 Whoso by art that wondrous zone achieved,
 Let him forever from art's labors rest!
 Soon as the shade my nearing form perceived,
 He knew me, and thus spake in wingèd words, sore-grieved:

"Zeus-born Laërtiades, Odysseus wise,
 Is thy life sad like mine beneath the sun?
 I was the child of Zeus, but miseries
 Bore without number, the bondslave of one
 Far meaner, who much task work, hardly done,
 Laid on me, and to these realms of the dead
 Sent me to fetch the dog (for task seemed none
 Heavier than this), whom yet to the air I led
 From Hades, save by Hermes and Athene sped."

This spoken, he within the portals went
 Of Hades, but I lingering stood my ground
 To watch if any other his dark steps bent
 Thither — some hero of the names renowned
 Who died in the old time. Then had I found
 Whomso I wished, Pirithous, Theseus dread,
 Children of gods; but with portentous sound
 Ev'n then the thousand thousands of the dead
 Flocked thickening, and pale fear possessed me, and I fled.

THE WOMEN OF HOMER.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

[JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872), "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-1876), "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875-1886), "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884), "Life of Michelangelo" (1892), several volumes of poetry, translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

HELEN OF TROY is one of those ideal creatures of the fancy over which time, space, and circumstance, and moral probability exert no sway. It would be impossible to conceive of her except as inviolably beautiful and young, in spite of all her wanderings and all she suffered at the hands of Aphrodite and of men. She moves through Greek heroic legend as the desired of all men and the possessed of many. Theseus bore her away while yet a girl from Sparta. Her brethren, Castor and Polydeukes, recovered her from Athens by force, and gave to her Æthra, the mother of Theseus, for bondwoman. Then all the youths of Hellas wooed her in the young world's prime. She was at last assigned in wedlock to Menelaus, by whom she conceived her only earthly child, Hermione. Paris, by aid of Aphrodite, won her love and fled with her to Egypt and to Troy. In Troy she abode more than twenty years, and was the mate of Deiphobus after the death of Paris. When the strife raised for her sake was ended, Menelaus restored her with honor to his home in Lacedæmon. There she received Telemachus and saw her daughter mated to Neoptolemus. But even after death she rested not from the service of love. The great Achilles, who in life had loved her by hearsay, but had never seen her, clasped her among the shades upon the island Leuké, and begat Euphorion. Through all these adventures Helen maintains an ideal freshness, a mysterious virginity of soul. She is not touched by the passion she inspires, or by the wreck of empires ruined in her cause. Fate deflours her not, nor do years impair the magic of her charm. Like beauty, she belongs alike to all and none. She is not judged as wives or mothers are, though she is both; to her belong soul-wounding blossoms of inexorable love, as well as pain-healing poppy

heads of oblivion ; all eyes are blinded by the adorable, incomparable grace which Aphrodite sheds around her form.

Whether Helen was the slave or the beloved of Aphrodite, or whether, as Herodotus hinted, she was herself a kind of Aphrodite, we are hardly told. At one time she appears the willing servant of the goddess ; at another she groans beneath her bondage. But always and on all occasions she owes everything to the Cyprian queen. Her very body gear preserved the powerful charm with which she was invested at her birth. When the Phocians robbed the Delphian treasure house, the wife of one of their captains took and wore Helen's necklace, whereupon she doted on a young Epirot soldier and eloped with him.

She is always god-begotten and divinely fair. Was it possible that anything so exquisite should have endured rough ravishment and borne the travail of the siege of Troy ? This doubt possessed the later poets of the legendary age. They spun a myth according to which Helen reached the shore of Egypt on the ship of Paris ; but Paris had to leave her there in cedar-scented chambers by the stream of Nile, when he went forth to plow the foam, uncomfited save by her phantom. And for a phantom the Greeks strove with the Trojans on the windy plains of Ilium. For a phantom's sake brave Hector died, and the leonine swiftness of Achilles was tamed, and Zeus bewailed Sarpedon, and Priam's towers were leveled with the ground. Helen, meanwhile, — the beautiful, the inviolable, — sat all day long among the palm groves, twining lotus flowers for her hair, and learning how to weave rare Eastern patterns in the loom.

This legend hides a delicate satire upon human strife. For what do men disquiet themselves in warfare to the death, and tossing on sea waves ? Even for a phantom — for the shadow of their desire, the which remains secluded in some unapproachable, far, sacred land. A wide application may thus be given to Augustine's passionate outcry : " Why is it yours to go here and there over hard and toilsome ways ? Rest is not where you seek it. Seek what you seek ; but there is naught where you seek. You seek a life of bliss in the land of death : it is not there." Those who spake ill of Helen suffered. Stesichorus had ventured to lay upon her shoulders all the guilt and suffering of Hellas and of Troy. Whereupon he was smitten with blindness, nor could he recover his sight till he had

written the palinode which begins, "Not true is that tale ; nor didst thou journey in benched ships, or come to towers of Troy." Even Homer, as Plato hints, knew not that blindness had fallen on him for like reason. To assail Helen with reproach was not less dangerous than to touch the Ark of the Covenant, for with the Greeks beauty was a holy thing. How perfectly beautiful she was we know from the legend of the cups modeled upon her breasts suspended in the shrine of Aphrodite. When Troy was taken, and the hungry soldiers of Odysseus roamed through the burning palaces of Priam and his sons, their swords fell beneath the vision of her loveliness. She had wrought all the ruin, yet Menelaus could not touch her, when she sailed forth, swanlike, fluttering white raiment, with the imperturbable sweet smile of a goddess on her lips. Between the Helen of the *Iliad*, revered by the elders in the Scæan gate, and the Helen of the *Odyssey*, queenlike among her Spartan maidens, there has passed no agony of fear. The shame which she has truly felt has been tempered to a silent sorrow, and she has poured her grief forth beside Andromache over the corpse of Hector.

She first appears when Iris summons her to watch the duel of Paris and Menelaus. Husband and lover are to fight beneath the walls of Troy. Priam accosts her tenderly ; not hers the blame that the gods scourge him in his old age with war. Then he bids her sit beside him and name the Greek heroes as they march beneath. She obeys, and points out Agamemnon, Odysseus, and Ajax, describing each, as she knew them of old. But for her twin brothers she looks in vain : and the thought of them touches her with the sorrow of her isolation and her shame.

In the same book, after Paris has been withdrawn, not without dishonor, from the duel by Aphrodite, Helen is summoned by her liege mistress to his bed. Helen was standing on the walls, and the goddess, disguised as an old spinning woman, took her by the skirt, bidding her hie back to her lover, whom she would find in his bedchamber, not as one arrayed for war, but as a fair youth resting haply from the dance. Homer gives no hint that Aphrodite is here the personified wish of Helen's own heart going forth to Paris. On the contrary, the Cyprian queen appears in the interests of the Phrygian youth, whom she would fain see comforted. Under her disguise Helen recognized Aphrodite, the terrible queen, whose bond-

woman she was forced to be. For a moment she struggled against her fate. "Art thou come again," she cried, "to bear me to some son of earth beloved of thee, that I may serve his pleasure to my own shame? Nay, rather, put off divinity and be thyself his odalisque." But go she must. Aphrodite is a hard taskmistress, and the mysterious bond of beauty which chains Helen to her cannot be broken.

It is in the chamber of Paris that Hector finds her. She has vainly striven to send Paris forth to battle; and the sense of her own degradation, condemned to love a man love-worthy only for the beauty of his limbs, overcomes her when she sees the noble Hector clothed in panoply for war. Her passionate outbreak of self-pity and self-reproach is, perhaps, the strongest indication given in the *Iliad* of a moral estimate of Helen's crime. The most consummate art is shown by the poet in thus quickening the conscience of Helen by contact with the nobility of Hector. Like Guinevere, she for a moment seems to say, "Thou art the highest, and most human too!" casting from her as worthless the allurements of the baser love for whose sake she had left her home. In like manner, it was not without the most exquisite artistic intention that Homer made the parting scene between Andromache and Hector follow immediately upon this meeting. For Andromache in the future there remained only sorrow and servitude. Helen was destined to be tossed from man to man, always desirable and always delicate, like the sea foam that floats upon the crests of waves. But there is no woman who, reading the *Iliad*, would not choose to weep with Andromache in Hector's arms, rather than to smile like Helen in the laps of lovers for whom she little cared.

Helen and Andromache meet together before Hector's corpse, and it is here that we learn to love best what is womanly in Leda's daughter. The mother and the wife have bewailed him in high thrilling threni. Then Helen advances to the bier and cries : —

"Hector, of brethren dearest to my heart,
For I in sooth am Alexander's bride,
Who brought me hither: would I first had died!
For 'tis the twentieth year of doom deferred
Since Troyward from my fatherland I hied;
Yet never in those years mine ear hath heard
From thy most gracious lips one sharp accusing word;

Nay, if by other I haply were reviled,
 Brother, or sister fair, or brother's bride,
 Or mother (for the king was alway mild),
 Thou with kind words the same hast pacified
 With gentle words, and mien like summer tide.
 Wherefore I mourn for thee and mine own ill,
 Grieving at heart; for in Troy town so wide
 Friend have I none, nor harbinger of good will,
 But from my touch all shrink with deadly shuddering chill."

It would have been impossible to enhance more worthily than thus the spirit of courtesy and knightly kindness which was in Hector—qualities, in truth, which, together with his loyalty to Andromache, endeared the champion of the Trojans to chivalry, and placed Hector upon the list of worthies beside King Arthur and Godfrey of Bouillon.

The character of Helen loses much of its charm and becomes more conventional in the *Odyssey*. It is difficult to believe that the poet who put into her lips the last lines of that threnos could have ventured to display the same woman calm and innocent and queenlike in the home of Menelaus. Helen shows her prudence and insight by at once declaring the stranger guest to be Telemachus; busy with housewifely kindness, she prepares for him a comfortable couch at night; nor does she shrink from telling again the tales of Troy, and the craft which helped Odysseus in the Wooden Horse. The blame of her elopement with Paris she throws on Aphrodite, who had carried her across the sea. —

Leaving my child an orphan far away,
 And couch, and husband who had known no peer,
 First in all grace of soul and beauty shining clear.

Such words, no doubt, fell with honey-sweet flattery from the lips of Helen on the ears of Menelaus. Yet how could he forget the grief of his bereavement, the taunts of Achilles and Thersites, and the ten years' toil at Troy endured for her? Perhaps he remembered the promise of Proteus, who had said, "Thee will the immortals send to the Elysian plains and farthest verge of earth; where dwells yellow-haired Rhadamanthus, and where the ways of life are easiest for men; snow falls not there, nor storm, nor any rain, but Ocean ever breathes forth delicate zephyr breezes to gladden men; since thou hast Helen for thine own, and art the son-in-law of Zeus." Such future was full recompense for sorrow in the past,

The charm of Helen in the Homeric poems is due in a great measure to the *naïveté* of the poet's art. The situations in which she appears are never strained, nor is the ethical feeling, though indicated, suffered to disturb the calm influence of her beauty.

[Mr. Symonds here gives the sternly ethical view taken by the rationalizing ages, especially by Æschylus and Euripides.]

It is probable that the later artists, in their illustrations of the romance of Helen, used the poems of Lesches and Arctinus, now lost, but of which the "Posthomerica" of Quintus Smyrnaeus preserve to us a feeble reflection. This poet of the fourth century after Christ does all in his power to rehabilitate the character of Helen by laying the fault of her crime on Paris, and by describing at length the charm which Venus shed around her sacred person. It was only by thus insisting upon the dæmonic influence which controlled the fate of Helen that the conclusions reached by the rationalizing process of the dramatists could be avoided. The Cyclic poems thus preserved the heroic character of Helen and her husband at the expense of Aphrodite, while Euripides had said plainly: "What you call Aphrodite is your own lust."

Menelaus, in the "Posthomerica," finds Helen hidden in the palace of Deiphobus; astonishment takes possession of his soul before the shining of her beauty, so that he stands immovable, like a dead tree, which neither north nor south wind shakes. When the Greek heroes leave Troy town, Agamemnon leads Cassandra captive, Neoptolemus is followed by Andromache, and Hecuba weeps torrents of tears in the strong grasp of Odysseus. A crowd of Trojan women fill the air with shrill laments, tearing their tresses and strewing dust upon their heads. Meanwhile, Helen is delayed by no desire to wail or weep; but a comely shame sits on her black eyes and glowing cheeks. Her heart leaps, and her whole form is as lovely as Aphrodite was when the gods discovered her with Ares in the net of Hephæstus. Down to the ships she comes with Menelaus hand in hand; and the people, "gazing on the glory and the winning grace of the faultless woman, were astonished; nor could they dare by whispers or aloud to humble her with insults; but gladly they saw in her a goddess, for she seemed to all what each desired."

This is the apotheosis of Helen; and this reading of her

romance is far more true to the general current of Greek feeling than that suggested by Euripides. Theocritus, in his exquisite marriage song of Helen, has not a word to say by hint or innuendo that she will bring a curse upon her husband. Like dawn is the beauty of her face; like the moon in the heaven of night, or the spring when winter is ended, or like a cypress in the meadow, so is Helen among Spartan maids. When Apollonius of Tyana, the most famous *medium* of antiquity, evoked the spirit of Achilles by the pillar on his barrow in the Troad, the great ghost consented to answer five questions. One of these concerned Helen: Did she really go to Troy? Achilles indignantly repudiated the notion. She remained in Egypt; and this the heroes of Achaia soon knew well; "but we fought for fame and Priam's wealth."

The romance of Helen of Troy, after lying dormant during the Middle Ages, shone forth again in the pregnant myth of Faustus. The final achievement of Faust's magic was to evoke Helen from the dead and hold her as his paramour. To the beauty of Greek art the mediæval spirit stretched forth with yearning and begot the modern world. Marlowe, than whom no poet of the North throbbed more mightily with the passion of the Renaissance, contented himself with an external handling of the Faust legend. Goethe allegorized the whole, and turned the episode of Helen into a parable of modern poetry. The new light that rose upon the Middle Ages came not from the East, but from the South; no longer from Galilee, but from Greece.

Thus, after living her long life in Hellas as the ideal of beauty, unqualified by moral attributes, Helen passed into modern mythology as the ideal of the beauty of the pagan world. True to her old character, she arrives to us across the waters of oblivion with the cestus of the goddess round her waist, and the divine smile upon her lips. Age has not impaired her charm, nor has she learned the lesson of the Fall. Ever virginal and ever fair, she is still the slave of Aphrodite. In Helen we welcome the indestructible Hellenic spirit.

Penelope is the exact opposite to Helen. The central point in her character is intense love of her home, an almost catlike attachment to the house where she first enjoyed her husband's love, and which is still full of all the things that make her life worth having. Therefore, when at last she thinks that she will have to yield to the suitors and leave it, these words are always on her lips, "The home of my wedded years, exceeding fair,

filled with all the goods of life, which even in dreams methinks I shall remember." We can scarcely think of Penelope except in the palace of Ithaca, so firmly has this home-loving instinct been embedded in her by her maker. Were it not that the passion for her home is controlled and determined by a higher and more sacred feeling, this *Haushälterischness* of Penelope would be prosaic. Not only, however, has Homer made it evident in the *Odyssey* that the love of Ithaca is subordinate in her soul to the love of Odysseus, but a beautiful Greek legend teaches how in girlhood she sacrificed the dearest ties that can bind a woman to her love for the hero who had wooed and won her. Pausanias says that when Odysseus was carrying her upon his chariot forth to his own land, her father, Icarus, followed in their path and besought her to stay with him. The young man was ready busked for the long journey. The old man pointed to the hearth she had known from childhood. Penelope between them answered not a word, but covered her face with her veil. This action Odysseus interpreted rightly, and led his bride away, willing to go where he would go, yet unwilling to abandon what she dearly loved. No second Odysseus could cross the woman's path. Among the suitors there was not one like him. Therefore she clung to her house tree in Ithaca, the olive around which Odysseus had built the nuptial chamber; and none, till he appeared, by force or guile might win her thence.

It is precisely this tenacity in the character of Penelope which distinguishes her from Helen, the daughter of adventure and the child of change, to whom migration was no less natural than to the swan that gave her life. Another characteristic of Penelope is her prudence. Having to deal with the uproarious suitors camped in her son's halls, she deceives them with fair words, and promises to choose a husband from their number when she has woven a winding sheet for Laertes. Three years pass and the work is still not finished. At last a maiden tells the suitors that every night Penelope undoes by lamplight what she had woven in the daytime. This ruse of the defenseless woman has passed into a proverb; and has become so familiar that we forget, perhaps, how true a parable it is of those who, in their weakness, do and undo daily what they would fain never do at all, trifling and procrastinating with tyrannous passions which they are unable to expel from the palace of their souls.

The prudence of Penelope sometimes assumes a form which reminds us of the heroines of Hebrew story; as when, for example, she spoils the suitors of rich gifts by subtle promises and engagements carefully guarded. Odysseus, seated in disguise near the hall door, watches her success and secretly approves. The same quality of mind makes her cautious in the reception of the husband she has waited for in widowhood through twenty years. The dog Argus has no doubt. He sees his master through the beggar's rags, and dies of joy. The handmaid Eurycleia is convinced as soon as she has touched the wound upon the hero's foot and felt the well-remembered scar. Not so Penelope. Though the great bow has been bent and the suitors have been slain, and though Eurycleia comes to tell her the whole truth, the queen has yet the heart to seat herself opposite Odysseus by the fire, and to prove him with cunningly devised tests. There is something provocative of anger against Penelope in this cross-questioning. But our anger is dissolved in tears, when at last, feeling sure that her husband and none other is there verily before her eyes, she flings her arms around him in that long and close embrace.

Homer, even in this supreme moment, has sustained her character by a trait which, however delicate, can hardly escape notice. Her lord is weary and would fain seek the solace of his couch. But he has dropped a hint that still more labors are in store for him. Then Penelope replies that his couch is ready at all times and whensoever he may need; no hurry about that. Meanwhile, she would like to hear the prophecy of Teiresias. Helen, the bondwoman of dame Aphrodite, would not have waited thus upon the edge of love's delight, long looked for with strained widow's eyes. Yet it would be unfair to Penelope to dwell only on this prudent and somewhat frigid aspect of her character. She is perhaps most amiable when she descends among the suitors, and prays Phemius to cease from singing of the heroes who returned from Troy. It is more than she can bear to sit weaving in the silent chamber mid her damsels, listening to the shrill sound of the lyre and hearing how other men have reached their homes, while on the waves Odysseus still wanders, and none knows whether he be alive or dead.

It may be noticed that just as Helen is a mate meet for easily persuaded Menelaus and luxurious Paris, so Penelope matches the temper of the astute, enduring, persevering Odys-

seus. As a creature of the fancy, she is far less fascinating than Helen; and this the poet seems to have felt, for side by side with Penelope in the *Odyssey* he has placed the attractive forms of Circe, Calypso, and Nausicaa. The gain is double. Not only are the hearers of the romance gladdened by the contrast of these graceful women with the somewhat elegiac figure of Penelope, but the character of Odysseus for constancy is greatly enhanced. How fervent must the love of home have been in the man who could quit Calypso, after seven years' sojourn, for the sake of a wife grown gray with twenty widowed years! Odysseus tells Calypso to her face that she is far fairer than his wife, "I know well that Penelope is inferior to thee in form and stature, to the eyes of men." But what Odysseus leaves unsaid — the grace of the first woman who possessed his soul — constrains him with a deeper, tenderer power than any of Calypso's charms. Penelope, meanwhile, is pleading that her beauty in the absence of her lord has perished, "Of a truth my goodness and beauty of person the gods destroyed what time the Argives went up into Troy town."

These two meet at last together, he after his long wanderings, and she having suffered the insistence of the suitors in her palace; and this is the pathos of the *Odyssey*. The woman, in spite of her withered youth and tearful years of widowhood, is still expectant of her lord. He, unconquered by the pleasures cast across his path, unterrified by all the dangers he endures, clings in thought to the bride whom he led forth, a blushing maiden, from her father's halls. O just, subtle, and mighty Homer! There is nothing of Greek here more than of Hebrew, or of Latin, or of German. It is pure humanity.

Calypso is not a woman, but a goddess. She feeds upon ambrosia and nectar, while her maidens spread before Odysseus the food of mortals. Between her and Hermes there is recognition at first sight; for god knows god, however far apart their paths may lie. Yet the love that Calypso bears Odysseus brings this daughter of Atlas down to earth; and we may reckon her among the women of Homer. How mysterious, as the Greek genius apprehended mystery, is her cavern, hidden far away in the isle Ogygia, with the grove of forest trees before it and the thick vine flourishing around its mouth. Meadows of snowflake and close-flowering selinus gird it round; and on the branches brood all kinds of birds. Under those trees, gazing across the ocean, in the still light of the

evening star, Odysseus wept for his far-distant home. Then, heavy at heart, he gathered up his raiment, and climbed into Calypso's bed at night. "For the nymph pleased him no longer. Nathless, as need was, he slept the night in hollow caverns, beside her loving him who loved her not."

To him the message of Hermes recalling him to labor on the waves was joy; but to the nymph herself it brought mere bitterness: "Hard are ye, gods, and envious above all, who grudge that goddesses should couch thus openly with mortal men, if one should make a dear bedfellow for herself. For so the rosy-fingered morning chose Orion, till ye gods that lead an easy life grew jealous, and in Ogygia him the golden-throned maid Artemis slew with her kind arrows." This wail of the immortal nymph Calypso for her roving spouse of seven short years has a strange pathos in it. It seems to pass across the sea like a sigh of winds awakened, none knows how, in summer midnight, that swells and dies far off upon moon-silvered waves. The clear human activity of Odysseus cuts the everlasting calm of Calypso like a knife, shredding the veil that hides her from the eyes of mortals. Then he fares onward to resume the toils of real existence in a land whereof she nothing knows. There is a fragment of his last speech to Penelope, which sounds like an echo of Calypso's lamentation. "Death," he says, "shall some day rise for me, tranquil from the tranquil deep, and I shall die in delicate old age." We seem to feel that in his last trance Odysseus might have heard the far-off divine sweet voice of Calypso calling him, and have hastened to her cry.

Circe is by no means so mysterious as Calypso. Yet she belongs to one of the most interesting families in Greek romance. Her mother was Perse, daughter of Oceanus, her father was Helios; she is own sister, therefore, to the Colchian Æetes, and aunt of the redoubtable Medea. She lives in the isle of Æaea, not, like Calypso, deep embowered in groves, but in a fair open valley sweeping downward to the sea, whence her hearth smoke may be clearly descried. Nor is her home an ivy-curtained cavern of the rocks, but a house well built of polished stone, protected from the sea winds by oak woods. Here she dwells in grand style, with nymphs of the streams and forests to attend upon her, and herds of wild beasts, human-hearted, roaming through her park. Odysseus always speaks of her with respect. Like Calypso, she has a fair shrill

voice that goes across the waters, and as her fingers ply the shuttle, she keeps singing through the summer air. By virtue of her birthright, as a daughter of the sun, she understands the properties of plant and drug. Poppy and henbane and mandragora—all herbs of subtle juice that draw soul-quelling poison from the fat earth and the burning sun—are hers to use as she thinks fit. And the use she makes of them is malicious; for, fairylike and wanton, she will have the men who visit her across the seas submit their reason to her lure. Therefore she turns them to swine; and the lions and wolves of the mountain she tames in like manner, so that they fawn and curl their long tails and have no heart to ravin any more.

Circe is not made out particularly wicked or malignant. She is acting only after her kind, like some beautiful but baleful plant—a wreath, for instance, of red briony berries, whereof if children eat, they perish. The world has lived long and suffered much and grown greatly since the age of Homer. We cannot be so naïf and childlike any longer. Yet the true charm of Circe in the *Odyssey*, the spirit that distinguishes her from Tannhäuser's Venus and Orlando's Fata Morgana and Rugiero's Alcina and Tancred's Armida, lies just in this, that the poet has passed so lightly over all the dark and perilous places of his subject. This delicacy of touch can never be regained by art. It belonged to the conditions of the first Hellenic bloom of fancy, to suggest without insistence and to realize without emphasis. Impatient readers may complain of want of depth and character. They would fain see the Circe of the *Odyssey* as strongly moralized as the Medea of Euripides. But in Homer only what is human attains to real intensity. The marvelous falls off and shades away into soft air tints and delightful dreams. Still, it requires the interposition of the gods to save Odysseus from the charms of the malicious maid. Odysseus's sword and strong will must do the rest. When Circe has once found her match, we are astonished at the *bon-homie* which she displays. The game is over. There remains nothing but graceful hospitality on her part,—elegant banquets, delicious baths, soft beds, the restoration of the ship's crew to their proper shape, and a store of useful advice for the future.

One more female figure from the *Odyssey* remains as yet untouched; and this is the most beautiful of all. Nausicaa has no legendary charm; she is neither mystic goddess nor weird woman, nor is hers the dignity of wifehood. She is

simply the most perfect maiden, the purest, freshest, lightest-hearted girl of Greek romance. Odysseus passes straight from the solitary island of Ogygia, where elm and poplar and cypress overshadow Calypso's cavern, into the company of this real woman. It is like coming from a land of dreams into a dewy garden when the sun has risen: the waves through which he has fared upon his raft have wrought for him, as it were, a rough reincarnation into the realities of human life. For the sea brine is the source of vigor; and into the deep he has cast, together with Calypso's raiment, all memory of her.

A prettier picture cannot be conceived than that drawn by Homer of Nausicaa with her handmaidens thronging together in the cart, which jogs downward through the olive gardens to the sea. The princess holds the whip and drives; and when she reaches the stream's mouth by the beach, she loosens the mules from the shafts, and turns them out to graze in the deep meadow. Then the clothes are washed, and the luncheon is taken from the basket, and the game of ball begins. How the ball flew aside and fell into the water, and how the shrill cries of the damsels woke Odysseus from his sleep, every one remembers. The girls are fluttered by the sight of the great naked man, rugged with brine and bruised with shipwreck. Nausicaa alone, as becomes a princess, stands her ground and questions him. The simple delicacy with which this situation is treated makes the whole episode one of the most charming in Homer. Nothing can be prettier than the change from pity to admiration, expressed by the damsel, when Odysseus has bathed in running water, and rubbed himself with oil and put on goodly raiment given him by the girls. Pallas sheds treble grace upon his form, and makes his hair to fall in clusters like hyacinth blossoms, so that an artist who molds figures of gilt silver could not shape a comelier statue. The princess, with yesternight's dream still in her soul, wishes he would stay and be her husband.

The girlish simplicity of Nausicaa is all the more attractive because the Phaeacians are the most luxurious race described by Homer. From this soft, luxurious, comely, pleasure-loving folk Nausicaa springs up like a pure blossom—anemone or lily of the mountains. She has all the sweetness of temper which distinguishes Alcinous; but the voluptuous living of her people has not spoiled her. The maidenly reserve which she displays in her first reception of Odysseus, her prudent avoidance of being seen with him in the streets of the town while he

is yet a stranger, and the care she takes that he shall suffer nothing by not coming with her to the palace, complete the portrait of a girl who is as free from coquetry as she is from prudishness. Perhaps she strikes our fancy with most clearness when, after bathing and dressing, Odysseus passes her on his way through the hall to the banquet. She leaned against the pillar of the roof and gazed upon Odysseus, and said, "Hail, guest, and be thou mindful of me when perchance thou art in thine own land again, for to me the first thou dost owe the price of life." This is the last word spoken by Nausicaa in the *Odyssey*. She is not mentioned among the Phæacians who took leave of the hero the day he passed to Ithaca.

Andromache offers a not inapt illustration to these remarks. She is beautiful, as all heroic women are; and Homer tells us she is "white-armed." We know no more about her person than this; and her character is exhibited only in the famous parting scene and in the two lamentations which she pours forth for her husband. Yet who has read the *Iliad* without carrying away a distinct conception of this, the most lovable among the women of Homer? She owes her character far less to what she does and what she says than to how she looks in that ideal picture painted on our memory by Homer's verse. The affection of Hector for his wife, no less distinguished than the passion of Achilles for his friend, has made the Trojan prince rather than his Greek rival the hero of modern romance. When he leaves Ilion to enter on the long combat which ends in the death of Patroclus, the last thought of Hector is for Andromache. He finds her, not in their home, but on the wall, attended by her nurse, who carries in her arms his only son, — "Hector's only son, like unto a fair star."

Her first words, after she has wept and clasped him, are: "Love, thy stout heart will be thy death, nor hast thou pity of thy child or me, who soon shall be a widow. My father and my mother and my brothers are all slain; but, Hector, thou art father to me and mother and brother, and thou, too, art the husband of my youth. Have pity, then, and stay here in the tower, lest thy son be orphaned and thy wife a widow." The answer is worthy of the hero. "Full well," he says, "know I that Troy will fall, and I foresee the sorrow of my brethren and the king; but for these I grieve not: to think of thee, a slave in Argos, unmans me almost; yet even so I will not flinch or shirk the fight. My duty calls, and I must away." He stretches out his mailed arms to Astyanax, but the

child is frightened by his nodding plumes. So he lays aside his helmet, and takes the baby to his breast, and prays for him. Andromache smiles through her tears, and down the clanging causeway strides the prince. Poor Andromache has nothing left to do but to return home and raise the dirge for a husband as good as dead.

When we see her again in the 22d Iliad, she is weaving, and her damsels are heating a bath against Hector's return from the fight. Then suddenly the cry of Hecuba's anguish thrills her ears. Shuttle and thread drop from her hands; she gathers up her skirts, and like a Mænad flies forth to the wall. She arrives in time to see her husband's body dragged through dust at Achilles' chariot wheels away from Troy. She faints, and when she wakes it is to utter the most piteous lament in Homer—not, however, for Hector so much, or for herself, as for Astyanax. He who was reared upon a father's knees and fed with marrow and the fat of lambs, and, when play tired him, slept in soft beds among nursing women, will now roam, an orphan, wronged and unbefriended, hunted from the company of happier men, or fed by charity with scanty scraps. And to the same theme Andromache returns in the *vocero* which she pours forth over the body of Hector. "I shall be a widow and a slave, and Astyanax will either be slaughtered by Greek soldiers or set to base service in like bondage." Then the sight of the corpse reminds her that the last words of her sorrow must be paid to Hector himself. What touches her most deeply is the thought of death in battle, —

For, dying, thou didst not reach to me thy hand from the bed,
nor say to me words of wisdom, the which I might have aye remem-
bered night and day with tears.



ODYSSEUS AND POLYPHEMUS.

(Translated from the Odyssey by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang.)

"AND we came to the land of the Cyclopes, a froward and a lawless folk, who trusting to the deathless gods plant not aught with their hands, neither plow: but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown and untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. These have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they

dwell in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reckon not one of another.

“Now there is a waste isle stretching without the harbor of the land of the Cyclopes, neither nigh at hand nor yet afar off, a woodland isle, wherein are wild goats unnumbered, for no path of men scares them, nor do hunters resort thither who suffer hardships in the wood, as they range the mountain crests. Moreover it is possessed neither by flocks nor by plowed lands, but the soil lies unsown evermore and untilled, desolate of men, and feeds the bleating goats. For the Cyclopes have by them no ships with vermilion cheek, not yet are there shipwrights in the island, who might fashion decked barks, which should accomplish all their desire, voyaging to the towns of men (as oftentimes men cross the sea to one another in ships), who might likewise have made of their isle a goodly settlement. Yea, it is in no wise a sorry land, but would bear all things in their season; for therein are soft water meadows by the shores of the gray salt sea, and there the vines know no decay, and the land is level to plow; thence might they reap a crop exceeding deep in due season, for verily there is fatness beneath the soil. Also there is a fair haven, where is no need of moorings, either to cast anchor or to fasten hawsers, but men may run the ship on the beach, and tarry until such time as the sailors are minded to be gone, and favorable breezes blow. Now at the head of the harbor is a well of bright water issuing from a cave, and round it are poplars growing. Thither we sailed, and some god guided us through the night, for it was dark and there was no light to see, a mist lying deep about the ships, nor did the moon show her light from heaven, but was shut in with clouds. No man then beheld that island, neither saw we the long waves rolling to the beach, till we had run our decked ships ashore. And when our ships were beached, we took down all their sails, and ourselves too stepped forth upon the strand of the sea, and there we fell into sound sleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

“So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, in wonder at the island we roamed over the length thereof: and the Nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, started the wild goats of the hills, that my company might have wherewith to sup. Anon we took to us our curved bows from out the ships and long spears, and arrayed in three bands we began shooting at the goats; and the god soon gave us game in

plenty. Now twelve ships bare me company, and to each ship fell nine goats for a portion, but for me alone they set ten apart.

“Thus we sat there the livelong day until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine. For the red wine was not yet spent from out the ships, but somewhat was yet therein, for we had each one drawn off large store thereof in jars, when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclopes who dwell nigh, and to the smoke, and to the voice of the men, and of the sheep and of the goats. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the seabeach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then I called a gathering of my men, and spake among them all : —

“‘Abide here all the rest of you, my dear companions ; but I will go with mine own ship and my ship’s company, and make proof of these men, what manner of folk they are, whether forward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of god-fearing mind.’

“So I spake, and I climbed the ship’s side, and bade my company themselves to mount, and to loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. Now when we had come to the land that lies hard by, we saw a cave on the border near the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And about it a high outer court was built with stones, deep bedded, and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves. And a man was wont to sleep therein, of monstrous size, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and was not conversant with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Yea, for he was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvelously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others.

“Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth. Now I had with me a goatskin of the dark wine and sweet, which Maron, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god that watched over Ismarus. And he gave it, for that we had protected him with his wife and child reverently ;

for he dwelt in a thick grove of Phœbus Apollo. And he made me splendid gifts; he gave me seven talents of gold well wrought, and he gave me a mixing bowl of pure silver, and furthermore wine which he drew off in twelve jars in all, sweet wine unmingled, a draught divine; nor did any of his servants or of his handmaids in the house know thereof, but himself and his dear wife and one house dame only. And as often as they drank that red wine honey sweet, he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measures of water, and a marvelous sweet smell went up from the mixing bowl: then truly it was no pleasure to refrain.

“With this wine I filled a great skin, and bare it with me, and corn too I put in a wallet, for my lordly spirit straightway had a boding that a man would come to me, a strange man, clothed in mighty strength, one that knew not judgment and justice.

“Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave, and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well laden with cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids; each kind was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lambs apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now all the vessels swam with whey, the milk pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels whereinto he milked. My company then spake and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and to return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ships from out of the pens, and to sail over the salt sea water. Howbeit I hearkened not (and far better would it have been), but waited to see the giant himself, and whether he would give me gifts as a stranger’s due. Yet was not his coming to be with joy to my company.

“Then we kindled a fire, and made burnt offering, and ourselves likewise took of the cheeses, and did eat, and sat waiting for him within till he came back, shepherding his flocks. And he bore a grievous weight of dry wood, against supper time. This log he cast down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secret place of the rock. As for him, he drove his fat flocks into the wide cavern, even all that he was wont to milk; but the males both of the sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a huge door-stone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of the cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wains could not raise

from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. And anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it together, and stored it in wicker baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper time. Now when he had done all his work busily, then he kindled the fire anew, and espied us, and made question : —

“‘Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways? On some trading enterprise or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea robbers over the brine, for at hazard of their own lives they wander, bringing bale to alien men.’

“So spake he, but as for us our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his own monstrous shape; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying : —

“‘Lo, we are Achæans, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea; seeking our homes we fare, but another path have we come, by other ways: even such, methinks, was the will and the counsel of Zeus. And we avow us to be the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is even now the mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and destroyed many people: but as for us we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger’s gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, lord, have regard to the gods, for we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and sojourners, Zeus, the god of the stranger, who fareth in the company of reverend strangers.’

“So I spake, and anon he answered out of his pitiless heart : ‘Thou art witless, my stranger, or thou hast come from afar, who biddest me either to fear or shun the gods. For the Cyclopes pay no heed to Zeus, lord of the agis, nor to the blessed gods, for verily we are better men than they. Nor would I, to shun the enmity of Zeus, spare either thee or thy company, unless my spirit bade me. But tell me where thou didst stay thy well-wrought ship on thy coming? Was it perchance at the far end of the island, or hard by, that I may know?’

“So he spake tempting me, but he cheated me not, who knew full much, and I answered him again with words of guile :

“‘As for my ship, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, brake it to pieces, for he cast it upon the rocks at the border of your

country, and brought it nigh the headland, and a wind bare it thither from the sea. But I with these my men escaped from utter doom.'

"So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together dashed them, as they had been whelps, to the earth, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground, and the earth was wet. Then cut he them up piece-meal, and made ready his supper. So he ate even as a mountain-bred lion, and ceased not, devouring entrails and flesh and bones with their marrow. And we wept and raised our hands to Zeus, beholding the cruel deeds; and we were at our wits' end. And after the Cyclops had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, he lay within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

"So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near, and pluck my sharp sword from my thigh, and stab him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished even there with utter doom. For we should not have prevailed to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiting the bright Dawn.

"Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, again he kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his midday meal. And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great doorstone, and drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in his place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver. Then with a loud whoop, the Cyclops turned his fat flocks towards the hills; but I was left devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any wise I might avenge me, and Athene grant me renown.

"And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There lay by a sheepfold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be seasoned. Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that traverses the great sea gulf, so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and cut off from it a portion as it were a fathom's length, and set it by my

fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, while I stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it and hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it beneath the dung, which was scattered in great heaps in the depths of the cave. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which of them should risk the adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn it about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot fell upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening he came shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he drove his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in the deep courtyard, whether through some foreboding, or perchance that the god so bade him do. Thereafter he lifted the huge doorstone and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two and made ready his supper. Then I stood by the Cyclops and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine:—

“Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man’s meat, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply thou mayest take pity and send me on my way home, but thy mad rage is past all sufferance. O hard of heart, how may another of the many men there be come ever to thee again, seeing that thy deeds have been lawless?”

“So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found great delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it yet a second time:—

“Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger’s gift, wherein thou mayest be glad. Yea for the earth, the grain giver, bears for the Cyclopes the mighty clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase, but this is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia.”

“So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words:—

“Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger’s gift, as

thou didst promise. Noman is my name, and Noman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows.'

"So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart:—

"Noman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him: that shall be thy gift.'

"Therewith he sank backwards and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. And the wine and the fragments of men's flesh issued forth from his mouth, and he vomited, being heavy with wine. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. For their part they seized the bar of olive wood, that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I from my place aloft turned it about, as when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually. Even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirled it round in his eye, and the blood flowed about the heated bar. And the breath of the flame singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye burnt away, and the roots thereof crackled in the flame. And as when a smith dips an ax or an adz in chill water with a great hissing, when he would temper it—for hereby anon comes the strength of iron—even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked forth from his eye the brand bedabbled in much blood. Then maddened with pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the Cyclopes, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him:—

"What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will: surely none slayeth thyself by force or craft?"

“And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave: ‘My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, nor at all by force.’

“And they answered and spake winged words: ‘If then no man is violently handling thee in thy solitude, it can in no wise be that thou shouldest escape the sickness sent by mighty Zeus. Nay, pray thou to thy father, the lord Poseidon.’

“On this wise they spake and departed; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with his hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave, and himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he might, any one that was going forth with his sheep, so witless, methinks, did he hope to find me. But I advised me how all might be for the very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death for my companions and myself, and I wove all manner of craft and counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief was nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. The rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece, great and goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them together with twisted withies, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monster. Three together I took: now the middle one of the three would bear each a man, but the other twain went on either side, saving my fellows. Thus every three sheep bare their man. But as for me I laid hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and the goodliest of all the flock, and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the bright Dawn.

“So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then did the rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated un milked about the pens, for their udders were swollen to bursting. Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his folly how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleeced flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered with his wool, and the weight of me and my cunning. And the strong Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying:—

“‘Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the flocks to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont

to lag behind the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come to the streams of the rivers, and first didst long to return to the homestead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded, with his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wine, even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath; then should he be smitten, and his brains be dashed against the floor here and there about the cave, and my heart be lightened of the sorrows which Noman, nothing worth, hath brought me!

“Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drave on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the slip. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears; howbeit I suffered it not, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far, but that a man’s shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him:—

“‘Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates, wherefore Zeus hath requited thee, and the other gods.’

“So I spake, and he was yet the more angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might

escape our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine, I would fain have spoken to the Cyclops, but my company stayed me on every side with soft words, saying : —

“ Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldst thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who even now hath cast so mighty a throw towards the deep and brought our ship back to land, yea and we thought that we had perished even there? If he had heard any of us utter sound or speech, he would have crushed our heads and our ship timbers with a cast of a rugged stone, so mightily he hurls.”

“ So spake they, but they prevailed not on my lordly spirit, and I answered him again from out an angry heart : —

“ Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, the waster of cities, son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca.”

“ So I spake, and with a moan he answered me, saying : —

“ Lo now, in very truth the ancient oracles have come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a noble man and a mighty, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who surpassed all men in soothsaying, and waxed old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should come to pass in the aftertime, even that I should lose my eyesight at the hand of Odysseus. But I ever looked for some tall and goodly man to come hither, clad in great might, but behold now one that is a dwarf, a man of no worth and a weakling, hath blinded me of my eye after subduing me with wine. Nay, come hither, Odysseus, that I may set by thee a stranger’s cheer, and speed thy parting hence, that so the Earth Shaker may vouchsafe it thee, for his son am I, and he avows him for my father. And he himself will heal me, if it be his will; and none other of the blessed gods or of mortal men.”

“ Even so he spake, but I answered him, and said : ‘ Would god that I were as sure to rob thee of soul and life, and send thee within the house of Hades, as I am that not even the Earth Shaker will heal thine eye !’

“ So I spake, and then he prayed to the lord Poseidon stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven : ‘ Hear me, Poseidon, girdler of the earth, god of the dark hair, if indeed I be thine, and thou avowest thee my sire, — grant that he may never come to his home, even Odysseus, waster of cities, the son of

Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca ; yet if he is ordained to see his friends and come unto his well-built house, and his own country, late may he come in evil case, with the loss of all his company, in the ship of strangers and find sorrows in his house.'

"So he spake in prayer, and the god of the dark locks heard him. And once again he lifted a stone, far greater than the first, and with one swing he hurled it, and he put forth a measureless strength, and cast it but a little space behind the dark-prowed ship, and all but struck the end of the rudder. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, but the wave bare on the ship and drave it to the further shore.

"But when we had now reached that island, where all our other decked ships abode together, and our company were gathered sorrowing, expecting us evermore, on our coming thither we ran our ship ashore upon the sand, and ourselves too stept forth upon the seabeach. Next we took forth the sheep of the Cyclops from out the hollow ship, and divided them, that none through me might go lacking his proper share. But the ram for me alone my goodly-greaved company chose out, in the dividing of the sheep, and on the shore I offered him up to Zeus, even to the son of Cronos, who dwells in the dark clouds, and is lord of all, and I burnt the slices of the thighs. But he heeded not the sacrifice, but was devising how my decked ships and my dear company might perish utterly. Thus for that time we sat the livelong day, until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the seabeach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, I called to my company, and commanded them that they should themselves climb the ship and loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions."

ULYSSES.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" (1869), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), "The Cup" (1884), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "The Foresters" and "The Death of Enone" (1892)].

IT little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me,
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
 Forever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, **we are**;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in **will**
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

NATURE AND MAN IN GREECE.

By ERNST CURTIUS.

(From "History of Greece.")

[ERNST CURTIUS, one of the leading modern historians of Greece, antiquarian, geographer, and philologist, was born at Lübeck, Germany, September 2, 1814; died July, 1896. He studied philology at Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, and spent 1837-1840 in Greece as tutor to Brandis, the confidential adviser to King Otho, then with K. O. Müller; graduated at Halle in 1841. He became extraordinary professor in the University of Berlin, tutor to the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick; in 1856 professor at Göttingen; in 1868 ordinary professor of classical archaeology at Berlin, and director of the cabinet of antiquities in the Royal Museum. He has been permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences, president of the Archæological Society, and editor of the *Archæological Journal*, and founded the German Archæological Institute at Athens. In 1874 he was German commissioner to Greece to negotiate for permission to excavate at Olympia. His chief works are "Peloponnesus" (1851-1852), "History of Greece" (1852-1867),—a standard work, but most valuable for the exhaustive topographical knowledge brought to bear on historical problems,—"The Ionians and their Migrations" (1855), "Attic Studies" (1864), "Seven Maps of Athens" (1886), "History of the City of Athens" (1891).]

WE speak of Europe and Asia, and involuntarily allow these terms to suggest to us two distinct quarters of the globe, separated from one another by natural boundaries. But where are these boundaries? Possibly a frontier line may be found in the north, where the Ural Mountains cut through the broad complexes of land; but to the south of the Pontus nature has nowhere severed east from west, but rather done her utmost closely and inseparably to unite them. The same mountain ranges which pass across the Archipelago extend on dense successions of islands over the Propontis: the coast lands on either side belong to one another as if they were two halves of one country: and harbors such as Thessalonica and Athens have from the first been incomparably nearer to the coast towns of Ionia than to their own interior, while from the western shores of their own continent they are still farther separated by broad tracts of land and by the difficulties of a lengthy sea voyage.

Sea and air unite the coasts of the Archipelago into one connected whole; the same periodical winds blow from the Hellespont as far as Crete, and regulate navigation by the same conditions, and the climate by the same changes. Scarcely a single point is to be found between Asia and Europe where, in clear weather, a mariner would feel himself left in a solitude

between sky and water ; the eye reaches from island to island, and easy voyages of a day lead from bay to bay. And therefore at all times the same nations have inhabited either shore, and since the days of Priam the same languages and customs have obtained both here and there. The Greek of the islands is as much at home at Smyrna as he is at Nauplia ; Salonichi lies in Europe, and yet belongs to the trading towns of the Levant ; notwithstanding all changes of political circumstances, Byzantium to this day ranks as the metropolis on either side ; and as one swell of the waves rolls from the shore of Ionia up to Salamis, so neither has any movement of population ever affected the coast on one side without extending itself to the other. Arbitrary political decisions have in ancient and modern times separated the two opposite coasts, and used some of the broader straits between the islands as boundary lines ; but no separation of this kind has ever become more than an external one, nor has any succeeded in dividing what nature has so clearly appointed for the theater of a common history.

As decided as the homogeneous character of the coast lands, which lie opposite one another from east to west, is the difference between the regions in the direction from north to south. On the northern border of the Ægean Sea no myrtle leaf adorns the shore, and the climate resembles that of a district of Central Germany ; no southern fruit grows in any part of Roumelia.

With the 40th degree of latitude a new region begins. Here, on the coasts, and in the sheltered valleys, occur the first signs of the neighborhood of a warmer world, and the first forests of constant verdure. But here, also, a trifling elevation suffices to change the whole condition of its vicinity ; thus a mountain like Athos bears on its heights nearly all European species of trees at once. And totally and utterly different is the natural condition of the interior. The Bay of Joannina, lying nearly a degree farther south than Naples, has the climate of Lombardy : in the interior of Thessaly no olive tree will flourish, and the entire Pindus is a stranger to the flora of Southern Europe.

At the 39th degree, and not before, the warm air of sea and coast penetrates into the interior, where a rapid advance makes itself visible. Even in Phthiotis rice and cotton are already grown, and frequent specimens of the olive tree begin to occur. In Eubœa and Attica there are even scattered instances of the palm tree, which in larger groups adorns the southern Cyclades,

and which in the plains of Messenia will, under favorable circumstances, at times even produce edible dates. None of the rarer southern fruits prosper in the neighborhood of Athens without special cultivation; while on the east coast of Argolis lemon and orange trees grow in thick forests, and in the gardens of the Naxiotes even the tender lime ripens, whose fragrant fruit, plucked in January, is transported in the space of a few hours to coasts where neither vine nor olive will flourish.

Thus, within a boundary of not more than two degrees of latitude, the land of Greece reaches from the beeches of Pindus into the climate of the palm; nor is there on the entire known surface of the globe any other region in which the different zones of climate and flora meet one another in so rapid a succession.

The results are a variety in the living forms of nature and an abundance of her produce, which necessarily excited the minds of the inhabitants, awakened their attention and industry, and called mercantile interchange into life among them.

These differences of climate are, as a rule, common to both shores. Yet even the regions of the eastern and western shores, with all their homogeneousness, show a thorough difference between one another; for the similarity of the shores is not more strongly marked than the difference in the formation of the countries themselves.

It would seem as if the Ægean were in possession of the peculiar power of transforming, after a fashion of its own, all the mainland—in other words, of everywhere penetrating into and breaking it up, of forming by this resolving process islands, peninsulas, necks of land, and promontories, and thus creating a line of coast of disproportionately great extent, with innumerable natural harbors. Such a coast may be called a Greek coast, because those regions in which Hellenes have settled possess it as peculiar to them before all countries of the earth.

In Asia great complexes of countries possess a history common to all of them. There one nation raises itself over a multitude of others, and in every case decrees of fate fall, to which vast regions, with their millions of inhabitants, are uniformly subjected. Against a history of this kind every foot breadth of Greek land rises in protest. There the ramification of the mountains has formed a series of cantons, every one of which has received a natural call and a natural right to a separate existence.

The villagers of wide plains quail at the thought of defending their laws and property against an overpowering force of arms; they submit to what is the will of heaven, and the survivor tranquilly builds himself a new hut near the ruins of the old. But where the land which has been with difficulty cultivated is belted by mountains with lofty ridges and narrow passes, which a little band is able to hold against a multitude, there men receive, together with these weapons of defense, the courage for using them. In the members of every local federation arises the feeling of belonging together by the will and command of God; the common state grows by itself out of the hamlets of the valley; and in every such state there springs up at the same time a consciousness of an independence fully justified before God and man. He who desires to enslave such a land must attack and conquer it anew in every one of its mountain valleys. In the worst case the summits of the mountains and inaccessible caves are able to shelter the remnant of the free inhabitants of the land.

But, besides the political independence, it is also the multiplicity of culture, manners, and language characteristic of Ancient Greece which it is impossible to conceive as existent without the multiplicitous formation of its territory, for without the barriers of the mountains the various elements composing its population would have early lost their individuality by contact with one another.

Now Hellas is not only a secluded and well-guarded country, but, on the other hand, again, more open to commerce than any other country of the ancient world. For from three sides the sea penetrates into all parts of the country; and while it accustoms men's eyes to greater acuteness and their minds to higher enterprise, never ceases to excite their fancy for the sea, which, in regions where no ice binds it during the whole course of the year, effects an incomparably closer union between the lands than is the case with the inhospitable inland seas of the North.

Men soon learn all the secrets of the art of river navigation to an end, but never those of navigating the sea; the differences between dwellers on the banks of a river soon vanish by mutual contact, whereas the sea suddenly brings the greatest contrasts together; strangers arrive, who have been living under another sky and according to other laws: there ensues an endless comparing, learning, and teaching, and the more remunerative the interchange of the produce of different countries, the

more restlessly the human mind labors victoriously to oppose the dangers of the sea by a constant succession of new inventions.

The Euphrates and the Nile from year to year offer the same advantages to the population on their banks, and regulate its occupations in a constant monotony, which makes it possible for centuries to pass over the land without any change taking place in the essential habits of the lives of its inhabitants. Revolutions occur, but no development, and mummylike, the civilization of the Egyptians stagnates, enshrouded in the valley of the Nile; they count the monotonous beats of the pendulum of time, but time contains nothing for them; they possess a chronology, but no history in the full sense of the word. Such a death in life is not permitted by the flowing waves of the Ægean, which, as soon as commerce and mental activity have been once awakened, unceasingly continues and develops them.

Lastly, with regard to the natural gifts of the soil, a great difference prevailed between the eastern and western half of the land of Greece. The Athenian had only to ascend a few hours' journey from the mouths of the rivers of Asia Minor to assure himself how much more remunerative agriculture was there, and to admire and envy the deep layers of most fertile soil in Æolis and Ionia. There the growth of both plants and animals manifested greater luxuriance, the intercourse in the wide plains incomparably greater facility. We know how in the European country the plains are only let in between the mountains like furrows or narrow basins, or, as it were, washed on to their extremest ridge; and the single passage from one valley to the other led over lofty ridges, which men were obliged to open up for themselves, and then, with unspeakable labor, to provide with paths for beasts of burden and vehicles. The waters of the plains were equally grudging of the blessings expected from them. Far the greater number of them in summer were dried-up rivers, sons of the Nereïdes dying in their youth, according to the version of mythology; and although the drought in the country is incomparably greater now than it was in ancient times, yet, since men remembered, the veins of water of the Ilissus, as well as of the Inachus, had been hidden under a dry bed of pebbles. Yet this excessive drought is again accompanied by a superabundance of water, which, stagnating in one place in the basin of a valley, in another between mountains and sea, renders the air pestiferous and cultivation difficult. Everywhere there was a call for labor and a struggle. And yet at



ILLUMINATED ROMAN HISTORY MS. (Sixteenth Century) in the
Library of the Arsenal of Paris.

In the Roman triumph of this illumination, the City of Rome, personified, is seated on the car, and the city itself, seen in the distance, is distinguished by the word "Roma" in gold letters above.

how early a date would Greek history have come to an end had its only theater been under the skies of Ionia ! It was, after all, only in European Hellas that the fullness of energy of which the nation was capable came to light, on that soil so much more sparingly endowed by nature ; here, after all, men's bodies received a more powerful, and their minds a freer, development ; here the country which they made their own, by drainage, and embankment, and artificial irrigation, became their native land in a fuller sense than the land on the opposite shore, where the gifts of God dropped into men's laps without any effort being necessary for their attainment. Its inhabitant enjoys the full blessings of the South. His necessities of life he easily obtains from land and sea ; nature and climate train him in temperance. His country is hilly ; but his hills, instead of being rude heights, are arable and full of pastures, and thus act as the guardians of liberty. He dwells in an island country blessed with all the advantages of southern coasts, yet enjoying at the same time the benefits proper to a vast and uninterrupted complex of territory.



WHY ROME BECAME GREAT.

By THEODOR MOMMSEN.

(From the "History of Rome.")

[THEODOR MOMMSEN: A German historian ; born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He was professor of law at Leipsic (1848-1850), of Roman law at Zürich (1852-1854), and at Breslau (1854-1858). He was professor of ancient history at Berlin in 1858. His works are : "Roman History" (1854-1856 ; 8th ed., 1888-1889 ; vol. 5, 3d ed., 1886), "Roman Chronology down to Cæsar" (2d ed., 1859), "History of Roman Coinage" (1860), "Roman Investigations" (1864-1879), "History of Roman Political Law" (3d ed., 1888). He was editor in chief of the "Body of Latin Inscriptions" (15 vols. and supplement, 1863-1893). Died 1903.]

ABOUT fourteen miles up from the mouth of the river Tiber, hills of moderate elevation rise on both banks of the stream, higher on the right, lower on the left bank. With the latter group there have been closely associated for at least two thousand five hundred years the name of the Romans. We are unable, of course, to tell how or when that name arose ; this much only is certain, that in the oldest form of it known to us the inhabitants of the canton are called not Romans, but

(by a shifting of sound that frequently occurs in the earlier period of a language, but fell very early into abeyance in Latin) Ramnians (*Ramnes*), a fact which constitutes an expressive testimony to the immemorial antiquity of the name. Its derivation cannot be given with certainty; possibly "*Ramnes*" may mean "foresters" or "bushmen."

But they were not the only dwellers on the hills by the bank of the Tiber. In the earliest division of the burgesses of Rome a trace has been preserved of the fact that that body arose out of the amalgamation of three cantons once probably independent, the Ramnians, Titians, and Luceres, into a single commonwealth—in other words, out of such a *synoikismos* as that from which Athens arose in Attica. The great antiquity of this threefold division of the community is perhaps best evinced by the fact that the Romans, in matters especially of constitutional law, regularly used the forms *tribuere* ("to divide into three") and *tribus* ("a third") in the general sense of "to divide," and "a part," and the latter expression *tribus*, like our "quarter," early lost its original signification of number. After the union each of these three communities—once separate, but now forming subdivisions of a single community—still possessed its third of the common domain, and had its proportional representation in the burgess force and in the council of the elders. In ritual also, the number divisible by three of the members of almost all the oldest colleges—of the Vestal Virgins, the Salii, the Arval Brethren, the Luperi, the Augurs—probably had reference to that threefold partition. These three elements into which the primitive body of burgesses in Rome was divided have had theories of the most extravagant absurdity engrafted upon them. The irrational opinion that the Roman nation was a mongrel people finds its support in that division, and its advocates have striven by various means to represent the three great Italian races as elements entering into the composition of the primitive Rome, and to transform a people which has exhibited in language, polity, and religion a pure and national development such as few have equaled, into a confused aggregate of Etruscan and Sabine, Hellenic and, forsooth! even Pelasgian fragments.

Setting aside self-contradictory and unfounded hypotheses, we may sum up in a few words all that can be said respecting the nationality of the component elements of the primitive Roman commonwealth. That the Ramnians were a Latin

stock cannot be doubted, for they gave their name to the new Roman commonwealth, and therefore must have substantially determined the nationality of the united community. Respecting the origin of the Luceres nothing can be affirmed, except that there is no difficulty in the way of our assigning them, like the Ramnians, to the Latin stock. The second of these communities, on the other hand, is with one consent derived from Sabina; and this view can at least be traced to a tradition preserved in the Titian brotherhood, which represented that priestly college as having been instituted, on occasion of the Tities being admitted into the collective community, for the preservation of their distinctive Sabine ritual. It would appear, therefore, that at a period very remote, when the Latin and Sabellian stocks were beyond question far less sharply contrasted in language, manners, and customs than were the Roman and the Samnite of a later age, a Sabellian community entered into a Latin canton union; and, as in the older and more credible traditions without exception the Tities take precedence of the Ramnians, it is probable that the intruding Tities compelled the older Ramnians to accept the *synoikismos*. A mixture of different nationalities certainly therefore took place; but it hardly exercised an influence greater than the migration, for example, which occurred some centuries afterwards of the Sabine Attus Clauzus, or Appius Claudius, and his clansmen and clients to Rome. The earlier admission of the Tities among the Ramnians does not entitle us to class the community among mongrel peoples any more than does that subsequent reception of the Claudii among the Romans. With the exception, perhaps, of isolated national institutions handed down in connection with ritual, the existence of Sabellian elements can nowhere be pointed out in Rome; and the Latin language in particular furnishes absolutely no support to such an hypothesis. It would in fact be more than surprising if the Latin nation should have had its nationality in any sensible degree affected by the insertion of a single community from a stock so very closely related to it; and, besides, it must not be forgotten that at the time when the Tities settled beside the Ramnians, Latin nationality rested on Latium as its basis, and not on Rome. The new tripartite Roman commonwealth was, notwithstanding some incidental elements which were originally Sabellian, just what the community of the Ramnians had previously been — a portion of the Latin nation.

Long, in all probability, before an urban settlement arose on the Tiber, these Ramnians, Titii, and Luceres, at first separate, afterwards united, had their stronghold on the Roman hills, and tilled their fields from the surrounding villages. The "wolf festival" (*Lupercalia*), which the *gens* of the Quinctii celebrated on the Palatine hill, was probably a tradition from these primitive ages — a festival of husbandmen and shepherds, which more than any other preserved the homely pastimes of patriarchal simplicity, and, singularly enough, maintained itself longer than all the other heathen festivals in Christian Rome.

From these settlements the later Rome arose. The founding of a city in the strict sense, such as the legend assumes, is of course to be reckoned altogether out of the question : Rome was not built in a day. But the serious consideration of the historian may well be directed to the inquiry, in what way Rome could so early attain the prominent political position which it held in Latium — so different from what the physical character of the locality would have led us to anticipate. The site of Rome is less healthy and less fertile than that of most of the Latin towns. Neither the vine nor the fig succeed well in the immediate environs, and there is a want of springs yielding a good supply of water ; for neither the otherwise excellent fountain of the Camenæ before the Porta Capena, nor the Capitoline well, afterwards inclosed within the Tullianum, furnish it in any abundance. Another disadvantage arises from the frequency with which the river overflows its banks. Its very slight fall renders it unable to carry off the water, which during the rainy season descends in large quantities from the mountains, with sufficient rapidity to the sea, and in consequence it floods the low-lying lands and the valleys that open between the hills, and converts them into swamps. For a settler the locality was anything but attractive. In antiquity itself an opinion was expressed that the first body of immigrant cultivators could scarce have spontaneously resorted in search of a suitable settlement to that unhealthy and unfruitful spot in a region otherwise so highly favored, and that it must have been necessity, or rather some special motive, which led to the establishment of a city there. Even the legend betrays its sense of the strangeness of the fact : the story of the foundation of Rome by refugees from Alba under the leadership of the sons of an Alban prince, Romulus and Remus, is nothing

but a naïve attempt of primitive quasi history to explain the singular circumstance of the place having arisen on a site so unfavorable, and to connect at the same time the origin of Rome with the general metropolis of Latium. Such tales, which profess to be historical but are merely improvised explanations of no very ingenious character, it is the first duty of history to dismiss; but it may perhaps be allowed to go a step further, and after weighing the special relations of the locality to propose a positive conjecture not regarding the way in which the place originated, but regarding the circumstances which occasioned its rapid and surprising prosperity and led to its occupying its peculiar position in Latium.

Let us notice first of all the earliest boundaries of the Roman territory. Towards the east the towns of Antemnæ, Fidenæ, Cænina, Collatia, and Gabii lie in the immediate neighborhood, some of them not five miles distant from the gates of the Servian Rome; and the boundary of the canton must have been in the close vicinity of the city gates. On the south we find at a distance of fourteen miles the powerful communities of Tusculum and Alba; and the Roman territory appears not to have extended in this direction beyond the *Fossa Cluilia*, five miles from Rome. In like manner, towards the southwest, the boundary betwixt Rome and Lavinium was at the sixth milestone. While in a landward direction the Roman canton was thus everywhere confined within the narrowest possible limits, from the earliest times, on the other hand, it extended without hindrance on both banks of the Tiber towards the sea. Between Rome and the coast there occurs no locality that is mentioned as an ancient canton center, and no trace of any ancient canton boundary. The legend, indeed, which has its definite explanation of the origin of everything, professes to tell us that the Roman possessions on the right bank of the Tiber, the "seven hamlets" (*septem pagi*), and the important salt works at its mouth, were taken by King Romulus from the Veientes, and that King Ancus fortified on the right bank the *tête du pont*, the "mount of Janus" (*Ianiculum*), and founded on the left the Roman Peiræus, the seaport at the river's "mouth" (*Ostia*). But in fact we have evidence more trustworthy than that of legend, that the possessions of the Etruscan bank of the Tiber must have belonged to the original territory of Rome; for in this very quarter, at the fourth milestone on the later road to the port, lay the

grove of the creative goddess (*Dea Dia*), the primitive chief seat of the Arval festival and Arval brotherhood of Rome. Indeed, from time immemorial the clan of the Romilii, the chief probably of all the Roman clans, was settled in this very quarter; the Janiculum formed a part of the city itself, and Ostia was a burgess colony or, in other words, a suburb.

This cannot have been the result of mere accident. The Tiber was the natural highway for the traffic of Latium; and its mouth, on a coast scantily provided with harbors, became necessarily the anchorage of seafarers. Moreover, the Tiber formed from very ancient times the frontier defense of the Latin stock against their northern neighbors. There was no place better fitted for an emporium of the Latin river and sea traffic, and for a maritime frontier fortress of Latium, than Rome. It combined the advantages of a strong position and of immediate vicinity to the river; it commanded both banks of the stream down to its mouth; it was so situated as to be equally convenient for the river navigator descending the Tiber or the Anio, and for the seafarer with vessels of so moderate a size as those which were then used; and it afforded greater protection from pirates than places situated immediately on the coast. That Rome was indebted accordingly, if not for its origin, at any rate for its importance, to these commercial and strategical advantages of its position, there are numerous indications to show—indications which are very different weight from the statements of quasi-historical romances. Thence arose its very ancient relations with Cere, which was to Etruria what Rome was to Latium, and accordingly became Rome's most intimate neighbor and commercial ally. Thence arose the unusual importance of the bridges over the Tiber, and of bridge building generally in the Roman commonwealth. Thence came the galley in the city arms; thence, too, the very ancient Roman port duties on the exports and imports of Ostia, which were from the first levied only on what was to be exposed for sale (*promercale*), not on what was for the shipper's own use (*usuarium*), and which were therefore in reality a tax upon commerce. Thence, to anticipate, the comparatively early occurrences in Rome of coined money, and of commercial treaties with transmarine states. In this sense, then, it is certainly not improbable that Rome may have been, as the legend assumes, a creation rather than a growth, and the youngest

rather than the oldest among the Latin cities. Beyond doubt the country was already in some degree cultivated, and the Alban range as well as various other heights of the Campagna were occupied by strongholds, when the Latin frontier emporium arose on the Tiber. Whether it was a resolution of the Latin confederacy, or the clear-sighted genius of some unknown founder, or the natural development of traffic, that called the city of Rome into being, it is vain even to surmise.

But in connection with this view of the position of Rome as the emporium of Latium, another observation suggests itself. At the time when history begins to dawn on us, Rome appears, in contradistinction to the league of the Latin communities, as a compact urban unity. The Latin habit of dwelling in open villages, and of using the common stronghold only for festivals and assemblies or in case of special need, was subjected to restriction at a far earlier period, probably, in the canton of Rome than anywhere else in Latium. The Roman did not cease to manage his farm in person, or to regard it as his proper home; but the unwholesome atmosphere of the Campagna could not but induce him to take up his abode as much as possible on the more airy and salubrious city hills; and by the side of the cultivators of the soil there must have been a numerous non-agricultural population, partly foreigners, partly natives, settled there from early times. This to some extent accounts for the dense population of the old Roman territory, which may be estimated at the utmost at 115 square miles, partly of marshy or sandy soil, and which, even under the earliest constitution of the city, furnished a force of 3300 freemen; so that it must have numbered at least 10,000 free inhabitants. But further, every one acquainted with the Romans and their history is aware that it is their urban and mercantile character which forms the basis of whatever is peculiar in their public and private life, and that the distinction between them and the other Latins and Italians in general is preëminently the distinction between citizen and rustic. Rome, indeed, was not a mercantile city like Corinth or Carthage; for Latium was an essentially agricultural region, and Rome was in the first instance, and continued to be, preëminently a Latin city. But the distinction between Rome and the mass of the other Latin towns must certainly be traced back to its commercial position, and to the type of character produced by that position in its

citizens. If Rome was the emporium of the Latin districts, we can readily understand how, along with and in addition to Latin husbandry, an urban life should have attained vigorous and rapid development there, and thus have laid the foundation for its distinctive career.



GREECE AND ROME.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford, whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Edipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

THE nodding promontories, and blue isles,
 And cloudlike mountains, and dividuous waves
 Of Greece, baskt glorious in the open smiles
 Of favoring heaven: from their enchanted caves
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
 On the unapprehensive wild
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
 Grow savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
 Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

Athens arose: a city such as vision
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
 Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
 Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
 Its portals are inhabited
 By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
 Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,

A divine work! Athens diviner yet
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
 Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
 In marble immortality, that hill
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
 Immovably unquiet, and forever
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
 With an earth-awakening blast
 Thro' the caverns of the past;
 Religion veils her eyes: Oppression shrinks aghast:
 A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
 Which soars where Expectation never flew,
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew
 One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
 She drew the milk of greatness, tho' thy dearest
 From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
 And many a deed of terrible uprightness
 By thy sweet love was sanctified;
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,
 Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
 And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
 The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
 Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
 Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

LEGENDS OF EARLY ROME.

By LIVY.

[Titus Livius, Roman historian, was born near what is now Padua, B.C. 59. He lived at Rome under Augustus, making so splendid a literary reputation that one man went from Spain to Rome and back merely to look at him ; but he retired to his native town, and died there B.C. 17. His enduring repute rests on his History of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five are extant.]

BIRTH OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

ASCANIUS, the son of Æneas, Lavinium being overstocked with inhabitants, left that flourishing—and considering the times, wealthy—city to his mother or stepmother, and built for himself a new one at the foot of Mount Alba which being extended on the ridge of a hill, was from its situation called Longa Alba. Between the founding of Lavinium and the transplanting this colony to Longa Alba, about thirty years intervened. Yet its power had increased to such a degree, especially after the defeat of the Etrurians, that not even upon the death of Æneas, nor after that, during the regency of Lavinia, and the first essays of the young prince's reign, did Mezentius, the Etrurians, or any other of its neighbors dare to take up arms against it. A peace had been concluded between the two nations on these terms : that the river Albula, now called Tiber, should be the common boundary between the Etrurians and Latins. . . .

Proca begets Numitor and Amulius. To Numitor, his eldest son, he bequeaths the ancient kingdom of the Sylvian family. But force prevailed more than the father's will or the respect due to seniority ; for Amulius, having dispossessed his brother, seizes the kingdom : he adds crime to crime, murders his brother's male issue ; and under pretense of doing his brother's daughter, Rhea Sylvia, honor, having made her a vestal virgin, by obliging her to perpetual virginity he deprives her of all hopes of issue. The vestal Rhea, being deflowered by force, when she had brought forth twins, declares Mars to be the father of her illegitimate offspring, either because she believed it to be so, or because a god was a more creditable author of her offense. But neither gods nor men protect her or her children from the king's cruelty : the priestess is

bound and thrown into prison ; the children he commands to be thrown into the current of the river. By some interposition of Providence, the Tiber, having overflowed its banks in stagnant pools, did not admit of any access to the regular bed of the river ; and the bearers supposed that the infants could be drowned in water however still ; thus, as if they had effectually executed the king's orders, they expose the boys in the nearest land flood, where now stands the *ficus Ruminalis* (they say that it was called *Romularis*). The country thereabout was then a vast wilderness.

The tradition is, that when the water, subsiding, had left the floating trough in which the children had been exposed, on dry ground, a thirsty she-wolf, coming from the neighboring mountains, directed her course to the cries of the infants, and that she held down her dugs to them with so much gentleness, that the keeper of the king's flock found her licking the boys with her tongue. It is said his name was *Faustulus* ; and that they were carried by him to his homestead to be nursed by his wife *Laurentia*. The children thus born and thus brought up, when arrived at the years of manhood, did not loiter away their time in tending the folds or following the flocks, but roamed and hunted in the forests. Having by this exercise improved their strength and courage, they not only encountered wild beasts, but even attacked robbers laden with plunder, and afterwards divided the spoil among the shepherds.

FOUNDATION OF ROME.

A desire seized *Romulus* and *Remus* to build a city on the spot where they had been exposed and brought up. And there was an overflowing population of *Albans* and of *Latins*. The shepherds, too, had come into that design, and all these readily inspired hopes, that *Alba* and *Lavinium* would be but petty places in comparison with the city which they intended to build. But ambition of the sovereignty, the bane of their grandfather, interrupted these designs, and thence arose a shameful quarrel from a beginning sufficiently amicable. For as they were twins, and the respect due to seniority could not determine the point, they agreed to leave to the tutelary gods of the place to choose, by augury, which should give a name to the new city, which govern it when built.

Romulus chose the *Palatine* and *Remus* the *Aventine hill*

as their stands to make their observations. It is said, that to Remus an omen came first, six vultures; and now, the omen having been declared, when double the number presented itself to Romulus, his own party saluted each king; the former claimed the kingdom on the ground of priority of time, the latter on account of the number of birds. Upon this, having met in an altercation, from the contest of angry feelings they turn to bloodshed; there Remus fell from a blow received in the crowd. A more common account is, that Remus, in derision of his brother, leaped over his new-built wall, and was, for that reason, slain by Romulus in a passion; who, after sharply chiding him, added words to this effect, "So shall every one fare, who shall dare leap over my fortifications." Thus Romulus got the sovereignty to himself; the city, when built, was called after the name of its founder. . . .

Meanwhile the city increased by their taking in various lots of ground for buildings, whilst they built rather with a view to future numbers than for the population which they then had. Then, lest the size of the city might be of no avail, in order to augment the population,—according to the ancient policy of the founders of cities, who, after drawing together to them an obscure and mean multitude, used to feign that their offspring sprung out of the earth,—he opened as a sanctuary a place which is now inclosed as you go down "to the two groves." Hither fled from the neighboring states, without distinction whether freemen or slaves, crowds of all sorts, desirous of change: and this was the first accession of strength to their rising greatness. When he was now not dissatisfied with his strength, he next sets about forming some means of directing that strength. He creates one hundred senators, either because that number was sufficient, or because there were only one hundred who could name their fathers. They certainly were called Fathers, through respect, and their descendants, Patricians.

"RAPE OF THE SABINES."

And now the Roman state was become so powerful that it was a match for any of the neighboring nations in war; but from the paucity of women, its greatness could only last for one age of man; for they had no hope of issue at home, nor had they any intermarriages with their neighbors. Therefore, by the advice of the Fathers, Romulus sent ambassadors to

the neighboring states to solicit an alliance and the privilege of intermarriage for his new subjects. Nowhere did the embassy obtain a favorable hearing : so much did they at the same time despise, and dread for themselves and their posterity, so great a power growing up in the midst of them. They were dismissed by the greater part with the repeated question, "Whether they had opened any asylum for women also, for that such a plan only could obtain them suitable matches?" The Roman youth resented this conduct bitterly, and the matter unquestionably began to point towards violence.

Romulus, to afford a favorable time and place for this, dissembling his resentment, purposely prepares games in honor of Neptunus Equestris; he calls them *Consualia*. Great numbers assembled, from a desire also of seeing the new city; especially their nearest neighbors, the *Cæninenses*, *Crustumini*, and *Antemnates*. Moreover, the whole multitude of the *Sabines* came, with their wives and children. When the time of the spectacle came on, and while their minds and eyes were intent upon it, according to concert a tumult began, and upon a signal given the Roman youth ran different ways to carry off the virgins by force. A great number were carried off at hazard, according as they fell into their hands. Persons from the common people, who had been charged with the task, conveyed to their houses some women of surpassing beauty, destined for the leading senators. The festival being disturbed by this alarm, the parents of the young women retire in grief, appealing to the compact of violated hospitality, and invoking the god, to whose festival and games they had come, deceived by the pretense of religion and good faith. Neither had the ravished virgins better hopes of their condition, or less indignation. But Romulus in person went about and declared, "That what was done was owing to the pride of their fathers, who had refused to grant the privilege of marriage to their neighbors; but notwithstanding, they should be joined in lawful wedlock, participate in all their possessions and civil privileges, and, than which nothing can be dearer to the human heart, in their common children. He begged them only to assuage the fierceness of their anger, and cheerfully surrender their affections to those to whom fortune had consigned their persons." [He added] "That from injuries love and friendship often arise; and that they should find them kinder husbands on this account, because each of them, besides the

performance of his conjugal duty, would endeavor to the utmost of his power to make up for the want of their parents and native country." To this the caresses of the husbands were added, excusing what they had done on the plea of passion and love — arguments that work most successfully on women's hearts.

At this juncture the Sabine women, from the outrage on whom the war originated, with hair disheveled and garments rent, the timidity of their sex being overcome by such dreadful scenes, had the courage to throw themselves amid the flying weapons, and making a rush across, to part the incensed armies, and assuage their fury, imploring their fathers on the one side, their husbands on the other, "that as fathers-in-law and sons-in-law they would not contaminate each other with impious blood, nor stain their offspring with parricide, the one their grandchildren, the other their children. If you are dissatisfied with the affinity between you, if with our marriages, turn your resentment against us; we are the cause of war, we of wounds and of bloodshed to our husbands and parents. It were better that we perish than live widowed or fatherless without one or other of you." The circumstance affects both the multitude and the leaders. Silence and a sudden suspension ensue. Upon this the leaders come forward in order to concert a treaty, and they not only conclude a peace, but form one state out of two. They associate the regal power, and transfer the entire sovereignty to Rome. [Romulus disappeared in a thunder-storm, and was never seen again.]

THE HORATII AND CURIATII.

It happened that there were in each of the two armies three brothers born at one birth, unequal neither in age nor strength. That they were called Horatii and Curiatii is certain enough; nor is there any circumstance of antiquity more celebrated; yet in a matter so well ascertained, a doubt remains concerning their names, to which nation the Horatii and to which the Curiatii belonged. Authors claim them for both sides; yet I find more who call the Horatii Romans. My inclination leads me to follow them. The kings confer with the three brothers, that they should fight with their swords each in defense of their respective country, (assuring them) that dominion would be on that side on which victory should be. No objection is

made ; time and place are agreed on. Before they engaged, a compact is entered into between the Romans and Albans on these conditions, that the state whose champions should come off victorious in that combat, should rule the other state without further dispute.

The treaty being concluded, the twin brothers, as had been agreed, take arms. Whilst their respective friends exhortingly reminded each party "that their country's gods, their country and parents, all their countrymen both at home and in the army, had their eyes then fixed on their arms, on their hands ; naturally brave, and animated by the exhortations of their friends, they advance into the midst between the two lines. The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free rather from present danger than from anxiety ; for the sovereign power was at stake, depending on the valor and fortune of so few. Accordingly, therefore, eager and anxious, they have their attention intensely riveted on a spectacle far from pleasing. The signal is given ; and the three youths on each side, as if in battle array, rush to the charge with determined fury, bearing in their breasts the spirits of mighty armies ; nor do the one or the other regard their personal danger ; the public dominion or slavery is present to their mind, and the fortune of their country, which was ever after destined to be such as they should now establish it. As soon as their arms clashed on the first encounter, and their burnished swords glittered, great horror strikes the spectators ; and, hope inclining to neither side, their voice and breath were suspended.

Then having engaged hand to hand, when not only the movements of their bodies, and the rapid brandishings of their arms and weapons, but wounds also and blood were seen, two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other, the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope entirely, anxiety however not yet, deserted the Roman legions, alarmed for the lot of the one, whom the three Curiatii surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, though alone he was by no means a match for them all together, yet he was confident against each singly. In order, therefore, to separate their attack, he takes to flight, presuming that they would pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would suffer each. He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking behind, he perceives them pursuing him at great inter-

vals from each other : and that one of them was not far from him. On him he turned round with great fury. And whilst the Alban army shouts out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius, victorious in having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encourage their champion with a shout such as is usually (given) by persons cheering in consequence of unexpected success ; he also hastens to put an end to the combat. Wherefore before the other, who was not far off, could come up, he dispatches the second Curiatius also.

And now, the combat being brought to an equality of numbers, one on each side remained, but they were equal neither in hope nor in strength. The one his body untouched by a weapon, and by a double victory made courageous for a third contest ; the other dragging along his body exhausted from the wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brethren before his eyes, presents himself to his victorious antagonist. Nor was that a fight. The Roman, exulting, says, " Two I have offered to the shades of my brothers ; the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrusts his sword down into his throat, whilst faintly sustaining the weight of his armor ; he strips him as he lies prostrate. The Romans receive Horatius with triumph and congratulation : with so much the greater joy, as success had followed so close on fear. They then turn to the burial of their friends with dispositions by no means alike ; for the one side was elated with (the acquisition of) empire, the other subjected to foreign jurisdiction : their sepulchers are still extant in the place where each fell ; the two Roman ones in one place nearer to Alba, the three Alban ones towards Rome ; but distant in situation from each other, and just as they fought.

Before they parted from thence, when Mettus, in conformity to the treaty which had been concluded, asked what orders he had to give, Tullus orders him to keep the youth in arms, that he designed to employ them, if a war should break out with the Veientes. After this both armies returned to their homes. Horatius marched foremost, carrying before him the spoils of the three brothers ; his sister, a maiden who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii, met him before the gate Capena ; and having recognized her lover's military robe, which she herself had wrought, on her brother's shoulders, she tore her hair, and

with bitter wailings called by name on her deceased lover. The sister's lamentations in the midst of his own victory, and of such great public rejoicings, raised the indignation of the excited youth. Having therefore drawn his sword, he run the damsel through the body, at the same time chiding her in these words : "Go hence, with thy unseasonable love to thy spouse, forgetful of thy dead brothers, and of him who survives, forgetful of thy native country. So perish every Roman woman who shall mourn an enemy."

This action seemed shocking to the fathers and to the people ; but his recent services outweighed its guilt. Nevertheless, he was carried before the king for judgment. The king, that he himself might not be the author of a decision so melancholy, and so disagreeable to the people, or of the punishment consequent on that decision, having summoned an assembly of the people, says, "I appoint, according to law, duumvirs to pass sentence on Horatius for treason." The law was of dreadful import. "Let the duumvirs pass sentence for treason. If he appeal from the duumvirs, let him contend by appeal ; if they shall gain the cause, cover his head ; hang him by a rope from a gallows ; scourge him either within the pomerium or without the pomerium." When the duumvirs appointed by this law, who did not consider that, according to the law, they could acquit even an innocent person, had found him guilty, one of them says : "P. Horatius, I judge thee guilty of treason. Go, lictor, bind his hands." The lictor had approached him, and was fixing the rope. Then Horatius, by the advice of Tullus, a favorable interpreter of the law, says, "I appeal." Accordingly the matter was contested by appeal to the people.

On that trial persons were much affected, especially by P. Horatius, the father declaring that he considered his daughter deservedly slain ; were it not so, that he would by his authority as a father have inflicted punishment on his son. He then entreated that these would not render childless him whom but a little while ago they had beheld with a fine progeny. During these words the old man, having embraced the youth, pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii fixed up in that place which is now called Pila Horatia, "Romans," said he, "can you bear to see bound beneath a gallows amidst scourges and tortures, him whom you just now beheld marching decorated (with spoils) and exulting in victory ; a sight so shock-

ing as the eyes even of the Albans could scarcely endure. Go, licitor, bind those hands, which but a little while since, being armed, established sovereignty for the Roman people. Go, cover the head of the liberator of this city; hang him on the gallows; scourge him, either within the pomerium, so it be only amid those javelins and spoils of the enemy; or without the pomerium, only amid the graves of the Curiatii. For whither can you bring this youth, where his own glories must not redeem him from such ignominy of punishment?"

The people could not withstand the tears of the father, or the resolution of the son, so undaunted in every danger; and acquitted him more through admiration of his bravery than for the justice of his cause. But that so notorious a murder might be atoned for by some expiation, the father was commanded to make satisfaction for the son at the public charge. He, having offered certain expiatory sacrifices, which were ever after continued in the Horatian family, and laid a beam across the street, made his son pass under it as under a yoke, with his head covered. This remains even to this day, being constantly repaired at the expense of the public; they call it *Sororium Tigillum*. A tomb of square stone was erected to Horatia in the place where she was stabbed and fell.

SEXTUS TARQUIN AND LUCRETIA.

As it commonly happens in standing camps, the war against the Rutulians being rather tedious than violent, furloughs were easily obtained, more so by the officers, however, than the common soldiers. The young princes sometimes spent their leisure hours in feasting and entertainments. One day as they were drinking in the tent of Sextus Tarquin, where Collatinus Tarquinius, the son of Egerius, was also at supper, mention was made of wives. Every one commended his own in an extravagant manner, till a dispute arising about it, Collatinus said: "There was no occasion for words, that it might be known in a few hours how far his Lucretia excelled all the rest. If then, added he, we have any share of the vigor of youth, let us mount our horses and examine the behavior of our wives; that must be most satisfactory to every one, which shall meet his eyes on the unexpected arrival of the husband." They were heated with wine. "Come on, then," say all. They immediately galloped to Rome, where they arrived in the dusk of the

evening. From thence they went to Collatia, where they find Lucretia, not like the king's daughters-in-law, whom they had seen spending their time in luxurious entertainments with their equals, but though at an advanced time of night, employed at her wool, sitting in the middle of the house amid her maids working around her. The merit of the contest regarding the ladies was assigned to Lucretia. Her husband on his arrival, and the Tarquinius, were kindly received; the husband, proud of his victory, gives the young princes a polite invitation. There the villanous passion for violating Lucretia by force seizes Sextus Tarquin; both her beauty, and her approved purity, act as incentives. And then, after this youthful frolic of the night, they return to the camp.

A few days after, without the knowledge of Collatinus, Sextus came to Collatia with one attendant only; where, being kindly received by them, as not being aware of his intention, after he had been conducted after supper into the guests' chamber, burning with passion, when everything around seemed sufficiently secure, and all fast asleep, he comes to Lucretia, as she lay asleep, with a naked sword, and with his left hand pressing down the woman's breast, he says, "Be silent, Lucretia; I am Sextus Tarquin; I have a sword in my hand; you shall die, if you utter a word." When awaking terrified from sleep, the woman beheld no aid, impending death nigh at hand; then Tarquin acknowledged his passion, entreated, mixed threats with entreaties, tried the female's mind in every possible way. When he saw her inflexible, and that she was not moved even by the terror of death, he added to terror the threat of dishonor; he says that he will lay a murdered slave naked by her side when dead, so that she may be said to have been slain in infamous adultery.

When by the terror of this disgrace his lust, as it were victorious, had overcome her inflexible chastity, and Tarquin had departed, exulting in having triumphed over a lady's honor, Lucretia, in melancholy distress at so dreadful a misfortune, dispatches the same messenger to Rome to her father, and to Ardea to her husband, that they would come each with one trusty friend; that it was necessary to do so, and that quickly. Sp. Lucretius comes with P. Valerius, the son of Volesus, Collatinus with L. Junius Brutus, with whom, as he was returning to Rome, he happened to be met by his wife's messenger. They find Lucretia sitting in her chamber in sorrowful dejection.

On the arrival of her friends the tears burst from her eyes ; and to her husband, on his inquiry "whether all was right," she says : "By no means, for what can be right with a woman who has lost her honor ? The traces of another man are on your bed, Collatinus. But the body only has been violated, the mind is guiltless ; death shall be my witness. But give me your right hands, and your honor, that the adulterer shall not come off unpunished. It is Sextus Tarquin, who, an enemy in the guise of a guest, has borne away hence a triumph fatal to me, and to himself, if you are men."

They all pledge their honor ; they attempt to console her, distracted as she was in mind, by turning away the guilt from her, constrained by force, on the perpetrator of the crime ; that it is the mind sins, not the body ; and that where intention was wanting guilt could not be. "It is for you to see," says she, "what is due to him. As for me, though I acquit myself of guilt, from punishment I do not discharge myself ; nor shall any woman survive her dishonor pleading the example of Lucretia." The knife, which she kept concealed beneath her garment, she plunges into her heart, and falling forward on the wound, she dropped down expiring. The husband and father shriek aloud.

Brutus, while they were overpowered with grief, having drawn the knife out of the wound, and holding it up before him reeking with blood, said, "By this blood, most pure before the pollution of royal villainy, I swear, and I call you, O gods, to witness my oath, that I shall pursue Lucius Tarquin the Proud, his wicked wife, and all their race, with fire, sword, and all other means in my power ; nor shall I ever suffer them or any other to reign at Rome." Then he gave the knife to Collatinus, and after him to Lucretius and Valerius, who were surprised at such extraordinary mind in the breast of Brutus. However, they all take the oath as they were directed, and, converting their sorrow into rage, follow Brutus as their leader, who from that time ceased not to solicit them to abolish the regal power.

CORIOLANUS.

In this year, when everything was quiet from war abroad, and the dissensions were healed at home, another much more serious evil fell upon the state ; first a scarcity of provisions, in consequence of the lands lying untilled during the secession

of the commons; then a famine such as befalls those who are besieged. And it would have ended in the destruction of the slaves at least, and indeed some of the commons also, had not the consuls adopted precautionary measures, by sending persons in every direction to buy up corn. . . . It was debated in the senate at what rate it should be given to the commons. Many were of the opinion that the time was come for putting down the commons, and for recovering those rights which had been wrested from the senators by secession and violence. In particular, Marcius Coriolanus, an enemy to tribunitian power, says: "If they desire the former rate of provisions, let them restore to the senators their former rights. Why do I, after being sent under the yoke, after being, as it were, ransomed from robbers, behold plebeian magistrates and Sicinius invested with power? Shall I submit to these indignities longer than is necessary? Shall I, who would not have endured King Tarquin, tolerate Sicinius? Let him now secede, let him call away the commons. The road lies open to the sacred mount and to other hills. Let them carry off the corn from our lands, as they did three years since. Let them have the benefit of that scarcity which in their frenzy they have occasioned. I will venture to say, that, brought to their senses by these sufferings, they will themselves become tillers of the lands, rather than, taking up arms and seceding, they would prevent them from being tilled."

This proposal both appeared to the senate too harsh, and from exasperation well-nigh drove the people to arms: "That they were now assailed with famine, as if enemies; that they were defrauded of food and sustenance; that the foreign corn, the only support which fortune unexpectedly furnished to them, was being snatched from their mouth, unless the tribunes were given up in chains to C. Marcius, unless he glut his rage on the backs of the commons of Rome. That in him a new executioner had started up, who ordered them to die or be slaves." An assault would have been made on him as he left the senate house, had not the tribunes very opportunely appointed him a day for trial; by this their rage was suppressed, every one saw himself become the judge, the arbiter of the life and death of his foe. At first Marcius heard the threats of the tribunes with contempt; but the commons had risen with such violent determination, that the senators were obliged to extricate themselves from danger by the punishment of one.

They resisted, however, in spite of popular odium, and employed, each individual his own powers, and all those of the entire order. And first, the trial was made whether they could upset the affair, by posting their clients (in several places), by deterring individuals from attending meetings and cabals. Then they all proceeded in a body (you would suppose that all the senators were on their trial) earnestly entreating the commons, that if they would not acquit as innocent, they would at least pardon as guilty, one citizen, one senator. As he did not attend on the day appointed, they persevered in their resentment. Being condemned in his absence, he went into exile to the Volsci, threatening his country, and even then breathing all the resentment of an enemy.

[He is made general of the Volscians, ravages Roman territory, and puts Rome itself in imminent danger.]

Sp. Nautius and Sex. Furius were now consuls. Whilst they were reviewing the legions, posting guards along the walls and other places where they had determined that there should be posts and watches, a vast multitude of persons demanding peace terrified them first by their seditious clamor; then compelled them to convene the senate, to consider the question of sending ambassadors to C. Marcius. The senate entertained the question, when it became evident that the spirits of the plebeians were giving way, and ambassadors being sent to Marcius concerning peace, brought back a harsh answer, "If their lands were restored to the Volscians, that they might then consider the question of peace; if they were disposed to enjoy the plunder of war at their ease, that he, mindful both of the injurious treatment of his countrymen, as well as of the kindness of strangers, would do his utmost to make it appear that his spirit was irritated by exile, not crushed." When the same persons are sent back a second time, they are not admitted into the camp. It is recorded that the priests also, arrayed in their insignia, went as suppliants to the enemy's camp: and that they did not influence his mind more than the ambassadors.

Then the matrons assemble in a body around Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife, Volumnia: whether that was the result of public counsel, or of the women's fear, I cannot ascertain. They certainly carried their point that Veturia, a lady advanced in years, and Volumnia, leading her two sons by Marcius, should go into the camp of the enemy, and that

women should defend by entreaties and tears a city which men were unable to defend by arms. When they reached the camp and it was announced to Coriolanus that a great body of women were approaching, he, who had been moved neither by the majesty of the state in its ambassadors, nor by the sanctity of religion so strikingly addressed to his eyes and understanding in its priests, was much more obdurate against the women's tears. Then one of his acquaintances, who recognized Veturia, distinguished from all the others by her sadness, standing between her daughter-in-law and grandchildren, says, "Unless my eyes deceive me, your mother, children, and wife are approaching."

When Coriolanus, almost like one bewildered, rushing in consternation from his seat, offered to embrace his mother as she met him, the lady, turning from entreaties to angry rebuke, says: "Before I receive your embrace, let me know whether I have come to an enemy or to a son; whether I am in your camp a captive or a mother? Has length of life and a hapless old age reserved me for this—to behold you an exile, then an enemy? Could you lay waste this land, which gave you birth and nurtured you? Though you had come with an incensed and vengeful mind, did not your resentment subside when you entered its frontiers? When Rome came within view, did it not occur to you, within these walls my house and guardian gods are, my mother, wife, and children? So then, had I not been a mother, Rome would not be besieged: had I not a son, I might have died free in a free country. But I can now suffer nothing that is not more discreditable to you than distressing to me; nor however wretched I may be, shall I be so long. Look to these, whom, if you persist, either an untimely death or lengthened slavery awaits." Then his wife and children embraced him: and the lamentation proceeding from the entire crowd of women, and their bemoaning themselves and their country, at length overcame the man; then, after embracing his family, he sends them away; he moved his camp farther back from the city.

Then, after he had drawn off his troops from the Roman territory, they say that he lost his life, overwhelmed by the odium of the proceeding: different writers say by different modes of death: I find in Fabius, far the most ancient writer, that he lived even to old age; he states positively, that advanced in years he made use of this phrase, "That exile bore much heavier on the old man."

VIRGINIA.

Another atrocious deed follows in the city, originating in lust, attended with results not less tragical than that deed which drove the Tarquins from the city and the throne through the injured chastity and violent death of Lucretia : so that the decemvirs not only had the same end as the kings had, but the same cause also of losing their power. Appius Claudius was seized with a criminal passion for violating the person of a young woman of plebeian condition. Lucius Virginus, the girl's father, held an honorable rank among the centurions at Algidum, a man of exemplary good conduct both at home and in the service. His wife had been educated in a similar manner, as also were their children. He had betrothed his daughter to Lucius Icilius, who had been a tribune, a man of spirit and of approved zeal in the interest of the people. This young woman, in the bloom of youth, distinguished for beauty, Appius, burning with desire, attempted to seduce by bribes and promises ; and when he perceived that all the avenues (to the possession of her) were barred by modesty, he turned his thoughts to cruel and tyrannical violence. He instructed a dependent of his, Marcus Claudius, to claim the girl as his slave, and not to yield to those who might demand her interim retention of liberty, considering that, because the girl's father was absent, there was an opportunity for committing the injury.

The tool of the decemvir's lust laid hands on the girl as she was coming into the forum (for there in the sheds the literary schools were held) : calling her "the daughter of his slave and a slave herself," he commanded her to follow him ; that he would force her away if she demurred. The girl being stupefied with terror, a crowd collects at the cries of the girl's nurse, who besought the protection of the citizens. The popular names of her father, Virginus, and of her spouse, Icilius, are in the mouths of every one. Their regard for them gains over their acquaintances, whilst the heinousness of the proceeding gains over the crowd. She was now safe from violence, when the claimant says, "That there was no occasion for raising a mob ; that he was proceeding by law, not by force." He cites the girl into court. Those who stood by her advising her to follow him, they now reached the tribunal of Appius.

The claimant rehearses the farce well known to the judge,

as being the author of the plot : “ That a girl born in his house, and clandestinely transferred from thence to the house of Virginius, had been fathered on the latter. That he stated a thing ascertained by certain evidence, and would prove it to the satisfaction even of Virginius himself whom the principal portion of that loss would concern. That it was but just that in the interim the girl should accompany her master.”

The advocates for Virginia, after they had urged that Virginius was absent on business of the state, that he would be here in two days if word were sent to him, that it was unfair that in his absence he should run any risk regarding his children, demand that he adjourn the whole matter till the arrival of the father; that he should allow the claim for her interim liberty according to the law passed by himself, and not allow a maiden of ripe age to encounter the risk of her reputation before that of her liberty.

Appius prefaced his decree by observing that the very law, which Virginius's friends were putting forward as the ground of their demand, clearly showed how much he favored liberty. But that liberty would find secure protection in it on this condition, that it varied neither with respect to cases or persons. For with respect to those individuals who were claimed as free, that point of law was good, because any person may proceed by law (and act for them); with respect to her who is in the hands of her father, that there was no other person (than her father) to whom her master need relinquish his right of possession. That it was his determination, therefore, that her father should be sent for: in the mean time, that the claimant should suffer no loss of his right, but that he should carry off the girl with him, and promise that she should be produced on the arrival of him who was called her father. When many rather murmured against the injustice of this decision than any one individual ventured to protest against it, the girl's uncle, Publius Numitorius, and her betrothed spouse, Icilius, just come in; and way being made through the crowd, the multitude thinking that Appius might be most effectually resisted by the intervention of Icilius, the licitor declares that “ he had decided the matter,” and removes Icilius, when he attempted to raise his voice. Injustice so atrocious would have fired even a cool temper.

“ By the sword, Appius,” says he, “ I must be removed hence, that you may carry off in silence that which you wish to be concealed. This young woman I am about to marry, determined

to have a lawful and chaste wife. Wherefore call together all the lictors even of your colleagues; order the rods and axes to be had in readiness; the betrothed wife of Icilius shall not remain without her father's house. Though you have taken from us the aid of our tribunes, and the power of appeal to the commons of Rome, — the two bulwarks for maintaining our liberty, — absolute dominion has not therefore been given to you over our wives and children. Vent your fury on our backs and necks; let chastity at least be secure. If violence be offered to her, I shall implore the protection of the citizens here present in behalf of my spouse; Virginius will implore that of the soldiers in behalf of his only daughter; we shall all implore the protection of gods and men, nor shall you carry that sentence into effect without our blood. I demand of you, Appius, consider again and again to what lengths you are proceeding. Let Virginius, when he comes, consider what conduct he should pursue with respect to his daughter. Let him only be assured of this, that if he yield to the claims of this man, he will have to seek out another match for his daughter. As for my part, in vindicating the liberty of my spouse, life shall leave me sooner than my honor."

The multitude was now excited, and a contest seemed likely to ensue. The lictors had taken their stand around Icilius; nor did they, however, proceed beyond threats, when Appius said: "That it was not Virginia that was defended by Icilius, but that, being a restless man, and even now breathing the spirit of the tribuneship, he was seeking an occasion for a disturbance. That he would not afford him material on that day; but in order that he may now know that the concession has been made not to his petulance, but to the absent Virginius, to the name of father and to liberty, that he would not decide the cause on that day, nor interpose a decree; that he would request of Marcus Claudius to forego somewhat of his right, and suffer the girl to be bailed till the next day. But unless the father attended on the following day, he gave notice to Icilius, and to men like Icilius, that neither the founder would be wanting to his own law, nor firmness to the Decemvir."

When the time of this act of injustice was deferred, and the friends of the maiden had retired, it was first of all determined that the brother of Icilius and the son of Numitorius, both active young men, should proceed thence straightforward to the gate, and that Virginius should be brought from the

camp with all possible haste. They proceed according to directions and with all speed carry the account to her father. When the claimant of the maiden was pressing Icilius to become defendant, and give sureties, and Icilius said that that was the very thing he was doing, designedly spinning out the time, until the messengers sent to the camp might gain time for their journey, the multitude raised their hands on all sides, and every one showed himself ready to go surety for Icilius. And he with tears in his eyes says, "It is very kind of you; on to-morrow I will avail myself of your assistance; at present I have sufficient sureties." Thus Virginia is bailed on the security of her relations. Appius, having delayed a short time that he might not appear to have sat on account of the present case, went home when no one applied (all other concerns being given up from their solicitude about the one) and writes to his colleagues to the camp not to grant leave of absence to Virginius, and even to keep him in confinement. This wicked scheme was late, as it deserved to be; for Virginius, having already obtained his leave, had set out at the first watch.

But in the city, when the citizens were standing in the forum erect with expectation, Virginius, clad in mourning, by break of day conducts his daughter, also attired in weeds, attended by some matrons, into the forum, with a considerable body of advocates. He then began to go round and to solicit individuals; and not only to entreat their aid as a boon to his prayers, but demanded it as due to him: "That he stood daily in the field of battle in defense of their children and wives, nor was there any other man, to whom a greater number of brave and intrepid deeds in war can be ascribed than to him. What availed it, if, whilst the city was still secure, their children would be exposed to suffer the severest hardships which would have to be dreaded if it was taken?" Delivering these observations like one haranguing in an assembly, he solicited them individually. Similar arguments were used by Icilius; the female attendants produced more effect by their silent tears than any language.

With a mind utterly insensible to all this, (such a paroxysm of madness, rather than of love, had perverted his mind,) Appius ascended the tribunal; and when the claimant began to complain briefly, that justice had not been administered to him on the preceding day through a desire to please the people, before either he could go through with his claim, or an oppor-

tunity of reply was afforded to Virginius, Appius interrupts him, [and] passed a sentence consigning her to slavery. At first all were astounded with amazement at so heinous a proceeding; then silence prevailed for some time. Then when Marcus Claudius proceeded to seize the maiden, the matrons standing around her, and was received with piteous lamentation of the women, Virginius, menacingly extending his hands towards Appius, says, "To Icilius, and not to you, Appius, have I betrothed my daughter, and for matrimony, not prostitution, have I brought her up. Do you wish men to gratify their lust promiscuously, like cattle and wild beasts? Whether these persons will endure such things, I know not; I hope that those will not who have arms in their hands." When the claimant was repulsed by the crowd of women and advocates who were standing around her, silence was commanded by the crier.

The decemvir, engrossed in mind by his lustful propensities, states that not only from the abusive language of Icilius yesterday, and the violence of Virginius, of which he had the entire Roman people as witnesses, but from authentic information also he ascertained, that cabals were held in the city during the whole night to stir up a sedition. Accordingly that he, being aware of that danger, had come down with armed soldiers; not that he would molest any peaceable person, but in order to punish suitably to the majesty of the government persons disturbing the tranquillity of the state. It will, therefore, be better to remain quiet. "Go, licitor," says he, "remove the crowd; and make way for the master to lay hold of his slave." When, bursting with passion, he had thundered out these words, the multitude themselves voluntarily separated, and the girl stood deserted, a prey to injustice.

Then Virginius, when he saw no aid anywhere, says, "I beg you, Appius, first pardon a father's grief, if I have said anything too harsh against you: in the next place, suffer me to question the nurse before the maiden, what all this matter is? that if I have been falsely called her father, I may depart hence with a more resigned mind." Permission being granted, he draws the girl and the nurse aside to the sheds near the temple of Cloacina, which now go by the name of the new sheds: and there snatching up a knife from a butcher, "In this one way, the only one in my power, do I secure to you your liberty." He then transfixes the girl's breast, and looking back towards the tribunal, he says, "With this blood I devote thee, Appius,

and thy head." Appius, aroused by the cry raised at so dreadful a deed, orders Virginius to be seized. He, armed with the knife, cleared the way whithersoever he went, until, protected by the crowd of persons attending him, he reached the gate. Icilius and Numitorius take up the lifeless body and exhibit it to the people: they deplore the villainy of Appius, the fatal beauty of the maiden, and the dire necessity of the father. The matrons who followed exclaim, "Was this the condition of rearing children? were these the rewards of chastity?" and other things which female grief on such occasions suggests. The voice of the men, and more especially of Icilius, entirely turned on the tribunitian power.



VIRGINIA.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

THE Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccus, he were distinguished by his valor and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated. No parts

of early Roman history are richer with poetical coloring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies; they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a moneyed class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public jail under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common: that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honorable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in

his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and, though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they labored; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length, in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were reëlected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military muster could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by

threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another. Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which the Latin poets whose works have come down to us were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivaled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hothouse plant which, in return for assiduous and skillful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavor of the Ausonian soil. "Satire," says Quinctilian, with just pride, "is all our own." Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the

earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born, Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigor, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family. The genius and spirit of the Roman satirists survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian's turbot, was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonorable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanor, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military Commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offenses. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valor. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honored with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus

Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudius Crassus signalized himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favorite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was reëstablished; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the reëlection of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the

two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Æmilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favorite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the Claudian nobles to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.

VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON
LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS
CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS THE
FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill;
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels.

With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
 His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
 And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
 Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
 Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
 Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
 Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
 Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
 And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
 Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by.
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
 Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or
 harm;

And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
 With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
 And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
 She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,
 How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
 And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
 The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight.
 From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
 And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young
 face

And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
 And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

* * * * *

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
 From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of
 smoke:

The city gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
 With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
 Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
 And blithely o'er her panniers the market girl was singing,
 And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
 Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
 Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or
 harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
 And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
 When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
 He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile.

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
 And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
 Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
 And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
 The money changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
 And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
 And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
 And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
 All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
 And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and
 smiled;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
 The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
 Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone,
 "She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
 She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
 'Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
 Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere night
 I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
 Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron's ire!"

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
 On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
 For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
 Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man's right.
 There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
 But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
 Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
 Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
 Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
 And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
 Whereon three moldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung,
 And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
 Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to
 hear.

"Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
 Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
 For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
 For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
 For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
 For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
 Shall the vile foxearth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
 Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?"

Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
 Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
 In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
 They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride;
 They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
 They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
 But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
 All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
 Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
 We strove for honors — 'twas in vain: for freedom — 'tis no more.
 No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
 No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from
 wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
 Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep
 them still;

Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
 The axes, and the curule chair, the ear, and laurel crown:
 Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
 Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have
 won.

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech craft may not cure,
 Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor;
 Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
 No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
 And store of rods for freeborn backs, and holes for freeborn feet.
 Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odors, and shine with Spanish gold?
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life —
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
 Spare us the inextinguishable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched
dare."

* * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child!
Farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:

Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the
wound.

In vain they ran, and felt, and stanchèd; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volseian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank
down,

And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered high,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high.
“Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!”
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast
feet,

Strode right across the market place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: “Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head.”
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried: “What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market place, and fetch the corpse away!”
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watchdog but half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his ax and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
 That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
 The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
 Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
 But close around the body, where stood the little train
 Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
 No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,
 And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
 'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
 Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
 Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their
 heads,

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
 Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
 And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;
 And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell;
 "See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in
 hell!

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves
 of men.

Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
 And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
 Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair;
 And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
 For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
 Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
 That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
 Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
 His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
 Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed;
 And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
 But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
 And changes color like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
 The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers;
 The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
 A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face;
 A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;
 But the vile Claudian litter, raging with curish spite,
 Stil! yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who
 smite.

So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
 He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his
 thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
 Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!"

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